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COLLECTIONS

FROM THE

GREEK ANTHOLOGY;

AND FROM THE

PASTORAL, ELEGIAC, AND DRAMATIC POETS

OF

G R E E C E.

BY THE REV. ROBERT BLAND,

AND OTHERS.

Ἡμῖσι μεν ψυχῆς εἰς τὸ πνεῦον.

CALLIMACHUS.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET,

BY W. EULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW.

1813.



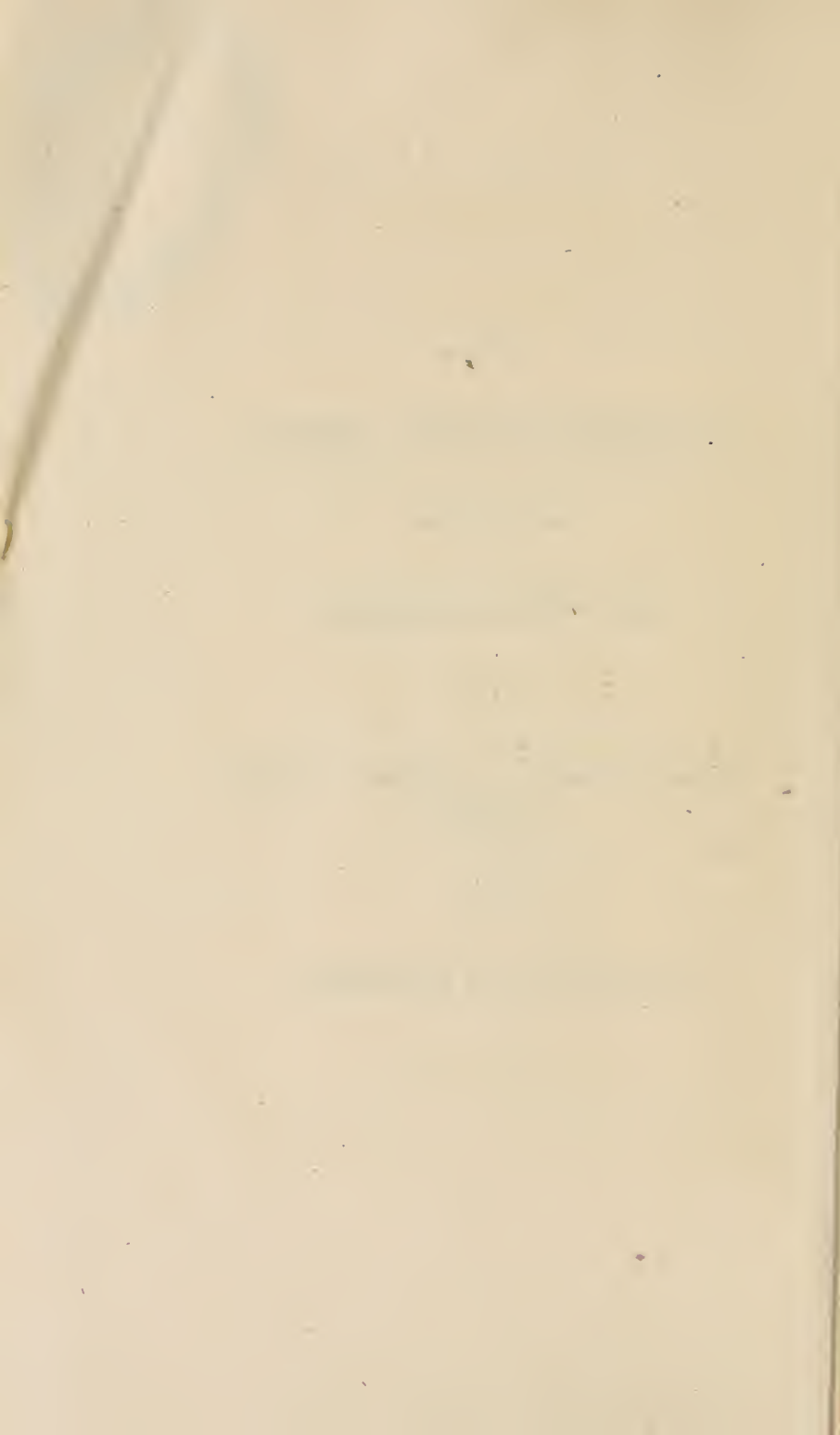
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TO THE
REVEREND HENRY DRURY,
OF HARROW,

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED,

WITH
EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT FOR HIS
TALENTS,

AND OF
REGARD FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP.



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P R E F A C E.

THE merit to which the poems in the Greek Anthology have a claim, consists generally in the justness of a single thought conveyed in harmonious language. Very little can be done in the space of a few couplets, and it only remains for the writer to do that little with grace. The eye is fatigued with being raised too long to gaze on rocks and precipices, and delights to repose itself on the refreshing verdure and gentle slopes of scenery less bold and daring. In the same manner, the lover of poetry will sometimes find a grateful pause from grandeur and elevation, in the milder excellence of suavity and softness.

The two great Epic Poets of antiquity have been instructed to sing in English numbers; and the smaller works which have been be-

of Martial and Ausonius, among the ancient Epigrammatists. It is owing chiefly to this impropriety, that those beautiful remains of antiquity are so little known to the English reader, and that so few have been familiarized to him through the medium of translation.

They relate to subjects that will be interesting and affecting as long as youth and gaiety delight, as wine and music and beauty captivate; or the contrary ideas of old age and death, sickness, banishment, neglected love, or forsaken friendship, can melt into sorrow, or chasten into melancholy.

The term Epigram, which literally signifies an Inscription, was first appropriated to those short sentences which were inscribed on offerings made in temples. It was afterwards transferred to the inscription on the temple gate, thence to other edifices, and the statues of gods and heroes, and men whether living or dead; and the term remained whether the inscription was in verse or prose. Such was that very ancient one on the tomb of Cyrus: Ω ανθρωπε
 εγω Κυρος, ο την αρχην τοις Περσαις κησαμενος και της
 Ασιης βασιλευς μη ουν φθονησης του μνηματος. The
 brevity of these inscriptions, which rendered it
 so easy to impress on the memory any particular

event, or any illustrious name, soon recommended them for other purposes. The lawgiver adopted them to convey a moral precept, and the lover to express a tender sentiment ; and hence, in process of time, almost every little poem, which concisely presented one distinct idea, or pursued one general argument, acquired the title of Epigram.

But the small poems, which claim the greatest attention are those which were written as memorials of the dead, as tokens of regard for living beauty or virtue, or as passing observations and brief sketches of human life.

The excellence belonging to the Greek inscriptions in honour of the dead, consists in the happy introduction of their names and peculiar characters or occupations. The lines inscribed by Pope to the illustrious dead, have been well called “ Epitaphs to let.” The omission of the name is not their only defect. The virtues so liberally bestowed have nothing in them of discrimination, and would sit equally easy on the shoulders of any other good or great personage. They are “ the scourge of knaves”—“ honest courtiers”—“ statesmen, yet friends to truth”—“ uncorrupted e’en among the great,”

“ And they are all, all honourable men.”—

Yet their very names, and distinguishing marks of character are frequently forgotten in the rhymes built to their immortality.

In the tributes presented to beauty the same characteristic is observable. A Greek lover seldom labours at a picture for which the colours must be so far fetched. Indeed he seldom gives any picture at all. He has been favoured or repulsed, as it may happen; the occasion seems to suggest one natural turn of thought; and, contenting himself with a delineation of what he felt, and not what he might feel, he has done as much as the circumstance required, and no more.

The short observations on human life, couched in Greek Epigrams, are ever of a melancholy cast: a complaint on the ills of age, sickness, or poverty; or a beacon set up to light us on our road, and to warn us against pride, perfidy, ingratitude, envy, and all the other shoals that lie in the way of our happiness. Gloomy and uncomfortable reflections on the shortness and misery of life, seem equally to have inspired the philosopher and the voluptuary. From such reflections the former points his moral, and the latter defends his excesses.

To those, whose notions of a future state were

perplexed, dark, and uncertain; whose belief in retribution was unsettled and wavering, and rather an object of speculation than a ground of hope or satisfaction, this present life must have appeared the boundary of all human desires and fears; and the very uncertainty of its duration, and the dark and miserable gloom which involved every thing beyond it, will of itself account for the continual complaints of the sad lot of humanity to be found in the ancient poets. These ideas followed them in solitude, and crept in upon their banquets; and such are the few remaining strains of Mimnermus, the poet of love and pleasure.

From the histories, orations, and nobler poems which have come down to us, we know how to appreciate the bold and masterly characters, who in long succession were the pilots of Greece, and whose steady guidance directed her with safety and glory through tempests which other states were unable to withstand. From documents so ample, we become acquainted with her greatest heroes and statesmen. For private events and domestic occurrences, we must look to the fugitive pieces, which, like planks of a mighty wreck, help to convey to us some idea of the majesty of the vessel which has gone to

pieces. In these minor relics many events are recorded beneath the dignity of history to commemorate, and which introduce us to the private characters, customs, and transactions of the age. We follow obscure individuals into their retirements; we are made companions of their festivities, are present at their tables, games, births, nuptials, and funerals.

While Greece was yet in her infancy, her Epigrams were almost the only records of things, and memorials of the dead. To their testimony Herodotus and Thucydides recur, and are followed by Diodorus and Plutarch, all of whom appeal to them, as to sure and undisputed authority. Scarcely was a trophy consecrated, or a city depressed by the vicissitudes of fortune and of war, without some Epigram recording the event, and the causes which led to its completion. Thus the history of an epoch is sometimes found couched in a few distichs, which are remembered and referred to without trouble. Simonides in particular claims our attention among the metrical historians of his country. His lines on Megistias the prophet, who fell at Thermopylæ, and the inscriptions on the other heroes who perished at that famous battle, are preserved to us by Herodotus. Every thing

relating to so generous and glorious an achievement cannot fail of interesting; and such was the short testimony of praise by which it was intended to convey to posterity the memory of those warriors who were the saviours of Greece. The valour of the people of Tegeæa, in defending themselves against the Spartans, is celebrated in four lines. On a Corinthian monument were four lines inscribed by the same poet to those of Corinth, who fell at Salamis; and many other memorials, equally concise and important, are yet remaining. Polemo appears to have been the first collector of that species of Epigram, whose only aim it was to commemorate public transactions, cities, and gifts consecrated to the Gods. His books “*Περὶ τῶν κατὰ πόλεις Ἐπιγράμματα*,” that “*Περὶ τῶν ἀναθημάτων ἐν Λακεδαιμονίῃ*,” and “*Περὶ τῶν ἐν Δελφοῖς θησαυρῶν*,” have furnished Athenæus and Plutarch with quotations and illustrations of times that had long elapsed.

But Meleager,* the Syrian, who flourished under the last of the Seleucidæ, first collected

* An old Greek scholiast seems to settle the dispute concerning the æra in which Meleager lived. *ἠκμασεν ἐπὶ Σέλευκου τοῦ ἐσχάτου*. Olymp. 170, about ninety-six years before the Christian æra.

the numerous fragments of Greece, which were intrusted, before his time, to the memory of men, engraven on marbles, or dispersed as fugitive pieces. He is said to have been an imitator of the Cynic Menippus, whom Lucian has selected as the most convenient and characteristic vehicle for scurrility and abuse :

Μελεαγρον

Μουσα Μενιπειαις ηγλαΐσεν χαρισι

But either some other Menippus, or some other Meleager, far different from the tender and affecting collector of the first Anthologia, seems to have been intended. It would appear impossible, that he, who so eloquently pourtrays the softer passions of our nature, whose muse is dedicated to amorous pleasures and incentives, should have sat a severe and stern censor on human frailties, passions, and infirmities, that the same man who was by turns a slave to love and melancholy, should have sneered sarcastically at his fellow-creatures, few of whom were half so prone to weakness and error as himself.

Diogenes Laertius speaks of a Meleager, who not only imitated, but equalled the biting and barking Cynic of Gadara in wit and acrimony ; and Athenæus mentions a Cynic by the

name of Meleager, but in such a manner, that he seems almost to be making a distinction between him and another of that name. *Μελεαγρος ὁ Κυνικός ἐν τῷ Συμπόσιῳ οὕτωςι γράφει.* From whence it appears that the Cynic had written a satire, called *τὸ Συμπόσιον*. And the same author mentions the titles of two other satirical performances by the same Meleager, whom he calls the Cynic of Gadara, the birth place of the Epigrammatist. Would not Athenæus, with more consistency, have given to our author the titles of Collector and Poet, as well as that of Cynic, had he intended the last mentioned appellation to have applied to the same man?

The relics of Meleager bespeak a mind woven of the finest texture, shaded, but not darkened by melancholy; easily affected by change of place or season; soft and pliable to a guilty excess; and in no one instance do they betray a propensity to sneer, or a struggle to conceal it. At least his satires are no more; while his amatory poems, epitaphs, and other records of affection, tenderness, and sorrow, remain in sufficient number to contradict his supposed devotion to Menippus, or to prove that if he ever were so devoted, it was not until after he had banquetted to satiety at the table of Epicurus.

The venom of Archilochus ceases to operate. All that we know of Menippus is, that his satires were written in prose, with a sprinkling of verse ; and even this peculiarity might have been unrecorded, had it not been imitated by Varro,* who thus procured to himself the title of the Roman Cynic, and to his writings the name of the poet whom he followed. The extemporary burlesques, written in France against the League, were collected together under the title of “ Satires Menippées,” and our countryman, Dr. Ferriar, has given us a specimen of the peculiarity at least of a Menippean treatise.

The Menippean satires of the Cynic Meleager are so entirely buried in oblivion, that confusion has even arisen about their author. Burlesques, written to expose the eccentricities of individuals, are read with avidity, and are irresistible at their first appearance. The love of novelty

* Varro not only mixed prose with verse, but Greek with Latin. The few fragments which we possess are much corrupted—the titles of many satires remain. He rejected the acrimony of Menippus, and is rather to be ranked among those poets who are called *σπουδαγελοιοι*.

Boethius departs still further from the intention of Menippus ; and seeks consolation in the imprisonment imposed on him by the Gothic king, from the mixed charm of poetry and philosophy.

and curiosity, the self-complacence and vanity which those persons feel who have escaped the lash, and the free indulgence of all that is malignant in human nature, conspire to adapt personal satire to the taste of the world. But the once dreaded sting becomes blunted by time, and the sallies of raillery lose their poignancy with their application.

Two Epigrams of Meleager seem to fix the æra in which he flourished. In one he commemorates the fall of Corinth; in another he endeavours to explain the emblematical figures of a cock supporting a branch of palm and a die, on the tomb of Antipater, the poet and philosopher of Sidon, whose remains are interwoven in the *Anthologia*.

To this beautiful collection Meleager prefixed a poem descriptive of the work, and the authors by whose contributions it was enriched.* This preface is entitled the *Garland*, in which the best fugitive pieces of every ancient and contemporary poet are collected together, and presented to his friend Diocles.

* The Prologue to the following work is written from the model of that composed by Meleager.

Ἄνυσσε μὲν Μελεαγρος, &c.

Implicuit Meleager, honoratque Diocli
Munus amicitiae dædala sæta dedit;
Lilia multa Anytæ subnectens, multaque Myrûs
Lilia; Lesbœ pauca; sed illa rosas.

The vigour and youth of Greece were now on their decline; and her exertions in arms and arts were becoming less active as centuries rolled on; but in her green old age, the features of her youth were discernible, and the spirit with which it was animated, burst forth in irregular and partial gleams, that evinced her not yet to be exhausted by the efforts of former days.

Deprived of the advantages enjoyed by his predecessor, Philip of Thessalonica continued the work after an interval of an hundred and fifty years.

Perfection is now no longer to be found. The Sapphos and Anacreons of the day were admirers and imitators of their predecessors, but bore no nearer resemblance to them than the Pseudo-Hercules* in one of Menander's plays,

* This person is recorded to have appeared on the stage with a club, like his predecessor, which he brandished to and fro, threatening annihilation to the weak, timid, and defenceless.

to the real hero of antiquity. The same ideas recur: but the power of expression to give them their due illustration is wanting. It is a most just and elegant comparison which Addison makes somewhere in his *Spectators* (and which may well be transferred to the subject before us) when, speaking of Roman eloquence, he observes, that the same idea expressed in the language of Cicero, and attempted by another writer, differs as much as the same object when seen by the light of the sun, or the glimmering of a taper.

The attractions of these light compositions become less striking as we advance; the colourings, no longer vivid, are mellowed into the tints of autumn; but although “fallen into the sear and yellow leaf,” remain pleasing to the eye, and interesting even to their latest decay.

During the silent lapse of more than five hundred years, the lyre of Greece hung silent and unstrung; and when Agathias, in the sixth century, attempted to give it sound, a feeble tinkling was returned to the touch before it lay mute for ever.

This collector raked together the loose miscellanies and scattered fragments of his time; and knew not that by his exertions he was be-

queathing and perpetuating to succeeding ages the figure of his country, enfeebled, helpless, exhausted, and nearly sunk into dotage. Some of his own productions may be brought forward to redeem it from this second childishness. He himself acknowledges the strong bent of his mind to the alluring pursuit of poetry, and in early youth he published a collection of amorous poems, which he entitled “*Daphniaca*.” In some of his works a tenderness and justness of expression is perceivable, which would have done honour to better times; and the tribute offered to the Ereutho of Agathias, would not have been disregarded by the Heliodora of Meleager. It is most probable that our collector was assisted by his friend Paul the Silentiary,* who, besides his more desultory works, wrote a laboured account of the church, dedicated to Santa Sophia, or Sacred Wisdom, from which the cross has been taken, and the monks have in latter days retired, to make way for dervishes, and the adorers of Mahomet.

Many of the Epigrams of Agathias and his

* Παυλος Σιλεντιαριος, a term adopted from the Latin *Silentium*; more properly Παυλος Ἠσυχιοποιος: it was an office in the court of Justinian, corresponding to that of Gentleman-usher.

friend the Silentiary, correspond with each other. Paul was a courtier, who prostituted his muse, it is said, in celebration of the infamous Theodora; he was a voluptuary, who seems to have indulged himself freely in the gardens, the baths, and all the debasing pleasures of his countrymen. He is never cloyed by possession, but returns after enjoyment, and dwells, in his polluted imagination, on the banquet by which he has been surfeited. In this however he is not singular; for dreadful as were the calamities of his times, we turn with still greater horror from the vices which gave birth to them.

We can know little of the private life of Agathias; but from an anecdote which he has himself related, we may conjecture that it was embittered by family disputes and misfortunes. His sister, Eugenia, had been married to Theodotus. This gentle pair, on some difference of opinion, had recourse to a trial of strength, in which, before they could be separated, they both expired.* Agathias supposes the husband to exculpate them, by declaring, from their common tomb, that neither was in fault, that envy, or some fury, had devoted them to

* See Epig. 86 Agath. Brunck. tom. iii. p. 65.

its vengeance, and that before the judge of the shades they stood acquitted of malice.

The labours of Agathias have however deserved well of posterity ; for as the public taste declines with the morals and power of a people, he found admirers in his contemporaries, who seem to have given all the encouragement in their power to this unpromising offspring of decrepitude, and to have watched over it with such jealous care, that we have more remains from the collection of Agathias, than from his two predecessors conjointly. Thus, if we are not indebted to this collector for any very refined pleasure in the perusal of his work, yet, if it be true that *muta est pictura poesis*, we are at least enabled to judge, from the preference given to the new over the old collection, of the then prevailing taste in literature.

A more calamitous period in the history of the world is not to be found, than that which elapsed from the fourth to the sixth century. The barbarians of the north had not only succeeded in their depredations on the enfeebled inhabitants of the Eastern and Western empires, but had introduced their manners among them, and had even engrafted their jargons on the withering stem of Grecian literature.

At the end of the sixth century, this unhappy country appears to have become foreign to herself, and none, except those who devoted themselves solely to the study of ancient learning, were masters of the dialects, metres, and nice discriminations between words seemingly synonymous. Grammarians had, at different times, endeavoured to affix, by accents, certain rules for the raising and depression of the voice, which, if not invented at this æra, were at least more generally resorted to as the standards of tone and modulation. On props so faithless and unsteady, the ancient fabric was not calculated long to brave the assaults of barbarism. The public taste continued to decline; and while the collection of Agathias remained entire, those of Meleager and Philip were yearly losing some of their ornaments from two distinct causes: for the decay of old manuscripts was not supplied by new transcribers; and with a gloomy and unrelenting zeal the ministers of religion persecuted every work of ingenuity and fancy.

The first of Meleager's collections was necessarily exposed to their fury. The specimens of that work which yet remain too abundantly justify the persecution. It was written for the express purpose of celebrating Eastern sensu-

ality ; and is said to have contained nothing but the *divitias miseras* of a mind pregnant with ideas wasted in the embellishment of vice. But unfortunately its indiscriminating enemies appear to have been actuated by a rage, no less furious, against those beautiful relics of affection and sorrow, by which the poet endeavoured to make amends to an insulted world for the extravagance of his youth.

To Agathias we are indebted for six years of the reign of Justinian, continued from the history of Procopius to the last victory of Belisarius, in the year 559, over the Bulgarians, commanded by Zabergan. The history of our author has been censured, perhaps justly, as a dull and prolix declamation. Yet he is generally allowed to maintain a respectable place among the Byzantine historians, and is peculiarly noticed for the mildness and humanity of his sentiments.

The whole series of the Gothic war had been completed by Procopius.—During the eventful reign of Justinian, Rome had five times changed masters, and was once more restored to her lawful Emperor by the bravery of Narses. The times were big with stratagems, individual deeds of heroism, distant migrations of Barbarians from the bleak and ungenial North in

quest of milder suns, the havoc of war and pestilence, and the convulsions of empires and of nature.* Gibbon takes a reluctant leave of Procopius for Agathias. “ We must now (says he) relinquish a statesman and a soldier, to attend the footsteps of a poet and a rhetorician.” The savage descent of the Franks under the two brothers Buccelin and Lothaire into the fair plains of Italy, the wild superstitions of their allies the Allemanni who sacrificed the heads of horses to their native deities of woods and rivers, are noticed by this even and placid writer in the strain of cool philosophy. The Sibyl’s cave, made venerable from its inmate and the ancient dreams of inspiration, is only mentioned with a view of ascertaining its scite with accuracy; and the final victory gained by Narses on the banks of the Vulturnus was only chosen to give point and ornament to an epigram of six lines. Rome had so frequently been the seat of empire to barbarous monarchs, had so often crouched under the despotism and indignities imposed on her by strangers, the theatre of her former victories had in such

* See an account of the earthquakes that shook Constantinople incessantly, and the comets which appeared in the reign of Justinian.

numerous instances represented the scenes of her disgrace and humiliation, that we are no longer to expect from her historians that awful regard, that holy “*admonitus locorum*,” which is felt by the patriot while musing over the honours of his country.

But in describing the joy which diffused itself over Italy, this writer is insensibly betrayed into language so nearly approaching to poetry, that its resemblance to the opening of Richard the Third could not escape the notice of Gibbon.* —“ Nothing (says Agathias) remained for the Italians but to exchange their shields and helmets for the soft lute and capacious hogshæd.”

Agathias was one of the few remaining Greeks who made the study of the ancient language the business of their lives, and hence he obtained the name of Scholasticus; for, amongst other encouragements held out to support the cause of expiring literature, the names and titles of

* I am led to observe another remarkable resemblance between a celebrated passage in Henry the Fifth, and the following splendid figure in a homily of St. Chrysostom: *ἐστὶ δὲ αὐτῷ πρῶσκηγιον μὲν ὁ οὐρανὸς ἅπας, θεᾶν δὲ ἡ οἰκουμένη, θεᾶν δὲ καὶ ἀκροᾶναι πάντες ἀγγέλοι, καὶ ἀνθρώπων ὅσοι περ ἀγγέλοι τυγχάνουσιν οὐλᾶς, ἡ καὶ γενεσθαι ἐπιθυμοῦσι* Chrys. Hom. 1. St. John τοι 1. 2. edit. Saville.

grammarian and scholar were applied to those who signalized themselves by successful application to the works of their forefathers.

In the tenth century, the manuscripts, from the combined effects of time, discord, and superstition, were either nearly destroyed, or falling quietly into oblivion. Happily for the lovers of poetry, a person, known to us by name only, embarked once more in the undertaking, and saved the vessel that was going unnoticed down the stream of time to oblivion. This person was Constantinus Cephalus, the friend and relation of the Emperor Leo the Philosopher, some of whose whimsical productions appear in the work. How small a share of literature and talent entitled a person in these days to public notice, we may easily collect from the honourable title conferred on Leo, whose time appears to have been devoted to any thing rather than those pursuits from whence he derived his precedence in name.

Maximus Planudes, a monk of the fourteenth century, was the last collector. We are not to expect great excellence of selection in a man of that age, and particularly in a monk; and must not be surprized if many dull and, to say no worse of them, unmeaning epigrams of his

tasteless times have a place in his work, to the exclusion of others recommended by elegance and antiquity.*

Planudes turned with abhorrence from the many indelicacies that yet disgraced the work; and, as Lascaris says of him in his Preface, “Non magis disposuit, quam mutilavit, et, ut ita dicam, castravit hunc librum, detractis lascivioribus epigrammatis; ut ipse gloriatur.”

To this imperfect and tasteless abridgment the scholars of Europe were referred until the seventeenth century; and this might have been added to the number of instances on record, where abridgments have survived their originals, had not a youth of Burgundy, the pride and wonder of the age in which he lived, rescued the parent collection from total oblivion.

Claude de Saumaise, well known to us by the name of Salmasius was one of those original and hardy geniuses of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries who braved the terrors of religious persecution and embraced tenets rather from conviction than the

* The *editio princeps* of this *Anthologia* was that of Jan. Lascaris, accompanied by a Greek Prologue of the editor, and a Latin Epistle to Pietro de Medici, printed at Florence, August 1492.

fashion of the times. His mother was a Protestant, and had infused into his mind her notions on points of faith with such assiduity, that, after a residence in Paris of two or three years, he fled from that city to Heidelberg, for the express purpose of enjoying in freedom his religious opinions. He arrived at that city at the age of fourteen (under the escort of some merchants who were going to Frankfort fair) with recommendatory letters to all the learned there from Isaac Casaubon, with whom he had become intimate at Paris. To oblige his father, he studied civil law under Gothofredus. But his own inclination induced him to avail himself of the permission granted him of perusing the books contained in the library of the Palatinate. To accomplish this purpose, he sat up every third night, and was already pronounced by Casaubon "*ad miraculum doctus*." His time was employed in comparing printed editions with their MSS. and in transcribing the MSS. not hitherto printed.

He soon discovered that Maximus Planudes had been unfaithful in the office he had undertaken ; and put together that collection, which, though unpublished, has ever since been known by the name of Salmasian, and constantly referred to by succeeding commentators.

Various causes prevented Salmasius from publishing his favourite work. Towards the close of life he was in great estimation among the sovereigns of Europe, and, on his return from Sweden, was unfortunately engaged to undertake the defence of the unhappy house of Stuart, which called down upon him the retaliation of Milton, with whom he was in no respect qualified to measure lances. Thus elated by the attentions of the great, and humbled in a contest with an obscure individual, his mind fluctuated between the extremes of grandeur and debasement, and seems for ever to have lost that firm serenity, that just appreciation of its own powers, which neither aims at things beyond its grasp, nor sacrifices, to a temporary repulse, the pursuit in which it was formed to excel from inclination and experience.

Within the last century, however, others arose to complete the task which Salmasius left imperfectly accomplished. Various MSS. in almost all the great public libraries of Europe, contained multitudes of Epigrams which had been rejected by or unknown to Planudes; many of them such as he certainly could not be imagined to have cast aside from any of the conscientious scruples above alluded to. The great Dictionary of Suidas, also, and other similar

magazines of ancient literature, had preserved numbers, either entire, or in fragments, which are to be found in none of those existing MSS. and the sources of which are now no longer to be traced. From this mass of materials Brunck undertook to supply the deficiencies of all former editions of the Anthology; and his "Analecta," corrected and perfected with all the industry and learning for which his name is so deservedly eminent, form the text of the later and very superior edition which has been since given to the world by Jacobs. The "Analecta," however, comprize, besides the numerous legitimate additions to the Anthology of Planudes already mentioned, a great quantity of the works of the minor Grecian poets, who are not, strictly speaking, entitled to a place among the Poets of the Anthology; and this is avowed by Jacobs to have been his principal motive for giving a new edition of Brunck, in which all extraneous matter was to be omitted, in preference to publishing simply a commentary upon Brunck's whole text. This intention being expressed in the very outset of his preface, it appears strangely inconsistent in him to have retained the Lyrics and Elegiacs of Simonides, the fragments of Archilochus and Bac-

chylides, the hymns of Proclus, &c. while he rejected the greater proportion of the Elegiac, Gnostic, Lyric, and Pastoral Poems which formed so large a part of Brunck's publication. He surely might have retained the whole, if he retained any part ; and he does not assign the least shadow of a sufficient reason for making a selection.

The conduct of both these Editors of the Anthology being so arbitrary in this respect, there seems to be no apology necessary on the part of an English translator, who has considered himself as not confined exclusively even within the widest of the limits which they have prescribed ; and the fragments of dramatic writers, and even the few extracts from the great tragedians which will be found in the ensuing pages, may, it is hoped, defend their intrusion upon pleas at least as good as any that can be adduced in favour of Theocritus, Sappho, or Anacreon.

To return to the editions of the Anthology : Jacobs's is the latest, and incomparably the best. It proceeds (as I have said before) on the text, and retains the paging, of Brunck ; and all the numerical references in the following work are made to the same text. Whenever

the sense of any of the pieces, which I selected for translation, appeared to require explanation, I have also made free use of the assistance which his annotations furnish towards it.

A considerable portion of the “*Anthologia inedita*” still remained in its inedited state after Brunck and Jacobs had ransacked all the libraries to which they had access, for the sake of giving the whole to the public. A splendid MS. known by the name of the Vatican, and now in the Imperial library at Paris, seems to have been untouched by them; and it is said to contain some hundreds of Epigrams by the oldest and best poets of the Anthology, which are not to be found in either Brunck or Jacobs. Several of these have been subsequently edited by Huschke, in a small volume, entitled “*Analecta Critica*,” but the best and fullest account of the MS. which contains them is to be found in the “*Melanges de Critique et de Philologie*, par S. Chardon de la Rochette, 3 tomes, Paris, 1812,” which contains also a few of the Epigrams themselves, with the conjectural emendations and notes of the very learned and sensible writer. We also learn, from that work, that M. Chardon himself has, for a great many years past, been engaged in the design of giving

to the world a new edition of the Anthology, to comprise all that ought strictly to be comprised under the term, and of course the whole of the yet unexhausted treasures of this Vatican MS. The revolution of France, he says, interrupted the execution of this design, but he gives reason to expect that he has since resumed it ; and if our hopes of the whole work are well founded upon these few specimens, there is reason to expect at last a perfect collection of all those pieces of fugitive poetry, the history of which, and of their early assemblage and subsequent dispersion, has been hastily and imperfectly sketched in the preceding pages. To this late publication of M. Chardon, it will be seen that I am under obligations, upon other grounds, besides that of its having afforded me the information, which I have here communicated, respecting the “ *Anthologia inedita*.”

I cannot conclude without slightly noticing the principal sources from which, (besides the *Anthologia*) the materials of the ensuing work have been collected. The first is Athenæus, who was an Egyptian, a native of Naucratos, and flourished in the third century. From his extraordinary powers of memory, and from the extensive learning which his works display, he

has acquired and merited the title of the Grecian Varro. Of these works, which were numerous, that of the “Deipnosophists” only remains to us, and is alone sufficient to support his character and justify his pre-eminence. To us, at least, it is rendered a most invaluable treasure by the quotations it contains from celebrated works of esteemed authors, and from authors whose names alone would have survived to us but for the fragments which it preserves. He conveys information, in the most pleasing way, on the most interesting subjects, the customs, manners, and opinions of the Greeks; and we are likewise indebted to him for several of the poems which the later collectors have inserted in the *Anthologia*.

Joannes Stobæus was so called from the place of his birth, Stobæ, in Macedonia. His age is not precisely ascertained, but has been conjectured by Heeren, his commentator, to have been about the end of the fourth, and beginning of the fifth centuries. He was also a collector of an *Anthologia*, but on a very different principle from any hitherto mentioned. The instruction of a favourite son was the scope of his labours; and to this we are indebted for both the collections which we have under his

name, but which, in all probability, were but separate parts of the same work. They consist of extracts from the most excellent philosophers and moral dramatic writers of Greece. To a work containing the united wisdom of the best ages of antiquity and the most beautiful poetry which the vigorous genius of Athens ever produced, the title of a well-arranged commonplace book is perhaps now the strongest recommendation that can be given; and to such praise are the books of Stobæus entitled. Fragments of near three hundred writers are preserved by him, of whom the greatest number have so nearly suffered their final dissolution, that no vestiges of them remain any where else; particularly those of the many comic writers of Menander's school, which (perhaps beyond any other circumstances) tend to make us regret the cruel depredations of time. I shall, in the course of my present undertaking, present a few of these in an English dress.—Their serious and moral turn, united to a force and energy of expression which entitles them to a very high poetical estimation, will afford a pleasing variety from the lighter and more alluring lays of Meleager, Agathias, and Antipater.

The name of Menander, from the praises

lavished on him by his contemporaries, suggests to our mind the most complete model of gaiety that any poet before or since his time has presented. We are entitled, from the universal assent of the ancients, to expect this quality in a writer, to whom it was said so eminently to belong. But Time has revelled on the noble image of Menander ; it has preyed on all that was inviting in his aspect, and spared little else than his frowns, wrinkles, and deformities. What a proof does it present to our mind of the instability of fame, when we find that the very character of this celebrated bard has undergone so entire a revolution ; and that of his voluminous works, the monuments by which he vainly hoped to be immortalized, only fragments enough remain to present to our view the very reverse of that which they were designed to perpetuate !

Even this poet, gloomy and melancholy as he now appears, was once, according to Pliny, "*omnis luxuriæ interpres* ;" in the language of Plutarch, " the constant worshipper, the chief priest of the God of Love, who, like some universal spirit, pervaded and connected all his works." Yet his love was so refined and his voluptuousness so guarded by delicacy, that he

was placed, without scruple or danger, in the hands of youths and virgins :

“ *Fabula jucundi nulla est sine amore Menandri,
Et solet hic pueris virginibusque legi.*”

OVID.

Many ages after his death, a statue was erected to his memory, and placed by the side of the image of Cupid.

Two or three Epigrams, made upon this statue, are preserved, which display, in the figurative and forcible language of his countrymen, the estimation in which he was held, and give him a distinguished rank among the gay and amorous poets of antiquity. Those which I have thought worthy of selection, the reader will find in the division of “ *Descriptive Poems,*” p. 365 of the present Collection.

“ In supporting the characters of fathers, sons, husbands, soldiers, peasants, the rich and the poor, the violent and the gentle, Menander surpassed all in consistency, and by the brilliance of his imagery threw every rival into the shade.” Such is the character given of him by Quintilian. The natural partiality of Cæsar for his countrymen only permits him to give a secondary place to Terence, the imitator of the

elegant, but not of the witty, Grecian. Ausonius couples our poet with Homer ; and he is extolled by all those who had access to his works, with an enthusiasm not inferior to that with which the name of the prince of poets is mentioned.

I have heard that a great English orator, now no more, the only scholar who has made the style of Demosthenes his own, and adapted it to present politics and the events of the times, has frequently declared his opinion, founded on the specimens of our poet which yet remain, and the praises of all the discerning ancients, that the loss of his dramas is more to be deplored than of any other ancient writings whatever. The real Menander is departed from us ; and all the praises of antiquity, and the regret of subsequent ages, resemble only the rich mantle which wraps the corpse of a monarch, or the frankincense which burns upon his pile !

A few relics, among those of lesser note yet remaining (which, like the bones of some giant picked up in the field, once the theatre of his exploits, cannot be fitted to any other than the huge body to which they belonged,) give us some idea of the vastness of Menander.—But “ *quantum mutatus ab illo !*” Where are the

perfumes, the breathings of gallantry and tenderness, the sprightly sallies of wit, and all the apparatus and circumstance of love, youth, and delight, that conveyed and recommended morality to the gay and thoughtless, by attiring her in a dress that enamoured her beholders? That his aim was morality, is evident from the praises bestowed on him by Plutarch and other writers. This end he kept in view, “unmixed with baser matter,” and by a sort of Πειθναγκη, by an equal exertion of force and persuasion, commanded the hearts of his readers and auditors. And yet the fragments that have come down to us stamp him with the character of morose, sarcastic, and querulous. But these sentiments were put by him into the mouths of characters whom he designed to hold up to detestation or ridicule—and what remains of him does not mark so strongly his own peculiar genius, as the taste of those selectors who have chosen his words to illustrate their own ideas. Thus to the saturnine and melancholy selector we owe the survival of the sad, peevish, and infantine complaints on the many sorrowful *items* “which flesh is heir to,” and which, instead of offering an alleviation to the evils we suffer, tend to aggravate their load and debilitate the bearer.

On the other hand, the strikingly moral passages with which his works abounded alone caught the attention of the fathers of the primitive church, who found in the Greek comedian a strain of piety so nearly approaching to their own belief and feelings, that all ideas of a preponderance of satire over moral precept, must yield to evidence so irresistible as the approbation of Clemens Alexandrinus and Eusebius. In short, it is from these two sources alone, the writings of the melancholy and of the religious man, that we are furnished with our specimens of the great Menander. Happy were it for us, and for posterity, had the gay, the lively, and the witty, finished the portrait of the bard, by transmitting to after ages examples that would have enabled us to measure him by the standards of humour, sprightliness, and fancy.

The superiority of the Grecian dramatists was felt and acknowledged by their Roman imitators and admirers ; and Cicero frequently reprobates the prevailing partiality of his countrymen for these foreign authors. He supposes a Roman thus to object to his arguments : “ Shall I toil through the *Synephebi* of Cæcilius, and the *Andria* of Terence, when I may as easily read the same plays in Menander ? ”

The answer of Cicero is not very convincing, nor likely to turn the scale in favour of the Roman stage.

Menander was drowned in the harbour of Piræus (A. C. 293), at a time of life when he had done enough for immortality, but while the powers of his mind were yet unimpaired by age, and his genius sufficiently ardent to do still more. He is said to have thrown himself into the sea in a fit of jealousy, occasioned by his unfortunate competition with Philemon, his contemporary in the middle comedy. He was vanquished, as Aulus Gellius asserts, by the superior interest rather than talents of his successful rival; and the same writer relates that, meeting him shortly after the contest had been decided, he asked him, "if he did not blush at gaining the prize against him?" Menander is to be classed in the melancholy list of great men to whom the jealousy, bad taste, or intrigues of the time in which they lived, denied justice, and to whose names fame and honour were attached when they no longer lived to enjoy them.

By a strange fatality, a great proportion of the writers of antiquity were thus prematurely cut off from existence. Euripides and Heracitus were torn to pieces by dogs. Theocritus

ended his career by the halter. Empedocles was lost in the crater of Mount Etna. Hesiod was murdered by his secret enemies; Archilochus and Ibycus by banditti. Sappho threw herself from a precipice. Æschylus perished by the fall of a tortoise. Anacreon (as may be expected) owed his death to the fruit of the vine. Cratinus and Terence experienced the same fate with Menander. Seneca and Lucan were condemned to death by a tyrant, cut their veins, and died repeating their own verses; and Petronius Arbiter met a similar catastrophe. Lucretius, it is said, wrote under the delirium of a philter administered by his mistress, and destroyed himself from its effects. Poison, though swallowed under very different circumstances, cut short the days both of Socrâtes and Demosthenes; and Cicero fell under the proscription of the Triumvirate. It is truly wonderful that so many men, the professed votaries of peace and retirement, should have met with fates so widely different from that to which the common casualties of life should seem to expose them.

Of Philemon, the successful rival of Menander, we know but little. He seems to have passed his life in the exercise of those social

virtues which secure to a man the affection of intimates, but have little tendency to advance him to notice. These peaceful virtues would probably have consigned the comic poet to obscurity, had not his exigences called out the powers he possessed to surmount those obstacles which his inclination had opposed, and pushed him into active life. His ears could not have been deaf to the plaudits conferred on his performances, and some sparks of ambition must have been kept alive by perpetual rivalry with the great master of the sock.

We have a picture of Sterne, drawn by himself, in the attitude of feeding an ass with macaroons: "And at this moment," says that sprightly and whimsical writer, "that I am telling it, my heart smites me that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon, than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act." It would be hard to say what figure an ass would make while thus engaged; but we are told by Valerius Maximus, that a similar entertainment caused the death of Philemon. This poet, on entering a room to refresh himself with some figs, observed that an ass had been before-hand with him, and was leisurely de-

vouring them one by one. Philemon wishing to complete the repast, courteously ordered a slave to present his dumb guest with a goblet of wine. This curious symposium provoked the comedian to such a degree of laughter, that he was suffocated in the struggle.

Every anecdote of Philemon, down to the tragi-comic one which closed his existence, recommends him to our esteem. He is said to have possessed infinite good humour; and to the ease and gaiety of his manners and amiable character he was, probably, more indebted for his many triumphs over Menander, than to any superiority as a writer.

The fragments of Philemon that have come down to us bespeak a mind tranquil and unruffled, capable, from its intimacy with the human heart and all its intricacies, to dictate what is for the good of mankind, but content with gentle admonition and persuasion.

I have thus briefly recapitulated what I knew of a few principal originals from which I have made translations. Some names, with an occasional remark or an anecdote, will find a place in the notes subjoined.

Something may here be expected from me in excuse for the number of modern trifles introduced into the notes, partly on their own ac-

count, and partly for the purpose of illustrating the triflers of Greece.—They may be said to form a book upon a book. These happy nothings are principally of French origin; and those whose taste is little flattered by the simple *soupe à la Grecque*, may not dislike the seasoning of the *soupe à la Française*.

The names of Moncrif, Chaulieu, Racine, J. B. Rousseau, Mad. Deshoulières, Pannard, the Comtesse de Murat, Maillard, Boileau and Bernard, are, it is hoped, sufficient to excuse their introduction, even though a little forced, into the service of the ancients. Not to speak of their more important works, by which many of these names have become immortal, no modern authors have so gracefully relaxed from labour, and none have trifled with equal playfulness and success. The French madrigal is, besides, the very fac-simile of the old Greek epigram. In comparing the epigram of the wittiest modern nation with that of Martial, modern times have nothing to regret. The character of these trifles has never yet been impressed on English literature, except by the few imitations of Prior; and we are reproached to this day, by their best critic* on the compa-

* Madame de Stael.

native literature of nations, with our superfluity of words ; we are said to be yet strangers to the charm of that definite, close, and graceful expression, termed by her “ *le langage serré.*” This language, which she affirms to be utterly unknown to our prose, and which, with the exception of Goldsmith, Collins, and Gray, has been banished from our verse since the æra of Dryden and of Pope, has now left us altogether. Poetry has, for the first time, been induced to submit itself to fashion. Mannerism has become the substitute for character, oddity for meaning, the infinite and indefinite of description for thought, and a grotesque jingle for harmony of numbers. This latter excellence, which is the very soul of poetry, without which the very term has no meaning, and which, when allied to the charm of diction and of style, forms the only distinctive barrier between poetry and prose, this comparative music, so difficult to be elicited from a Northern language, which cost the successive effort and improvement of every great writer, until it reached its point of perfection in the more finished cadences to be found scattered at intervals in different parts of Dryden, has been voluntarily abandoned, and again we court a barbarism from which it was so hard

to emerge. Every thought, from the most pleasing to the most sublime, may find utterance in unmeasured language. Music, cadence, harmony alone, exalt the thought, so conceived, to that excellence which deserves the name and title of poetry. Those authors who arise so congenial with their times, that they appear expected and called for by the existing modes, habits, and feelings of society, should remember that, with the passage of those times, they too pass away. These attempts at ancient uncouthness, like the cements which are at present invented in imitation of stone, may answer their purpose for a period.

A few rains, succeeded by a few frosts, lay open the imposition in the edifice ; their decay resembles not that of age ; it claims from us no reverence ; we cannot respect them in their mouldering state ; it is the premature decay of youth, accelerated by debauch ; and even in their ruins there is levity and folly.

To this compliance with fashion we must attribute the unreasonable eulogies bestowed one year on writers, who, before the expiration of two lustres, become unpopular with equal want of reason. Those only can live, whose feelings and reasonings are so true and general

as to be affected by no artificial preparation in matters of judgment, wit, and taste. They are “the men of old,” as Rousseau has it, “living in modern times.” But their sentiments are those of nature, of unyielding and unchanging nature; and the modern times to come, whose fashions shall have assumed a new, and possibly a contrary bent, shall be their advocates and admirers. “That which good taste has once approved, says the same author, is ever good. If it be seldom fashionable, on the other hand it is never absurd; and it derives from the congruity of things sure and unalterable rules, which remain when the fashions themselves are no more.” True taste, it may be added, refuses all accommodation with fashion, every attempt at a composition or compromise, and sooner than yield in her pretensions, contents herself with obscurity, until the times themselves shall come round and bow to her jurisdiction. The author who aspires to after ages, should take leave of the age in which he lives. To be drawn into the vortex of fashionable writing, is to pass that gate on which is inscribed

“Voi che intrate, lasciate ogni speranza.”

The charm of the French madrigal, like that

of the Greek epigram, consists in the perfect adaptation of each word to the impression intended to be made, the exclusion of synonymes, the rare and happy epithet, the fine and delicate turn which embellishes a thought trivial and familiar; and, above all, in that virtue, which modern English writers utterly explode, conciseness. The subjects too are rationally chosen. Here are no tender oglings of a tulip, no extacies at infantine remembrances, no prostrations before a butterfly, no melancholy strains on the neglected virtues of a robin red-breast. Their themes are not below the level of common understanding, and, in general, much good sense is couched beneath the happy trifle.

The scheme of our work naturally induced some disquisition into the fugitive pieces of ancient and modern Europe. It now remains for me to notice an irregularity which nearly affects that translator whose name appears on the title-page. It will doubtless appear strange, that, of the two principal authors, he who has contributed the least portion of the body of the work, should be most prominent to the public. While he regrets the necessity, he has been compelled to yield to the instances of his associate; and has, at the same time, been induced,

by the representations of their publisher, who objected to the plan of a book entirely anonymous, to suffer his own name to appear in a place to which it is entitled no otherwise than by participation. As the signatures affixed to the different metrical pieces will do but half justice to his friend, it is a duty imposed on him, by his consideration for the reader and his associate, to declare that this participation extends, in an equal proportion, to the remainder of the work.

To return to the Epigrams—It has been my endeavour to avoid any needless discussion on their merits. They have had their enemies and protectors. From bad specimens of the later poets, Lord Chesterfield was probably led to utter his interdict against the whole body. Nay, such was that nobleman's vivacity in thinking and speaking, that he not improbably formed his opinion from a hint dropped in conversation, and not from any intimate acquaintance with the species of composition which he has most inconsiderately reviled. A few of his Lordship's admirers caught the idea, and ignorance and stupidity joined in the hue and cry, led on by fashion and ability.

On the other hand, they found an admirer

themselves in Dr. Johnson, who filled up the intervals of pain, during his last illness, in translating several of them into Latin. And Mr. Cumberland has presented us, in his *Observer*, with some which he has rendered into our own language, but more particularly fragments from the comic poets.

The estimation in which they were held by the country which gave them birth, is evinced by the care taken to preserve them at different periods, and when the difficulties of collecting and collating were infinitely greater than among ourselves. But the mother country knew exactly how to appreciate their value, by assigning to them the real place which they were destined to hold with honour. They were considered in general as pleasing and light pastimes to the poet and his reader, and no unfair demands were made from such modest professions. Since those days their friends and enemies have equally conspired against them; their enemies by accusing them of a deficiency in point, equivoque, and humour, at which they seldom aim; their friends by indiscriminately praising the whole body, by advancing them to a degree of consequence for which they are unfitted, and by venerating what they should only esteem.

They have stood the test of ages, and while tried by their own laws were not found wanting. The charge of simplicity was subject to no penalties or censures among the Greeks : let us not then impose laws on them with which they were unacquainted, and from which they cannot escape uncensured. But it is time that I put an end to my remarks, lest I should be numbered among those false friends who injure the cause which they seem to defend, by dilating what had been more seasonably compressed, and giving dignity to trifles.

COLLECTIONS, &c. 5

Ἡμισυ μεν ψυχῆς εἰς το πνεον.

PROLOGUE.

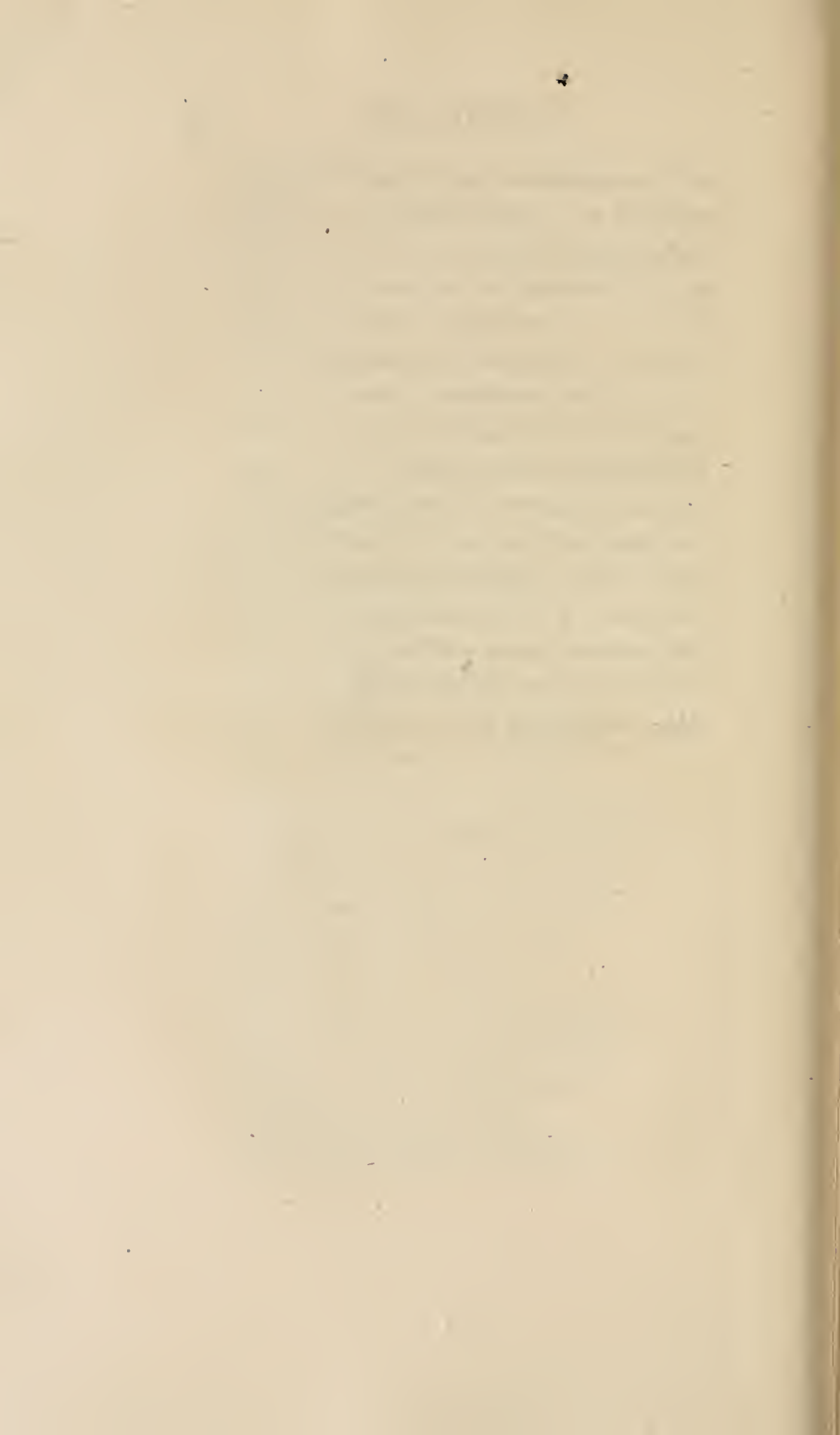
THOU little wreath, by Fancy twined
 In Summer's sun and Winter's wind,
 That thro' an age of deepest gloom
 Hast kept thy fragrance and thy bloom,
 Tho' now whole centuries have roll'd,
 And nations, since thy birth, grown old,
 Tho' time have wither'd many a leaf,
 And silent Envy play'd the thief,
 And clowns have breathed in evil hour
 A poison into thy sweet flower,—
 Yet dost thou live—nor tyrants' rage
 Hath nipt thee quite, nor wars, nor age.

Yet not, as once, the gentle earth
 Thou dost adorn that gave thee birth,
 When, all unforced by pains and toil,
 Wild shooting in thy native soil,
 The sweetest buds that deck'd the land
 Were pluck'd by Meleager's hand,
 Who curl'd Anacreon's blushing vine
 Around Erinne's eglantine,
 And Myro's lilies cull'd, to shade
 The roses of the Lesbian Maid,

And pluck'd the myrtle from thy grove,
Callimachus, the sprig of love.
With these my venturous hand shall wreathe
The baleful plants that sadly breathe,
That with a sigh the tragic muse
Around her path majestic strews ;
And I will twine, these flowers among,
Menander, prince of comic song !
Pluck'd from thy many garlands bright,
So charming once and new to sight,
Some honours spared by age and clime,
That live to grace an after-time.
Our unavailing sorrows mourn
Thy roses pale, thy lilies torn ;
Thy garden rifled of its bloom,
Thy violets robb'd of their perfume :
Thy gaudy tulips now have lost
Their smiles by many a chilling frost ;
Thy Spring's rich wardrobe now is scant ;
And now some sad and wintery plant,
Some wither'd shrub of power malign,
Of all that graced thy garden fine
Remains of thee, or sickly yew
Where buds of heavenly fragrance grew
Or mourner cypress spreads a shade,
Or plant of Daphne, hapless maid !
Yet 'mid the melancholy night,
Some scatter'd honours give delight,

And here and there a rose is found
 Neglected on the chilly ground,
 And a chance lily sheds its snow
 Beneath the darker shrubs of woe.
 Oh, not as erst, thou modest wreath,
 Shalt thou of all thy fragrance breathe !
 Oh, not as erst, when Genius knew
 To give thy colours to the view,
 And Taste was ready to display
 The flowers that fell in Fancy's way !
 For zephyrs soft that fann'd thy youth,
 How wilt thou meet the gale uncouth ?
 Torn from a genial Summer's smile,
 How wilt thou bear a northern isle ?
 Far from thy home and native sky,
 Meek stranger, wilt thou live or die ?

B.



COLLECTIONS, &c.

AMATORY.

Meleager, 80. i. 23.

THE LOVER'S MESSAGE. B.

SEA-wand'ring barks, that o'er the Ægean sail,
With pennants streaming to the northern gale,
If in your course the Coan strand ye reach,
And see my 'Phanion musing on the beach,
With eye intent upon the placid sea,
And constant heart that only beats for me,—
Tell my sweet mistress, that for her I haste,
To greet her, landing from the watery waste.
Go, heralds of my soul! To Phanion's ear
On all your shrouds the tender accents bear!
So Jove shall calm with smiles the wave below,
And bid for you his softest breezes blow.

B

Ammianus, 25. ii. 389.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF LOVE. B.

SELL not thy sacred honour for a feast,
Nor live with rich men a polluted guest,
Shame to the parasite, who stoops so low
To lower or brighten by his patron's brow—
Slave tho' I am, my fetter Love beguiles,
—I smile or weep, as Lesbia weeps or smiles.

Agathias, 33. iii. 45.

ADDRESS OF ANCHISES TO VENUS. M.

OFT hast thou left the realms of air
To dwell with me on Ida's shore ;
But now gay youth is mine no more,
And Age has mark'd my brows with care.
Oh, Queen of Love, my youth restore,
Or take my offering of gray hair !

Paulus the Silentary, 24. iii. 78.

ABSENCE INSUPPORTABLE. M.

WHEN I left thee, Love, I swore
Not to see that face again,
For a fortnight's space, or more.
—But the cruel oath was vain :
Since, the next day I spent from thee
Was a long year of misery.

Oh, then, for thy lover pray
Every gentler deity,
Not in too nice scales to weigh
His constrained perjury—
Thou too, oh pity his despair !
Heaven's rage, and thine, he cannot bear.

Paulus, 8. iii. 78.

LOVE NOT EXTINGUISHED BY AGE. B.

FOR me thy wrinkles have more charms,
Dear Lydia, than a smoother face !
I'd rather fold thee in my arms
Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace.
To me thy autumn is more sweet,
More precious than their vernal rose,
Their summer warms not with a heat
So potent as thy winter glows.

Strato, 20. iii. 364.

SAME SUBJECT. M.

OH, how I loved, when, like the glorious sun
 Firing the orient with a blaze of light,
 Thy beauty every lesser star outshone !—
 Now o'er that beauty steals the approach of night—
 Yet, yet I love ! Tho' in the western sea
 Half-sunk, the day-star still is fair to me !

Uncertain, 62. iii. 163.

SAME SUBJECT. M.

WHETHER thy locks in jetty radiance play,
 Or golden ringlets o'er thy shoulder stray,
 There Beauty shines, sweet maid, and should they bear
 The snows of age, still Love would linger there.

Rufinus, 32. ii. 397.

THE WARNING. B.

DID I not warn thee, Prodice, that Time
 Would soon divide thee from the youthful throng,
 Feed on the blooming damask of thy prime
 And scatter wrinkles as he pass'd along ?

The hour is come—for who with amorous song,
Now woos thy smile, or celebrates thy bloom?
See, from thy presence how the gay and young
Retiring turn, and shrink as from the tomb!

Rufinus, 22. ii. 395.

THE CURE OF DISDAIN. B.

COLD Rhodope, of beauty vain, replies,
Whene'er I greet her, with disdainful eyes:
The wreath I wove, and on her door-post bound,
Scornful she tore, and trampled on the ground.
Remorseless age, and wrinkles, to my aid
Fly, swiftly fly, and Rhodope persuade.

Asclepiades, 21. i. 215.

THE VIRGIN'S TRIUMPH. M.

STILL glorying in thy virgin flower?
Yet, in those gloomy shades below,
No lovers will adorn thy bower:
Youth's pleasures with the living glow.
Virgin, we shall be dust alone,
On the sad shore of Acheron!

Agathias, 13. iii. 38.

THE REVENGE OF LOVE. B.

SHE who but late in beauty's flower was seen,
 Proud of her auburn curls, and noble mien,
 Who froze my hopes, and triumph'd in my fears,
 Now sheds her graces to the waste of years.
 Changed to unlovely is that breast of snow,
 And dimm'd her eye, and wrinkled is her brow,
 And querulous the voice by time repress'd,
 Whose artless music stole me from my rest,
 Age gives redress to love ; and silvery hair,
 And earlier wrinkles, brand the haughty fair.

Rufinus, 15. ii. 393.

THE GARLAND. M.

THIS Garland intertwined with fragrant flowers,
 Pluck'd by my hand, to thee, my Love, I send.
 Pale lilies here with blushing roses blend,
 Anemone, besprent with April showers,
 Love-lorn Narcissus, violet that pours
 From every purple leaf the glad perfume ;
 And, while upon thy sweeter breast they bloom,
 Yield to the force of love thy passing hours ;
 For thou, like these, must fade at nature's general doom.

Meleager, 71. i. 21.

THE DESERTED LOVER. M.

“ WITNESS, thou conscious lamp, and thou, oh night,
(No others we attest), the vows we plight!
Guard ye our mutual faith !” We said, and swore,
She endless love, and I to roam no more.
But oaths are scatter’d o’er the waves ; and thou,
Oh lamp, bear’st witness to her alter’d vow !

Crinagoras, 9. ii. 142.

THE BRIDAL OFFERING. B.

CHILDREN of spring, but now in wintry snow,
We purple roses for Callista blow.
Duteous we smile upon thy natal morn,
Thy bridal bed to-morrow we adorn.
Oh, sweeter far to bloom our little day,
Wreathed in thy hair, than wait the sunny May.

Asclepiades, 4. i. 211.

THE VOTIVE CHAPLET. B.

CURL, ye sweet flowers ! Ye zephyrs softly breathe,
Nor shake from Helen’s door my votive wreath !
Bedew’d with grief, your blooming honours keep,
(For those who love are ever known to weep,)
And, when beneath my lovely maid appears,
Rain from your purple cups a lover’s tears.

Paulus, 41. iii. 84.

THE OFFERING OF A DESERTED LOVER. M.

To thee the reliques of a thousand flowers,
Torn from the chaplet twined in gayer hours ;
To thee the goblet carved with skill divine,
Erewhile that foam'd with soul-subduing wine ;
The locks, now scatter'd on the dusty ground,
Once dropping odours and with garlands crown'd,
Outcast of pleasure, and of hope bereft,
Lais ! To thee, thy Corydon has left.
Oft on thy threshold stretch'd at close of day,
He wept and sigh'd the cheerless night away,
Nor dared invoke thy name, nor dared aspire
To melt thy bosom with his amorous fire,
Or plead a gracious respite to his pain,
Or speak the language of a happier swain.
—Alas ! alas ! “ now cold and senseless grown,”
These last sad offerings make his sorrows known,
And dare upbraid those scornful charms that gave
His youth unpitied to the cheerless grave.

Agathias, 12. iii. 38.

THE TORMENTS OF LOVE. M.

ALL night I wept, and when the morning rose,
And short oblivion o'er my senses crept,
The swallows, twittering round me as I slept,
Drove from my couch the phantom of repose.

Be silent, envious birds ! It was not I,
Who stopp'd the voice of tuneful Philomel.
Go—and again your plaintive descant swell
With Itylus, among the mountains high !

Leave me, oh leave me for a while, “to steep
“My senses in” a sweet “forgetfulness !”
Perchance my dreams Rhodanthe's form may bless,
Her lovely image fill my arms in sleep.

Rufinus, 33. ii. 398.

MAIDEN RESERVE. H.

WHEN blest I met my Prodice alone,
On the cold earth a timid suppliant thrown,
I clasp'd her beauteous knees, and bade her save
A wretch, at her disposal, from the grave.
Listening she wept—too soon her tears were dried,
And with soft hand she moved me from her side.

Agathias, 23. iii. 41.

MAIDEN PASSION. M.

Go, idle amorous Boys !
What are your cares and joys,
To Love, that swells the longing virgin's breast ?
A flame half hid in doubt,
Soon kindled, soon burnt out,
A blaze of momentary heat at best !

Haply you well may find
(Proud privilege of your kind)
Some friend to share the secret of your heart ;
Or, if your inbred grief
Admit of such relief,
The dance, the chase, the play, assuage your smart.

Whilst we, poor hapless maids,
Condemn'd to pine in shades,
And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny,
Can only sit and weep,
While all around us sleep,
Unpitied languish, and unheeded die.

Antipater of Thessalonica, 5. ii. 110.

THE SEPARATION. M.

OH hateful bird of morn, whose harsh alarms
Drive me thus early from Chrysilla's arms,
Forced from th' embrace, so newly tried, to fly,
With bitter soul, to cursed society.
Old age has sprinkled Tithon's brow with snow,
No more his veins in ruddy currents flow :
How cold his sense, his wither'd heart, how dead,
Who drives so soon a Goddess from his bed !

Quintus Mæcius, 3. ii. 237.

THE SECRET DIVINED. H.

WHY art thou sad ? Why thus disorder'd flow
Those lovely tresses o'er thy breast of snow ?
Why hangs the tear on Lesbia's clouded eye ?
In stranger arms does faithless Cleon lie ?
In me a sovereign remedy you'll find,
A pleasing vengeance for the jealous mind.
Silent you weep—your secret is explain'd,
Your eye speaks volumes, though your tongue is chained.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION OF THE SAME. B.

WHY lowers my lovely Glycera? And why
Those tresses torn, and that dejected eye?
I have a charm for bleeding hearts, that mourn
Love's fickle wanderings, cold neglect and scorn.
Oh vainly mute! those speaking eyes reveal
The pang that gloomy silence would conceal!

Meleager, 92. i. 26.

BEAUTY COMPARED WITH FLOWERS. M.

Now the white snow-drop decks the mead,
The dew-besprent narcissus blows,
And on the flowery mountain's head,
The wildly scatter'd lily grows.

Each loveliest child of summer throws
Her fragrance to the sunny hour,
But Lesbia's opening lips disclose
Divine Persuasion's fairer flower.

Meadows, why do ye smile in vain
In robe of green and garlands gay?
When Lesbia moves along the plain,
She wears a sweeter charm than they.

Paulus, 17. iii. 76.

THE SAME SUBJECT. M.

WE ask no flowers to crown the blushing rose,
Nor glittering gems thy beauteous form to deck,
The pearl, in Persia's precious gulph that glows,
Yields to the dazzling whiteness of thy neck.
Gold adds not to the lustre of thy hair,
But, vanquish'd, sheds a fainter radiance there.

The Indian hyacinth's celestial hue
Shrinks from the bright effulgence of thine eye,
The Paphian cestus bathed thy lips in dew,
And gave thy form ambrosial harmony.
My soul would perish in the melting gaze,
But for thine eyes, where Hope for ever plays.

Philodemus, 18. ii. 86.

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY. M.

NOR yet the blossoms of the spring decay'd,
Nor full the swelling treasures of the vine ;
But the young Loves prepare their darts, sweet maid,
And light their fires upon thy virgin shrine.
Oh let us fly, whilst yet unstrung their bows,
And yet conceal'd, the future splendour glows.

Paulus, 59. iii. 90.

THE PICTURE. M.

OH how unequal is the painter's art
To reach the glowing picture of the heart,
To catch the roseate graces of my fair,
" Her eyes' blue languish, and her golden hair !"
First paint the gorgeous day-star's beam divine,
Then may your imaged Lydia equal mine.

Uncertain, 58. iii. 162.

THE LOVER'S WISH. M.

OH that I were some gentle air,
That, when the heats of summer glow,
And lay thy panting bosom bare,
I might upon that bosom blow !

Oh that I were yon blushing flower,
Which, even now, thy hands have press'd,
To live, tho' but for one short hour,
Upon the Elysium of thy breast !

Meleager, 87. i. 25.

MUSIC AND BEAUTY. M.

By the God of Arcadia, so sweet are the notes
That tremulous fall from my Rhodope's lyre,
Such melody swells in her voice, as it floats
On the soft midnight air, that my soul is on fire.

Oh where can I fly? the young Cupids around me
Gaily spread their light wings, all my footsteps pursuing;
Her eyes dart a thousand fierce lustres to wound me,
And Music and Beauty conspire my undoing.

Philodemus, 13. ii. 86.

THE SAME SUBJECT. M.

THE strains that flow from young Aminta's lyre,
Her tongue's soft voice, and melting eloquence,
Her sparkling eyes that glow with fond desire,
Her warbling notes, that chain the admiring sense,
Subdue my soul—I know not how nor whence.
Too soon it will be known when all my soul's on fire.

Asclepiades, 20. i. 215.

THE ENJOYMENT OF LOVE. M.

SWEET is the goblet cool'd with winter-snows,
To him who pants in summer's scorching heat,
And sweet to weary mariners, repose
From ocean tempests, in some green retreat ;
But, far more sweet than these, the conscious bower,
Where lovers meet, at "love's delighted hour."

Rufinus, 24. ii. 396.

THE SAME SUBJECT. M.

THE Queen of Heaven's bright eyes illumine thy face ;
Great Pallas lends thine arms her polish'd grace ;
Thetis thine ancle's slender strength bestows,
And Venus in thy swelling bosom glows :
Happy the lover, of thy sight possest,
Who listens to thy melting voice, thrice blest,
Almost a God, whose love is met by thine,
Who folds thee in his arms, indeed divine.

Rufinus, 16. ii. 394.

EXHORTATION TO PLEASURE. H.

Now, as we rise from the reviving wave,
 Braid we our locks, my Prodice, with flowers;
 Drain we deep bowls of wine, and wisely save
 From slow-paced Care Youth's transitory hours.
 For withering Age upon our path attends,
 Joys drop by joys, and Death the picture ends.

Rufinus, 20. ii. 395.

THE DENIAL OF LOVE. M.

WHY will Melissa, young and fair,
 Still her virgin love deny,
 When every motion, every air,
 The passion of her soul declare,
 And give her words the lye?

That panting breath, that broken sigh,
 And those limbs that trembling fail
 And that dark hollow round your eye
 (The mark of Cupid's archery)
 Too plainly tell the tale.

But, oh thou God of soft desire,
 By thy mother throned above,
 Oh let not pity quench thine ire,
 Till, yielding to thy fiercest fire,
 She cries, at length, "I love."

Agathias, 21. iii. 41.

THE AMOROUS ARTIFICE. B.

IN wayward mood, by artifice I strove
 To try the fervour of my Helen's love ;
 And "Oh farewell, my dearest girl !" I cried,
 "Forget me not, when seas and lands divide ;"
 Pale at the news, she wept, and in despair
 Her forehead struck, and tore her silken hair,
 And sigh'd "Forsake me not !" By sorrow prest,
 I nod compliance with her fond request,
 I yield, by generous selfishness inspired,
 And hardly grant her what I most desired.

Julian the Præfect, 1. ii. 493.

LOVE AND WINE. M.

WHILE for my fair a wreath I twined,
 Of all the flowers which spring discloses,
 It was my evil fate to find
 Cupid lurking in the roses.

I seized the little struggling boy,
I plunged him in the mantling cup,
Then pledged it with a rapturous joy,
And, mad with triumph, drank him up.

But ever since, within my breast,
All uncontroll'd the urchin rages,
Disturbs my labour, breaks my rest,
And an eternal warfare wages.

Argentarius, 7. ii. 267.

THE TEST OF LOVE. M.

CALL it not a test of love
If sun-like beauty lights the flame.
Beauty every heart can move :
It delights the gods above,
And is to all the same.

But if thy fond doting eye,
Has taught thy heart a different creed ;
If for wrinkled age you'll sigh,
Or adore deformity,
Then you must love indeed.

Paul, 32. iii. 81.

THE VICTORY OF VENUS. M.

IN my green and tender age,
I the queen of love defied,
Steel'd my heart against her rage,
And her arts repell'd with pride.
Inaccessible before,
Now, almost 'grey, I burn the more.

Venus, laughing hear the vow
By your slave repentant made!
Greater far your triumph now
Than of old in Ida's shade.
There a boy adjudged the prize—
Here Pallas from the contest flies.

Paul, 23. iii. 78.

THE CHAIN OF LOVE. M.

IN wanton sport, my Doris from her fair
And glossy tresses tore a straggling hair,
And bound my hands, as if of conquest vain,
And I some royal captive in her chain.
At first I laugh'd—"This fetter, lovely maid,
Is lightly worn, and soon dissolv'd," I said.

I said—but ah I had not learn'd to prove
How strong the fetters that are forged by love.
That little thread of gold I strove to sever
Was bound like steel about my heart for ever ;
And, from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair
Has led and turn'd me by a single hair.

Philodemus, 10. ii. 85.

CONSTANCY. M.

My Helen is little and brown ; but more tender
Than the cygnet's soft down, or the plumage of doves ;
And her form, like the ivy is graceful and slender,
Like the ivy entwined round the tree that it loves.

Her voice—not thy cestus, oh Goddess of pleasure,
Can so melt with desire or with ecstasy burn ;
Her kindness unbounded, she gives without measure
To her languishing lover, and asks no return.

Such a girl is my Helen—then never, ah never,
Let my amorous heart, mighty Venus, forget her,
Oh grant me to keep my sweet mistress for ever,
—For ever—at least, 'till you send me a better !

Paul, 39. iii. 83.

THE FAREWELL. M.

WHEN I meant, lovely Ida, to bid thee farewell,
My faltering voice the sad office denied—
From my lips broken accents of tenderness fell,
And I remain'd motionless, close at your side.

Nor wonder, sweet girl, at the baffled endeavour—
The pang of the moment that tears me away
Can only be equalled by that which for ever
Shuts out from my soul the blest prospect of day.

Oh Ida! 'tis thou art my day! 'tis to thee
I look for the light that should make me rejoice;
Thy presence the day-spring of pleasure to me
—But raptures of paradise dwell on thy voice.

Thy voice—(how far sweeter than aught that is feign'd,
Of Syrens or mermaids that float on the wave !)
It holds all my joys, all my passions enchain'd,
And is able alike to destroy me or save.

Agathias, 16. iii. 39.

LOVE AND WINE. B.

FAREWELL to wine ! or, if thou bid me sip,
Present the cup more honour'd from thy lip !
Pour'd by thy hand, to rosy draughts I fly,
And cast away my dull sobriety ;
For, as I drink, soft raptures tell my soul
That lovely Glycera has kissed the bowl.

Meleager, 94. i. 27.

THE KISS.

BLEST is the goblet, oh how blest,
Which Lesbia's rosy lips have prest !
Oh ! might thy lips but meet with mine,
My soul should melt away in thine.

PARAPHRASE OF PHILOSTRATUS.

B. JONSON.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Demands a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that here
It might not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And send'st it back to me,
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

FROM THE
PASTORAL AND LYRIC POETS.

Theocritus. Idyll.

THE CYCLOPS. M.

FOR Love no potent medicine is known,
No true physician but the Muse alone ;
Lenient her balmy hand, and sweetly sure,
But few are they for whom she works the cure.
This truth my gentle Nicias holds divine,
Favour'd alike by Pæan and the Nine ;
This truth, long since, within his rugged breast,
Torn with fierce passion, Polypheme confest.

'Twas when advancing manhood first had shed
The early pride of summer o'er his head,
His Galatea on these plains he wooed,
But not, like other swains, the nymph pursued
With fragrant flowers, or fruits, or garlands fair,
But with hot madness and abrupt despair.
And while his bleating flocks neglected sought
Without a shepherd's care their fold self-taught,

He, wandering on the sea-beat shore all day,
Sang of his hopeless love, and pined away.
From morning's dawn he sang, till evening's close ;
Fierce were the pangs that robb'd him of repose ;
The mighty queen of love had barb'd the dart,
And deeply fix'd it rankling in his heart.
Then song assuaged the tortures of his mind,
While, on a rock's commanding height reclined,
His eye wide stretching o'er the level main,
Thus would he cheat the lingering hours of pain.

“ Fair Galatea, why a lover scorn ?

Oh, whiter than the fleece on Ætna born !
Coy, wild, and playful as the mountain-roe,
Bright as the cluster'd vine's meridian glow !
You come when sleep has seal'd my eye in night ;
Smile on my dreams, and rouse me to delight—
I wake—your image flies unkind away,
Or melts and fades before the coming day.
I loved thee, maid, from that delicious hour,
When with your mother first you sought my bower ;
I was the guide that led you on your way,
And show'd you where the fairest hyacinths lay.
I lov'd thee then, and since those days are o'er,
Have never ceas'd to love thee and adore !
But you, fair virgin, care not for my pain—
I know you care not, and my pray'rs are vain.
'Tis not this rugged front, this lowering brow,
(For ever haggard, but more haggard now)—

'Tis not this single eye of scorching fire
(More scorching with the pangs of hot desire)
Can win a female heart, or hope to move
A virgin's young and tender breast to love.
Yet, tho' so rude, a thousand sheep I feed,
Bounteous in milk, and plenteous in their breed ;
A still succeeding store my churns supply,
For ever yielding, and yet never dry.
Yet, rugged as I am, my breath can make
The simple reed to softest music wake.
None of my fellow swains can sing like me,
Tuning my vocal pipe, sweet maid, to thee.
How oft the listening hills have heard my song
Ascending from the vale the whole night long !
O come, dear maid, to me ! and thou shalt hear
The surgy billow roar, and feel no fear ;
While safely guarded in my arms you lie,
Safe in this cavern from the inclement sky !
Oh come to me ! the verdant laurels wave
With lofty cedars o'er this quiet cave.
There amorous ivy creeps, and intertwines
With swelling clusters of the richest vines,
There crystal springs more cool than Ætna's snow
Gush from the hills and round my arbours flow :
The limpid beverage from the fountain's brink
(Worthy of gods !) shall Galatea drink.
—What if I seem uncouth ? this spreading wood,
When winter strews the plain and binds the flood,

Is all my own—and through the evil days
Our cheerful hearth with constant fires shall blaze.
Oh, had my mother given me but to glide
With cutting fins beneath the billowy tide,
I then had sought thy coral cave, my fair,
And brought the sweetest presents of the year ;
The snowy lily from our summer's bowers,
And poppy, nursed by autumn's dying hours ;
Then might I kiss thy lovely hand, and sip,
(Oh daring thought ?) the honey of thy lip
—Then leave, fair nymph, those caverns where you play ;
And, having left, forget your homeward way !
Come, tend my sheep with me, or for me squeeze
The hardening curd, and press the snow white cheese.
—Where are thy senses, Polypheme, oh where ?
She heeds not thy complaint, she mocks thy pray'r.
Go to thy sheep again, 'twere better bind
These ruin'd wattels, and keep out the wind,
Than thus pursue with unavailing pain
A scornful daughter of the unpitying main.
Go to thy home, poor wretch ! In yonder grove
Are many nymphs, and some may heed thy love.
—There are (and those among the loveliest fair)
Who bid me tend their flocks, their revels share ;
I shunn'd their haunts and fled from them before ;
But now grown wiser, I'll refuse no more.
Oft have they laugh'd to see my passion burn ;
They'll laugh no longer when I home return—

Then, haughty Galatea, shalt thou prove
 That thou hast scorn'd what gentler virgins love !"
 —Thus sang the uncouth swain where Ætna's brow
 Hangs awful frowning o'er the deep below :
 Thus would he feed his love, and with the strain
 He calm'd his troubled heart and eased his pain.

Bion. Idyll. XVI.

THE LAMENTATION OF THE CYCLOPS. B.

YET will I go beside the sounding main,
 And to yon solitary crags complain ;
 And, onward wandering by the sounding shore,
 The scorn of Galatea's brow deplore :
 But oh sweet Hope ! Be present to my heart,
 Nor with my latest, feeblest age depart

Bion. Idyll. XI.

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR. M.

MILD star of Eve, whose tranquil beams
 Are grateful to the Queen of Love
 Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
 More bright than all the host above
 And only to the moon's clear light
 Yields the first honours of the night !

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Thou glory of the midnight sky !
And when my steps are wandering far,
Leading the shepherd-minstrelsy,
Then, if the moon deny her ray,
Oh guide me, Hesper, on my way !

No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin claims thy aid,
To guide his dagger to its mark,
Or light him on his plund'ring trade ;
My gentler errand is to prove
The transports of requited love.

Moschus. Idyll. 7th.

ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA. M.

FROM where his silver waters glide,
Majestic, to the ocean-tide
Thro' fair Olympia's plain,
Still his dark course Alpheus keeps
Beneath the mantle of the deeps,
Nor mixes with the main.

To grace his distant bride, he pours
The sands of Pisa's sacred shores,
And flowers that deck'd her grove ;
And, rising from the unconscious brine,
On Arethusa's breast divine
Receives the meed of love.

'Tis thus with soft bewitching skill
The childish god deludes our will,
And triumphs o'er our pride ;
The mighty river owns his force,
Bends to the sway his winding course,
And dives beneath the tide.

Bion. Idyll. 2d.

WINGED LOVE. X.

CHASING his feathered game within the grove
Young Thyrsis saw th' averted form of Love
Perched on a boxen bough ; with joy he cries
“ This giant-bird will prove a noble prize.”
His shafts he culls, applies them to his bow,
And marks Love's frolic gambols to and fro ;
But vain his skill—his shafts, that miss their aim,
He spurns indignant, and with conscious shame
Hastes to the seer who taught him first the way
With certain aim to strike the winged prey.
He told his tale, and bad him “ look, and see
The giant-bird still perched on yonder tree.”

The seer attentive shook his prescient head,
And with a smile, a parent's smile, he said,

“ Forbear the chase—fly from this bird, my child,
Away—the prey you seek is savage, wild—
Blest wilt thou prove whilst he eludes thy snares,
Outwings thy shafts, and no return prepares.
To manhood grown, this bird, which now retires,
And shuns thy aim, and thwarts thy fierce desires,
Will haste unsought, and, 'spite of bow and dart,
Play round thy head, and perch upon thy heart.”

ANACREON. ODE XXXIV. M.

FLY not, because revolving time,
Hath silver'd o'er Anacreon's brow,
Nor, glorying in thy flowery prime,
Reject the incense of his vow !

Think'st thou my winter ill agrees
With the young charms thy spring discloses ?
Remember, how those garlands please
Where lilies mingle with the roses !

ANACREON. ODE XX. M.

SAD Niobe, in cold despair,
Was fix'd, a stone, on Phrygia's shore ;
And through the boundless fields of air
'Twas given Pandion's child to soar.

But I, a different change requiring,
Make every vow for thee, my fair ;
Sometimes a mirror's form desiring,
Thine image on my breast to bear ;

Or, as a robe, with soft embraces,
About thy snowy limbs to fold ;
Or, as a crystal stream, thy graces
In mine encircling arms to hold ;

A golden chain, with many a kiss
Around thy snowy neck to twine ;
Or on thy breast, that heaven of bliss
And love, a radiant pearl, to shine :

Or with a humbler fate delighted,
A sandal for thy feet I'd be :
Trampled upon, neglected, slighted,
Ev'n this would be felicity.

D

Imitated from Moschus.

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

PRIOR.

HIS lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders tied,
Sly Cupid, always on new mischiefs bent,
To the rich field, and furrow'd tillage went ;
Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,
His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd ;
Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above,
Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove :
“ Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain ;
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plough ;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.”

SAPPHO.

A. PHILLIPS.

BLEST as the immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
 And raised such tumults in my breast ;
 For, while I gazed, in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost ;

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
 Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd ;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
 I fainted, sunk, and died away.

THE LATTER PART OF THE SAME ODE ATTEMPT-
 ED MORE LITERALLY. M.

My trembling tongue hath lost its power,
 Slow, subtle fires my frame devour ;
 My sight is fled ; around me swim
 Low dizzy murmurs ; every limb
 Cold creeping dews o'erspread ; I feel
 A shivering tremor o'er me steal ;
 Paler than grass I grow ; my breath
 Pants in short gasps ; I seem like death.

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS.

A. PHILLIPS.

OH Venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles :
Oh Goddess ! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
Oh, gentle Goddess ! hear one now,
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above,
The car thy wanton sparrows drew :
Hovering in air they lightly flew :
As to my bower they wing'd their way
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again :
Then you with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smiled,
And asked what new complaints I made,
And why I called you to my aid :

What frenzy in my bosom raged,
And by what cure to be assuaged,
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in thy artful toils secure :
Who does my tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who ?

Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms :
Tho' now thy offerings he despise
He soon to thee shall sacrifice :
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore !
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distempered soul relief,
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

AMATORY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

AMATORY.

"Sea-wandering barks, that o'er the Ægean sail." p. 1.

THE Poet may be supposed walking on the sea-coast. He sees numberless vessels passing and repassing over the Hellespont, and tells them to bear tidings from him to the lady of his affections, whom, it seems, he was expecting soon to visit. The sixth line in the original has caused much dispute. Its literal interpretation is, "Expect me not as a sailor, but as one who travels on foot to behold you;" a hyperbolical expression, implying (says Jacobs) "The desire of seeing you will support me over the seas, even without the aid of a ship." The passion of love may well be imagined capable of inspiring such extraordinary energy, if the mere desire of eating a dinner at another person's expense, has been held sufficiently powerful to produce it. Such was the case of a personage in one of the lost comedies of Alexis: "Chærephon, having an invitation to supper at Corinth, flew over the sea to the place of rendezvous; so great was his impatience to partake of the banquet which was offered him." Athenæus, Lib. IV.

“ Sell not thy sacred honour for a feast.” p. 2.

“ N’ayant sujet ni de pleurer ni de rire, mais riant et pleurant par compagnie.” I cannot now recollect where this sentence occurs.

“ Oft hast thou left the realms of air.” p. 2.

There is a mixture of tenderness and gallantry in this address of Anchises to his heavenly mistress. The Phrygian hero appears to have had very sufficient cause to complain of her cruelty. The lamentable effect of Jove’s thunderbolt, the pain of a deep and incurable wound, was indeed a very severe punishment for one unfortunate moment of unguarded frankness, and may well excuse (says Bayle) the very natural complaints which the droll Scarron makes him utter.

“ Vieil, cassé, mal-propre à la guerre,
 Je ne sers de rien sur la terre ;
 Spectre, qui n’ai plus que la voix,
 J’y suis un inutile poids,
 Depuis le tems que de son foudre
 Jupin me voulut mettre en poudre.
 —J’ ai depuis eu, cent fois, envie,
 De m’aller pendre un beau matin
 Et finir mon chien de destin.”

"When I left thee, Love, I swore." p. 3.

This simple thought, of time being lengthen'd by the absence of Lovers, has never been so well expressed, because never in so few words, as by Theocritus. *Οἱ δὲ ποθέοντες ἐν ἡματι γηρασκούσιν.*

"Chi ama, e chi desia, in un giorno s' invecchia,"

as Salvini has accurately render'd it. Fawkes's translation gives a very inadequate impression of its beauty :

*"Sure thou hast felt, unless thy heart be cold,
That faithful Lovers in one day grow old."*

"For me thy wrinkles have more charms." p. 3.

In the fair and courteous days of France, when a gay and half romantic gallantry was the universal taste of the young and old, the lofty and the humble, Madame la Mareschale de Mirepoix, already in the winter of her days, but with more wit and warmth of imagination remaining than most of the youngest and gayest ladies of the court, sent to her old admirer, M. le Duc de Nivernois, a lock of her grey hair, accompanied by some very pretty and elegant verses descriptive of the regard she felt for him, which age could neither extinguish nor diminish. The Duke's reply is one of the sweetest specimens of gaiety and tenderness that I ever remember to have met with.

*“ Madame de Mirepoix à M. le Duc de Nivernois,
avec une boucle de ses cheveux.*

Les voilà, les cheveux depuis long temps blanchis,
D'une longue union qu'ils soient pour vous le gage :

Je ne regrette rien de ce que m'ôta l'âge ;

Il me laisse de vrais amis.

On m'aime presque autant, et j'aime davantage.

L'astre de l'amitié luit dans l'hiver des ans,

Fruit précieux de l'estime, du goût, et du temps ;

On ne s'y méprend plus, on cède à son empire,

Et l'on joint sous les cheveux blancs

Au charme de s'aimer, le droit de se le dire.”

“ Réponse de M. le Duc de Nivernois.

Quoi ! vous parlez de cheveux blancs ?

Laissons, laissons courir le temps :

Que nous importe son ravage ?

Les tendres cœurs en sont exempts ;

Les Amours sont toujours enfans,

Et les Graces sont de tout âge.

Pour moi, Thémire, je le sens,

Je suis toujours dans mon printems

Quand je vous offre mon hommage.

Si je n'avois que dix-huit ans

Je pouvois aimer plus long-temps,

Mais non pas aimer davantage.”

For the consolation of those English ladies, who like Madame de Mirepoix, are growing grey, and to assure them that the aged themselves, although not likely to make new conquests, have at least the power of retaining the admirers of their youth, I venture my rude copies of these charming originals.

*Madame de Mirepoix to the Duc de Nivernois, with
a lock of her hair.*

Look, they are grey—but turn'd to grey
These locks our union's date attest,
Poor spoil that age can bear away,
But leaves me yet in friendship blest.

No change in Friendship's star appears,
Whose lustre, as in early prime,
Flames in the winter of our years,
Kindled by choice, and fed by time.

No more the world our flame reproving,
Will force our bosoms to repress it ;
Grey hairs, beside the charm of loving,
Allow the freedom to confess it. B.

Answer of the Duke de Nivernois.

Talk not of snowy locks—have done—
Time runs the same, and let him run—
To us what bodes the tyrant's rage ?

He knows not tender hearts to sever,
 The little Loves are infants ever,
 The Graces are of every age.

To thee, Themira, when I bow,
 For ever in my spring I glow,
 And more in age approve thee.
 Could I to gay eighteen return,
 With longer ardour I might burn,
 But dearer could not love thee. B.

An early attachment strengthened instead of enfeebled by time is no romance. It was felt by Petrarch, who laments the death of Laura at that time of life which allowed the liberty of loving without the scandal.

“ Presso era il tempo dove amor si scontra
 Con castitade, ed agli amanti è dato
 Sedersi insieme, e dir che lor incontra.”

It is well known that Ninon de l'Enclos achieved her last conquest on the morning which completed her sixteenth lustre. Indeed, but a short period before that inviting age, so far from despairing herself, she was in the habit of exciting and trifling with the despair of others.

It was this bitter feeling that inspired one of her unhappy admirers to send her the following spiteful quatrain.

The discarded Lover to Ninon.

Unworthy of my heart's alarms,
 With joy I leave you to your pride ;
 My love, ungrateful, lent you charms
 That sober nature had denied. B.

Ninon's Answer.

Unmoved by all your heart's alarms,
 I see you leave me without sorrow ;
 But if 'tis true that Love lends charms,
 How came it you forgot to borrow ? B.

Neither was the author of the above complaint the only disappointed or vindictive lover. Ninon, among her other eccentricities, meddled with philosophy, and was fond of reading Plato. Another lover, indignant at another refusal, wrote an ill-natured pasquinade, in which he suspects, from her age, that she had lived with that great personage. I have lost the lines.

The oldest admirer of this incomparable model of elegance and voluptuousness was the famous St. Evremond. They were nearly of an age. So powerful was her hold over those whom she had once possessed, that she retained under the title of friends, all whom she had ever honoured with a softer name, and the remembrance of her awakened in the aged and respected exile at the

British court, a tenderness which neither time nor distance could surmount. His quatrain, excited by the intrusion of her image upon him in absence, is surely tender.

St. Evremond to Ninon.

No, no—the season to inspire
 A Lover's flame is past ;
 But that of glowing with the fire
 As long as life will last. B.

The father of Ninon was an Epicurean of the first order, and to his dying injunctions may be partly attributed the disorders of her life. Her attempt was to live (as the French say) *en garçon*.—And the following couplet, which was intended for her epitaph, shews that she was not unsuccessful—

“ *Ci-gît une femme, qui voulut
 Etre un honnête homme, et le fut.*”

Here Ninon lies buried, who always aspired
 A good fellow to be ; and was—what she desired.

Let it be remembered that Ninon was but eighty when she gained her last victory, an age yet tender, in comparison with that of Madame Lullin, to whom Voltaire sent a nosegay on the 9th of January, 1759, the day

which closed her twentieth lustre, with these gallant lines:

“ Nos grands pères vous virent belle.
Par votre esprit vous plairez à cent ans :
Vous méritez d’épouser Fontenelle,
Et d’être sa veuve long-tems.”

“ *Whether thy locks in jetty radiance play.*” p. 4.

In other words, “ Whether you wear a black wig or a brown.” On the fertile subject of false hair, I shall probably have something to say hereafter. The conceit of the Italian poets, so remote from Grecian simplicity, is manifest in the following well known Epigram :

“ Ante diem fudère meo de vertice cani,” &c.

Too soon with wintry snow my locks are strown,
While in thy absence, Love, I pine away :
Black is the scene when heaven’s bright sun is gone,
But when my sun is set, I turn to gray. M.

“ *Cold Rhodope, of beauty vain, replies.*” p. 5.

I have been unable to find in Brunck the original of an Epigram which I formerly attributed to Philip of Thessalonica ; and, under this uncertainty, think ‘it better to subjoin it in a note.

When thou wast younger, Rosalinde,
 Thy graces every heart delighted,
 Thy love to harpier youths inclined,
 And I alone was scorn'd and slighted.

When Time, a sure and silent thief,
 Thy beauty's treasure had invaded,
 For me remain'd a wither'd leaf,
 But ah ! the rose I loved had faded. B.

This is insolent in the extreme. How far more polite is
 Daceilly :

“ Considère moi bien ; regarde bien Climène :
 Nous naquîmes tous deux dans la même semaine,
 Tous deux, à cinq jours près, sommes du même temps.
 Cependant vois quel tort me font les Destinées ;
 Depuis sept mois passés j'ai trente-six années,
 Et ce charmant objet n'a toujours que vingt ans.”

Look at me well ; then Adeline behold :
 In the same week we both began to live,
 Three days between our births our parents told :
 But surely fate has used me very ill ;
 Six months ago I counted thirty-five—
 That charming object is but twenty still. B.

Horace feelingly laments the decay of his old flame. If
 his complaint conveyed no consolation to Lyce in her

present decline, it was at least a compliment the most flattering that could be paid to her former beauty.

“ Quo fugit Venus ? Heu, quove color decens ?

Quo motus ? quid habes illius, illius

Quæ spirabat amores

Quæ me surpuerat mihi ?”

Where is the bloom, the power to move,

And warm a frozen heart to love ?

Oh where those earlier graces, fraught

With all that could a lover sway,

That waken'd every tender thought,

And stole me from myself away ? B.

“ *She, who but late in beauty's pride was seen.*” p. 6.

Tirades against the fickle or the merciless in love, are of every language. Bernard (whose more celebrated ode will be introduced into a succeeding note) describes a mistress who had the hardihood to insult, and even to chastise the God himself. See the consequence.

“ *L'Amour fouetté.*

“ Jupiter, prête moi ta foudre,” &c.

“ Jove,” said Lycoris, “ do but trust

To me thy lightning from above,

One hour, that I may burn to dust

The temple where I met with Love !

Stout Hercules, to aid me, lend
Thy shafts, and club of thundering weight,
Myself and nature to befriend,
And slay the monster that I hate.

Medea, let me learn from you
Each spell of direst mystery ;
Some baneful poison let us brew,
Like that which Lovers drink, and die

Ah ! could I have him in my power,
While now my rage is at its height,"—
—" You shall," said Love, " this very hour,"
And instantly appear'd in sight.

" Take vengeance ! Punish, if you dare !"
Confused to see the urchin God,
She took a nosegay that lay there,
And made it serve her for a rod.

And many standers by assert,
She used it in that gentle way,
And trembled so, for fear it hurt,
That Love mistook the stripes for play. B

“ This garland, intertwined with fragrant flowers.”

p. 6.

Venus is represented, in an ancient gem, with a wreath of roses in her hand, to indicate the short duration of amorous pleasures ; and the same emblem has been employed for the same purpose by the poets, as well as the painters of every age and nation. I need only refer to the Persian Hafiz, to Catullus and Ovid, Ariosto and Tasso, and to our own Spenser, Waller, and Prior, for striking illustrations of the sentiment conveyed by this Epigram. The old Provencal bards often availed themselves of the same metaphor. Pierre d’Auvergne sends a nightingale to the bower of his beautiful Clairette, to pour out his passionate complaints in her ear. “ Why do you pause ?” concludes the song.—“ Embrace love while it is offered. Seize the happy moment ! It is a flower that quickly passeth away.”

“ Je sais bien que ces fleurs nouvelles

Sont loin d’égalér vos appas.

Ne vous énorgueillissez pas :

Le temps vous fanera comme elles.”

Full well I know, no flowers that blow

Are equal to your opening beauty :

Yet, haughty fair, your pride forbear !

Old Time to all will do his duty. M.

May I in this place be pardoned a larceny from myself? The following translation of a well known passage of Ariosto (itself imitated from Catullus), forms a part of the knight's complaint in the Lay of Iolante.

A tender maid is like a flowret sweet
 Within the covert of a garden born;
 Nor flock, nor hind annoy the calm retreat,
 But on the parent stalk it blooms untorn,
 Refresh'd by vernal rain, and gentle heat,
 The balm of evening, and the dews of morn.
 Youths, and enamour'd maidens, vie to wear
 This flower, their bosom's grace, or curl'd around their
 hair.

No sooner gather'd from the verdant bough
 Where fair and blooming to the sight it grew,
 Than all who mark'd its opening beauty blow
 Forsake the tainted sweet, and faded hue.
 And she who yields, forgetful of her vow,
 To one but newly loved, another's due,
 Shall live, tho' high for heavenly beauty prized,
 By youths unhonour'd, and by maids despised. B.

"Witness, thou conscious lamp, and thou, oh night!" p. 7.

One of Quinault's Madrigals expresses, in very simple and natural language, the feelings of a lover who, after

enjoying all the happiness of requited affection, is deserted by her from whom he had vainly expected inviolable constancy.

“ Le mal de mes rivaux n'égale pas ma peine,” &c.

My rival's anguish ne'er can equal mine ;
 The sweet illusion of a hope made vain
 Ne'er in his bosom can awake a pain,
 While for the heart you gave me I repine.
 Like him, your scorn I ne'er have proved—
 No doubt my happiness alloy'd :

Al! torturing thought ! to cease to be beloved,
 And fall from bliss when we have once enjoy'd. B.

The following conceit of one of our old English poets is not amiss :

“ Crowned with flowers, I saw faire Amarillis
 By Thirsis sit, hard by a fount of chrystal,
 And with her hand, more white than snow or lilies,
 On sand she wrote, My faith shall be immortall,
 But sodainely a storme of winde and weather,
 Blew all her faith and sand away together.”
 England's Helicon.

“ *Children of Spring, but now in wintry snow.*” p. 7.

The occasion of these verses may be thus explained. A lover, in the depth of winter, and on the eve of marriage, presents a wreath of hot-house flowers to his

bride on her birth-day, and accompanies them with this poetical compliment.

From the days of Anacreon, at least, the rose has ever held the first rank among flowers. The work of illustration would be endless, were this observation to be followed by a selection even of the most beautiful pieces of ancient and modern poetry in which its pre-eminence has been made the subject of celebration. To Mr. Boyd, who has so ably fulfilled the task of bringing us acquainted with the neglected treasures of Greek eloquence to be found in the Works of some of the early Fathers of the Church, I am indebted for the following spirited paraphrase of a very elegant passage in the Romance of Achilles Tatius.

“ She was then inspired by a softer and more tender muse ; for the rose was the argument of her melody. As far as I am able to recollect it, her song was to this effect :

HYMN TO THE ROSE.

If, on Creation's morn, the King of Heaven
To shrubs and flowers a sovereign lord had given,
O beauteous Rose, he had anointed thee
Of shrubs and flowers the sovereign lord to be.
The spotless emblem of unsullied truth,
The smile of beauty, and the glow of youth ;
The garden's pride, the grace of vernal bowers,
The blush of meadows, and the eye of flowers ;

It beams resplendent as the orbs above,
 Inviting Paphia's form, and breathing love.
 Blooming with odorous leaves, and petals fair,
 In youthful pride it spreads its silken snare,
 By Zephyr kiss'd it laughs, and woos the fanning air.

Thus she sang; and methought upon her lips I saw
 the flower she had been describing."

The celebrated Ode of Bernard has not, to my knowledge, been hitherto translated.

LA ROSE PAR BERNARD.

"Tendre fruit des pleurs d'Aurore,
 Objet des baisers du Zéphyr,
 Reine de l'empire de Flore,
 Hâte-toi d'épanouir," &c.

THE ROSE.

Fruit of the tears of soft Aurora,
 Whose kiss to Zephyr lends perfume,
 Queen o'er the lovely realm of Flora,
 Haste thee—the season bids thee bloom.

Alas! what said I! yet forego
 Awhile to face the flaunting day,
 The instant that shall see thee blow
 Is that which sees thee fade away.

Flower of the spring Themira grows—
Your lustre and your fate agree ;
'Tis thine, like her, to bloom, sweet Rose,
'Tis hers to pass away like thee.

Come from thy thorny stem, to grace
That airy form, without a peer ;
There shalt thou triumph in thy place,
As in the palm of beauty here.

Go—die upon Themira's breast,
There find alike a throne and tomb,
While, jealous to behold thee blest,
I languish for so sweet a doom.

That dwelling, Rose, thou shalt adorn,
And when 'tis thine of bliss to die,
A sigh shall bid thee smile new-born,
If fair Themira knows to sigh.

By Love thou shalt not bloom forgot ;
To do his bidding be thy pride :
Delight her eyes, but hurt them not,
Her bosom grace, but do not hide.

Should any hand profanely dare
To come and trouble thy repose,
Reserve a thorn against the snare,
And treat my rivals as thy foes. B.

“ Curl, ye sweet flowers, ye zephyrs gently breathe.”

p. 7.

“ These are the words of a lover,” says Jacobs, “ who suspends a garland besprinkled with tears at the gate of his mistress.” He proceeds to inform us that the doors of the Grecian houses had two apertures, an upper and a lower; and the poet must be supposed to have suspended his garland from the upper division, so that “ the shower of tears” might rain on the head of the cruel fair one, as she pass’d out of her house through the opening below. Be this as it may, the custom alluded to was very general among the Grecian lovers, who thought, says Athenæus, that the god of love was represented in the persons of those whom they adored; that the places of their habitation were the real temples of Cupid, and worthy of being honoured with a veneration peculiar to the gods themselves. Flowers were the favourite emblems of their feelings and passions. The gay, the luxurious, the happy, bound their brows with garlands at their feasts or marriages; the despairing, or the unassured lover,

“ Et quisquis amores

Aut metuet dulces, aut experietur amaros,”

tore off the emblematic crown, and offered it at his mistress’s door as at the shrine of an offended deity.

“ All night I wept, and when the morning rose.” p. 9.

“ Une si douce fantaisie
Toujours revient ;
En songeant qu’il faut que j’oublie
Il m’en souvient.”

Where’er I go, the fond regret
I éver find ;
And thinking that I should forget
Does but remind. M.

“ When blest I met my Prodice alone.” p. 9.

The German commentator supposes that this Epigram is intended to satirize the humour of women, who, when they appear all yielding and tender, will often turn round on a sudden, assume a stately air, and spurn from them the lover whom their kindness had emboldened. Surely, a serious interpretation may be given, more consistent with the delicacy, and more honourable to the feeling of the ladies.

“ Go, idle amorous boys.” p. 10.

The tyranny of mankind, and the unjust subjugation of female power, have been fertile subjects of declamation among the ladies, who do not consider that what they lose in direct prerogative is more than made up to

them in indirect influence. The Italian poet appreciates their real share in the distribution of empire far more justly :

“ Del destin non vi lagnate
 Se vi rese a noi soggette ;
 Siete serve, ma regnate
 Nella vostra servitù.
 Forti noi, voi belle siete,
 E vincete in ogni impresa
 Quando vengono alla contesa
 La bellezza e la virtù.”

(Metastasio. L' Olympiade.)

Lovely sex, no more arraign
 Fate, that made you what you are.
 Slaves you are, but be your pride
 Still to triumph in your chain.
 We are strong and you are fair,
 Yet the strong must ever yield
 When you bring into the field
 Grace and virtue on your side. B.

“ *Now the white snow-drop decks the mead.*” p. 12.

Thus in the “ Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe,” Lib. i. p. 44, where the lovèr being in company with his mistress in a beautiful meadow diversified with

flowers, embraces the opportunity of discoursing to her concerning the loves of the plants; "Yet was her own beauty," he observes, "quite equal to contend with that of the flowers in the meadow. The hue of the narcissus glowed on her forehead, of the rose on her cheek: the lustre of her eyes might be compared with the brightness of the violet: her undulating tresses resembled the intertwining tendrils of the ivy."

"We ask no flower to crown the blushing rose." p. 13.

The lady in question might, according to J. B. Rousseau, possess all these charms, and yet fail of being charming.

*"Contre Madame de * * *."*

Elle a, dit-on, cette bouche et ces yeux
Par qui d'Amour Psychè devint maîtresse," &c.

She has, I grant, the mouth, the eye,
The gracious smile, the form, the mien,
She has all Love's artillery,
She stands, she looks, she moves a queen.
At court her air, her wit prevails,
She talks with sense, she writes with ease;
There's not a point in which she fails,
Except—in what?—the gift to please. B.

“ *Not yet the blossoms of the spring decay’d.*” p. 13.

How great is the advantage which modern poets derive from the very simplicity and nakedness of the ancients! compare with the thought in this epigram, Waller’s beautiful stanzas “to my young Lady Lucy Sidney.”

“ Why came I so untimely forth
 Into a world that, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
 Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight
 That age which you may know too soon:
The rosy morn resigns her light
 And milder glory to the noon;
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime
 And summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not look’d on as a time
 Of declination or decay:
For with a full hand that doth bring
All that was promis’d by the spring.”

“ *By the god of Arcadia, so sweet are the notes.*” p. 15.

The gallants of antiquity are no way inferior to those of modern days in their admiration of female singers. It is probable that even more opera girls were kept by the great men of Athens than by all the Financiers of Paris in the last century. Nor was this taste confined to the rich. “ You are either mad or doating;” says the fisherman to his companion, in one of Alciphron’s Epistles, “ I hear you have fallen in love with a singing girl, and that you bestow upon her every day in presents more than the produce of your daily labour. What, in the name of Jupiter, have you to do with *diatonas*, and *chromatics*, and *enharmonics*, and all the jargon of music? you may like the girl’s person; but how can you pretend to be enamoured of her crotchets? if you don’t get rid of this foolish amour in good time, you may as well drown yourself and appoint a rendezvous with your mistress at the bottom of the sea.” The answer of poor Thalasseros betrays the inveteracy of his disease.

Waller exceeds both Philodemus and Meleager in tenderness, if not in simplicity :

“ When I listen to thy voice,
Chloris, I feel my life decay ;
That pow’rful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away.
Oh, suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris, peace ; or singing die !
 That, together, you and I
 To Heaven may go ;
 For all we know
 Of what the blessed do above,
 Is, that they sing, and that they love."

" *Why will Melissa, young and fair.*" p. 17.

" *And that dark hollow round her eye,*" &c. an expression only to be justified by its fidelity to the original, κοιλαι ἐλεφρων ιστυπεις θασιες. Jacobs reminds us of the description of Psyche in Apuleius, " ab isto titubante et sæpius vacillante vestigio, deque nimis pallore corporis, et assiduo suspiratu, immo et ipsis marcentibus oculis tuis, amore nimio laboras ;" and that of another lady in the same author, " Pallor deformis, marcentes oculi, lassa gēnua, quies turbida, et suspiratus cruciatus tarditate vehementior. Heu medicorum ignaræ mentes ! Quid venæ pulsus, quid caloris intemperantia, quid fatigatus anhelitus, et utrinque secus jactatæ crebriter laterum mutuæ vicissitudines ?"

Perhaps, after all, poor Melissa (the Melissias of Rufinus) might have replied to her importunate lover, with Madame Des-Houlières:

“ Pourquoi me reprocher, Sylvandre,
 Que je vous promets tout pour ne vous rien tenir ?
 Hélas ! c'est moins à moi qu'à vous qu'il s'en faut prendre :
 Pour remplir vos desirs, j'attens un moment tendre.
 Que ne vous faites vous venir ? ”

Spare the reproof—there's harshness in it—
 That, for my word, I never mind it :
 To grant you all, I ask one tender minute—
 Is it not yours to find it ? B.

“ *While for my fair a wreath I twined.* ” p. 18.

M. Chardon de la Rochette has given us two French versions of this spirited Anacreontic, written in MS. on the margin of a copy of Cornarius's edition of the Anthology, formerly in the possession of J. Dacier. The following is the best of the two :

“ Je tissoy, de franches fleurs,
 Un chapelet d'aventure,
 Grivoté de cent couleurs ;
 Quand, sur la jeune verdure,
 Je rencontre, à la mal'heure,
 Amour, que je plonge au vin :
 Je le heu, dont j'en endure
 Un cruel tourment, sans fin.”

(*Melanges d'Hist. et de Philologie*, i. 265.)

“ In my green and tender age.” p. 20.

The French poet, Malesherbes, is somewhat wiser, but not less lively, on a similar subject. He thus addresses the Muses :

“ Quand le sang, bouillant en mes veines,
Me donnoit de jeunes desirs,” &c.

While youth was boiling in my veins,
And warm desire inspired your measures,
Sometimes you sigh'd my amorous pains,
And sometimes sang my wanton pleasures.
But now that slow and silent Time
Hath stolen the honours of my prime,
Say, would it profit my fair fame,
In drivelling verses to discover
The dull amours, and languid flame
Of an old doting gray-beard lover ? M.

“ Un Vieillard” (said Menage) “ ne doit plus s’occuper à faire l’amour, principalement, lorsqu’il commence à se servir de lunettes. C’est le proverbe qui le dit ;

Bon jour, Lunette ; adieu, Fillette ”

“ *In wanton sport, my Doris from her fair.*” p. 20.

So the old English song,

“ Have I found her ? Oh rich finding,
 Goddess-like for to behold,
 Her faire tresses seemely binding
 In a chaine of pearle and gold !
 Chaîne mee, chaîne mee, oh most faire,
 Chaîne mee to thee with that haire !”

“ He loves you, Calice, and is even now consumed in the delicious fire which your charms have enkindled ; *he is hanged in the tangles of your hair*, and must soon perish and become the mere shadow of a shade, unless you relieve him by some powerful medicine.”

(Aristænetus, Lib. ii. Ep. 1.)

Both the expression in Aristænetus, and that in the Epigram, have reference to the Greek proverb, *Εκ τριχὸς κρέμαται*, applied to those who are entangled in some inextricable difficulty.

“ *Farewell to wine ! or, if thou bid me sip.*” p. 23.

This alludes to a piece of gallantry not unfrequent among the Greeks, of which we have the following account in the Romance of Clitophon and Leucippe :
 “ When we were all assembled together at supper, the cup-bearer furnished us with a new artifice of love ; for

in pouring out the wine to Leucippe and myself, he exchanged our cups ; and I, observing that part of the cup where her lips had been, drank from the same side, and pleased myself with the image of a kiss ; which Leucippe seeing, she did the same : and the kind cup-bearer frequently employing the same stratagem to favour us, we consumed the whole evening in pledging each other with these fanciful kisses."

So the Coquette in Aristænetus :

" Next she affectedly would sip
The liquor that had touch'd his lip ;
He, whose whole thoughts to love incline,
And heated with enlivening wine,
With interest repays her glances,
And answers all her kind advances.
Thus sip they from the goblet's brink
Each other's kisses, while they drink."

(Translation of Arist. 1771.)

" The Phrygian boy" is recorded to have adopted the same expedient when he paid his courtship to the nymph of Ida :

" —————modo pocula proxima nobis
Sumis ; quâque bibi, tu quoque parte bibis."

In the tale of Schemselnihar, (Arabian Nights Entertainments,) the favourite of Haroun Alraschid, and the enamoured Prince of Persia, are represented as disclosing their mutual passion by somewhat similar tokens.

Agathias, in another of his Epigrams, describes a piece of gallantry still more refined. It represents a lady to unbind the girdle which encircled her waist, and throwing one end of it across the table to her lover, to apply the other to her own lips. The favoured youth answers the challenge by kissing the end which has been presented to him, and thus (says the poet) “he imbibed, as through a tube, the kiss of his Rhodanthe.” These may be agreeable pastimes in the East; but we should entertain no very high opinion of the ardour of an English lover who, asking for a kiss, would be satisfied with the end of a piece of riband, or the corner of a goblet.

“*Blest is the goblet, oh how blest.*” p. 23.

The conclusion of this little Epigram is similar to the well-known kiss of Agatho, which Fontenelle thus rendered into the French language in his dialogue between Plato and Margaret of Scotland :

“Lorsqu’Agathis, par un baiser de flâme,
Consent à me payer des maux que j’ai sentis,
Sur mes lèvres soudain je sens venir mon âme,
Qui veut passer sur celles d’Agathis.

The same thought is adopted by Guarini in the Pastor Fido :

“ Su queste labbra, Ergasto,
Tutta sen’ venne allor l’ anima mia :
E la mia vita, chiusa
In così breve spatio,
Non era altro che un bacio.”

“ *Drink to me only with thine eyes.*” p. 23.

The connexion of this popular song of Ben Jonson’s with the subject of the two preceding Epigrams, has induced me to subjoin it in the text. Cumberland, I believe, was the first who discovered its origin; and he thus writes concerning it: “I was surprised, the other day, to find our learned poet, B. Jonson, had been poaching in an obscure collection of love-letters written by the Sophist Philostratus in a very rhapsodical style, merely for the purpose of stringing together a parcel of unnatural, far-fetched conceits, more calculated to disgust a man of Jonson’s classic taste, than to put him upon the humble task of copying them, and then fathering the collection.” *Observer*, No. 74.

CONVIVIAL.

CONVIVIAL.

Anacreon. Ode 19.

THAT IT IS NATURAL TO DRINK. M.

THE black Earth drinks the falling rain,
Trees drink the moisten'd Earth again;
Ocean drinks the mountain gales;
Ocean's self the Sun inhales;
And the Sun's bright rays as soon
Are swallow'd by the thirsty Moon.
All Nature drinks—if I would sip,
Why dash the nectar from my lip?

Anacreon. Ode 17.

THE GOBLET. M.

I DO not want the rolling car,
Helm, or shield with silver bound—
What have I to do with war?
But a goblet deep and round.

Carve not on its polish'd side,
 Star, nor planet's varied form,
 Those that rule the angry tide,
 Or direct the rising storm.

Let a vine the cup surround,
 Claspings with its tendrils fine ;
 And amid the golden ground,
 Raise a vat of new-made wine.

Then the festal chorus leading,
 Carve the Theban God above ;
 And the mellow vintage treading,
 Cupid, with the maid I love.

Anacreon, 84. i. 119.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP. B.

NE'ER shall that man a comrade be,
 Or drink a generous glass with me,
 Who o'er his bumpers brags of scars,
 Of noisy broils, and mournful wars ;
 But welcome thou congenial soul,
 And share my purse and drain my bowl,
 Who canst in social knot combine
 The Muse, Good Humour, Love, and Wine.

Palladas, 4. ii. 407.

ANACREONTIC. M.

THE laughing women call me old,
And bid me in the glass behold
The ruins of my former state ;
But let the locks my temples bear
Be gray or black, I little care,
And leave it to the will of Fate.

Yet this I know—tho' Nature's call
Subjects me to the lot of all,
Still, as my ebbing days decline,
I'll make the most of my short hours,
Be bathed in odours, crown'd with flowers,
And drown old care in floods of wine.

Scol. 18. i. 91.

ANACREONTIC.

QUAFF with me the purple wine,
And in youthful pleasures join ;
Crown with me thy flowing hair,
With me love the blooming fair.
When sweet madness fires my soul,
Thou shalt rave without control ;
When I'm sober, sink with me
Into dull sobriety.

Macedonius, 18. iii. 116.

ANACREONTIC. M.

I ASK not gold ; I ask not power ;
 I never prayed great Jove to shower
 On me the wealth that Homer sings,
 The grandeur of the Theban kings.
 I shall be well contented, so
 My cup with ceaseless bumpers flow,
 And my moist lips for ever shine
 In honour of the God of wine,
 And friends who share my inmost soul,
 Share also in the fragrant bowl.
 Let the grave and dull possess
 Their toil-won wealth (short happiness !)
 These are my riches, which I'll love
 As long as I'm allow'd by Jove.
 For while the sparkling bowl I drain,
 The boasts of pride and pomp are vain.

Uncertain, 81. iii. 166.

ANACREONTIC. M.

DRINK and rejoice ! What comes to-morrow,
 Or what the future can bestow
 Of pain or pleasure, joy or sorrow,
 Man is not wise enough to know.

Oh bid farewell to care and labour !
Enjoy your life while yet you may.
Impart your blessings to your neighbour,
And give your hours to frolic play.

Life is not life, unblest by beauty,
By the soft transports Love can give ;
Let rapture fill the throne of duty,
Then life is worth the pains to live.

But if you scorn the short-lived pleasure,
And leave the luscious draught unknown,
Another claims the valued treasure,
And you have nothing of your own

Strato, 96. ii. 381.

THE SAME SUBJECT. M.

DRINK now, and love, my friend, for mirth and wine
Cannot be always yours, nor always mine.
With rosy garlands let us crown our head,
Nor leave them to be scatter'd o'er the dead.
Now let my bones the copious vintage have ;
Deucalion's self may float them in the grave.

Antipater, 1. ii. 6.

ON WINE. B.

THE wizards, at my first nativity,
Declared, with one accord, I soon should die ;
What if (o'er all impends that certain fate)
I visit gloomy Minos soon or late ?
Wine, like a racer, brings me there with ease,
The sober souls may walk it, if they please.

Antipater, 8. ii. 7.

UNDER THE ROSE. M.

Nor the planet that, sinking in ocean,
Foretels future storms to our tars,
Not the sea, when in fearful commotion
Its billows swell high as the stars ;

Not the thunder that rolls in October,
Is so hateful to each honest fellow
As he who remembers, when sober,
The tales that were told him when mellow.

Rufinus, 23. ii. 395.

LOVE AND WINE. B.

THE dart of Cupid I deride,
And dare him, singly, to the field.
If Bacchus fight on Cupid's side,
'Tis surely no disgrace to yield.

Asclepiades, 9. i. 212.

LOVE AND WINE. H.

DRINK, Asclepiades ! Why stream thine eyes ?
Art thou alone remorseless Beauty's prize ?
Hast thou alone sustain'd the piercing darts
That sportive Love directs at human hearts ?
Why art thou buried thus alive ? The day,
The day's our signal—Drink thy cares away !
Wait we again the lamps of drowsy night ?
With wine, with wine salute the dawning light !
A few short hours, and all our joys are o'er,
We sleep in darkness, and shall drink no more.

Asclepiades, 26. i. 216.

THE POWER OF WINE. M.

Snow on ! hail on ! cast darkness all around me !
 Let loose thy thunders ! with thy lightnings wound me !
 I care not, Jove, but thy worst rage defy ;
 Nor will I cease to revel, till I die.
 Spare me my life—and let thy thunders roar,
 And lightnings flash—I'll only revel more.
 Thunderer ! a God more potent far than thee,
 To whom thou too hast yielded, maddens me.

Philodemus. (Anthologia inedita.)

INVITATION TO THE ANNIVERSARY OF
 EPICURUS. M.

To-morrow, Piso, at the evening hour,
 Thy friend will lead thee to his simple bower,
 To keep with feast our annual twentieth night :
 If there you miss the flask of Chian wine,
 Yet hearty friends you'll meet, and, while you dine,
 Hear strains, like those in which the Gods delight.
 And, if you kindly look on us the while,
 We'll reap a richer banquet from thy smile.

Meleager, 113. i. 32.

WINE AND WATER.

PRIOR.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.
Nourish'd near shady hills and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says, "Mix water with your wine."

Phœnix of Colophon, (*Athenæus*, *Lib.* xiv.)

THE VOLUPTUARY. B.

THERE lived in former times, as I am told,
A man so rich, he scarce could count his gold,
Ninus his name—Whate'er he had confess'd
His fortune, and kept measure with his chest.
He ne'er intruded on the sun; but kept
The night in banquet, and by day-light slept.
Not too devout—he ne'er fatigued the skies
With idle prayer, and idler sacrifice,
Nor search'd for truth in entrails of a beast,
But hated, worse than ratsbane, every priest,
Scarce knew the people subject to his will,
Nor cared a straw if things went well or ill:

But at the feast he shew'd a hero's might,
Unrivall'd he in deeds of appetite ;
Dish following dish but raised desire to eat,
And bowls but made succeeding bowls more sweet.
At last, for death will not be turn'd aside,
He went the way of flesh—that is, he died.
But lest his fame should with his life expire,
That future times might know him and admire,
This portrait of himself he left behind,
To aid good morals, and instruct mankind :

“ Stranger, whoe'er thou art that wanderest near,
For these grave reasons, always keep good cheer :
I once was Ninus, and like thee, had breath,
But now reduced to nothing, sleep in death.
Whate'er I drank and ate are mine, whate'er
Was sweet in music, or the charming fair.

My heirs may quarrel, if they like it, now,
To share those goods I could not take below.
My gold, my horses, wine, and fair domain,
And car of glittering silver, built in vain,
My royal mitre too—for now am I
Mere dust and silent ashes where I lie.”

Critias. (Athenæus, Lib. xiv.)

ELEGY ON ANACREON. M.

To thee, Anacreon, founder of the Lay
That charms the young, the lovely, and the gay,
Prince of the amorous song ! thy Teos gave
To win the maiden, and to soothe the brave.
The comic pipe and tragic flute unknown,
Thy softer study was the lyre alone.
That voice so tuneable, so sweetly clear,
Shall never, never die upon the ear,
Shall never yield to Time's remorseless power
While wine and music glad the festal hour ;
While rosy boys at banquets duly bear
Their mantling goblets to the young and fair,
While choirs of matrons chaste, and virgins bright,
Lead the gay dance on Ceres' sacred night ;
Or joyous souls their merrier orgies keep,
And large and long potations banish sleep,
Till their drain'd goblets dash'd upon the ground,
Through vaulted roofs and echoing domes resound.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONVIVIAL.

“ *The laughing women call me old.*” p. 77.

THIS is too servile an imitation of Anacreon. “Tune, capite cano, amas, senex nequissime?” says one of the characters in the Merchants of Plautus—“Seu canum, seu istuc rutilum, seu atrum est, amo.” So Horace,

“ Cur non sub altâ platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere, et rosâ
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti?” II. Od. 11.

The eight or ten odes which Cowley has translated, or rather freely paraphrased, from Anacreon, breathe more of the genuine fire of poetry than any poems (not original) either in our own or any other language, that I am acquainted with. It was my wish to have added them to the present Collection, had I not been apprehensive of swelling it unnecessarily by the insertion of so many pieces, already in the possession of all the world. On

the other hand, an apology should perhaps be made for those well known poems of Ambrose Phillips and Prior, which have already found a place in this volume, and a few more which will be interspersed in its future divisions. It was by no means the design of the work to receive all, or even any considerable number, of miscellaneous poems of this description; and the selection which is made, though in some instances merely arbitrary, has been in general guided rather by a view to epigrammatic point and conciseness than any other qualities.

To return to Anacreon. Which of his numerous modern translators and imitators has done him half so much justice as Cowley, in his inspired version of the Ode beginning *Επι μυρσιναις τερπειναις*?

“ Underneath the myrtle shade,
 On flowery beds supinely laid,
 Odorous oils my head o’erflowing,
 And around it roses growing;
 What shall I do, but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day?
 In this more than kingly state,
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, Love! Nay, fill it up!
 And mingled cast into the cup
 Wit and mirth and noble fires,
 Vigorous Health and gay desires.

The wheel of life no less doth stay
On a smooth than rugged way :
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be !”

In the convivial odes of Horace there is something peculiarly his own, which gives them the most indisputable title to originality ; else, I should not have thought of placing Cowley at the head of all the imitators of Anacreon.

BOOK I. ODE 38.

I hate the pomp that Persia shows,
And garlands of the linden made ;
Seek not for me the curious rose,
With bloom in winter's lap display'd.

Boy, let the myrtle be thy care,
And simply deck thy brows and mine ;
The myrtle only will I wear,
Drinking beneath the shady vine.” H.

FROM BOOK I. ODE 9.

Stern winter's call, my friend, obey !
Pile high thy blazing hearth with wood,
And, more to drive the cold away,
Let thine old Sabine cask to-day
Pour forth a nobler flood !

Be this thy care—to Heaven resign
 What after days may have in store ;
 To Heaven that can the blasts confine,
 Bid the tall ash and mountain pine
 Toss their proud heads no more.” M.

But Horace himself has introduced this favourite topic into none of his numerous poems, with so much poetical inspiration, as in that beautiful ode, of which I have ventured to attempt a translation in the following lines.

BOOK II. ODE 3.

When dangers press, a mind sustain
 Unshaken by the storms of fate,
 And when delight succeeds to pain,
 With no glad insolence elate ;
 For Death will end the various toys
 Of hopes and fears, and cares and joys :

Mortal alike, if sadly grave
 You pass life's melancholy day,
 Or, in some green retired cave
 Wearing the idle hours away,
 Give to the Muses all your soul,
 And pledge them in the flowing bowl ;

Where the broad pine, and poplar white
To join their hospitable shade
With intertwisted boughs delight ;
And, o'er its pebbly bed convey'd,
Labours the winding stream to run,
Trembling, and glittering to the sun.

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,
And fragrant roses hither bring,
That with the early zephyrs bloom
And wither with declining spring,
While joy and youth not yet have fled,
And Fate yet holds the uncertain thread.

You soon must leave your verdant bowers,
And groves yourself had taught to grow,
Your soft retreats from sultry hours
Where Tiber's gentle waters flow,
Soon leave ; and all you call your own
Be squander'd by an heir unknown.

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,
A high patrician name you bear,
Or pass ignoble in the crowd,
Unshelter'd from the midnight air,
'Tis all alike ; no age or state
Is spared by unrelenting Fate.

To the same port our barks are bound ;
 One final doom is fix'd for all :
 The universal wheel goes round,
 And, soon or late, each lot must fall,
 When all together shall be sent
 To one eternal banishment. M.

“ *The wizards, at my first nativity.*” p. 80.

What is bliss ? what is wisdom ? Dr. Johnson thus puts the question to his hermit :

“ Hermit hoar, in silent cell,
 Wearing out life's evening gray,
 Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell,
 What is bliss, and which the way ?”

The answer of the sage can hardly be forgotten :

“ Come, my lad, and drink some beer !”

And, if such was the recommendation of the saint, we need not be much surprised that the sinner Pannard should have solved the same question in a similar manner :

PERFECT HAPPINESS.

Clear brook, whose grateful murmur lulls the ear,
 Charming this dark and melancholy shade,
 How sweet, beneath the foliage laid,
 To breathe repose, and taste the vernal year!

Near thee,
 No thought on grandeur or on wealth bestowing,
 I were the happiest, far, of men below :
 No--nought were wanting to my destiny,
 Could I but see old claret flowing,
 As now your limpid waters flow ! B.

Some philosophers define happiness as consisting in the endurance of privations. Du Fresnoy's opinion does not exactly accord with theirs.

“ Pauvre hermite, je veux t'en croire.

C'est un grand bien
 De n'avoir rien, de ne desirer rien ;
 Mais, desirer du vin, d'en avoir, et d'en boire,
 C'est, ce me semble, un plus grand bien.”

Poor anchorite, with thee I think
 That, nought desiring, nought possessing,
 Is, of itself, a mighty-blessing ;
 But, to desire good wine, to have, and drink,
 Is yet, methinks, a greater blessing. B.

“ Drink, Asclepiades ! why stream thine eyes ? ” p. 81.

The singular expression in this Epigram, which is loosely rendered “ The day’s your signal,” literally, “ The morning is your finger,” is borrowed from Alcæus, of whom Athenæus has preserved a fragment of the following import : “ Let us drink ! Why do we wait for candles ? *Δακτυλος ἄμερα,*” &c. To live without drinking is to be buried alive, not only in the opinion of Asclepiades, but in that of Martial, who says that the man who does not feast and anoint himself is little better than one of the dead :

“ Qui non cœnat et ungitur, Fabulle,
Hic verè mihi mortuus videtur.”

Dead is the man, who neither drinks nor dines.
Give me delicious meats and sparkling wines !

“ Snow on ! hail on ! cast darkness all around me ! ”
p. 82.

This was probably intended as a parody of a passage in the Prometheus :

“ Not all his tortures, all his arts, shall move me
To unlock my lips till this curs’d chain be loosed.
No—let him hurl his flaming lightnings, wing
His whitening snows, and with his thunders shake
The rocking earth,—they move not me to say
What force shall wrest the sceptre from his hand.”

Potter’s *Æschylus*.

“*To-morrow, Piso, at the evening hour.*” p. 83.

I have followed the interpretation assigned by M. Chardon de la Rochette (*Melanges de Critique*, &c. tom. i. p. 196,) to this Epigram, which he has printed from the Palatine manuscript. Philodemus is mentioned by Cicero, with great honour, although as a friend of Piso, in his oration against that illustrious nobleman. In one passage, particularly, he is thought by M. de la R. to refer to this very Epigram; where he says, (speaking of that connection, and of the courtly style of poetry to which it gave rise), “*Rogatus, invitatus, coactus, ita multa ad istum de isto scripsit, ut omnes libidines, omnia stupra, omnia coenarum, conviviorumque genera, adulteria denique, delicatissimis versibus expresserit.*”

The word which I have translated “*bower*,” means literally a hut or cabin,—perhaps in this place a summer-house used for the purposes of conviviality. The expression “*εταρος*” refers to the association of members in the same school of Philosophy. That of *εικάδα* is understood to mean the twentieth day of the month Gamelion, that being the month in which Epicurus was born, and the twentieth day of every moon being set apart by his own order for the celebration of his memory and that of his favourite disciple, Metrodorus.

The courtly turn which the Commentator ascribes to the two last verses of the Epigram appears to be per-

fectly consonant with the text, and is strikingly verified (as it were) by the passage of Cicero already cited.

The convivial fraternities of Greece seem to have partaken much of the nature of our social clubs. They were instituted by the wisest and best of their philosophers; and the observation of their rites enforced as a moral duty of no inferior order. Athenæus preserves a distich to this effect, of which the following is a free version :

Not long should true accordant friends
 The social feast forego :
 For memory at the board attends,
 And to each faithful bosom lends
 Her sympathetic glow. M.

“ *Great Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire.*” p. 83.

The turn of thought in the Epigram which Prior has thus happily paraphrased, evidently depends on the ancient custom of mingling water with wine for the sake of coolness. Several allusions to the same custom may be found in the Anthologies. It would be considered as no great luxury by our wine-drinking countrymen; nor will it be easily imagined how so simple an expedient could have admitted (even in the hot regions of the Levant, where its pleasantness is less questionable) of being reduced into a regular system with all the refine-

ments of a most curious science. Dr. Barry, in his work "On the wines of the Ancients," gives, however, a full account of the process used in this operation.

In one of the epistles of Aristænetus, a lover describes to his friend the pleasures of a day passed at an elegant retreat in the country with his mistress. As they wandered together at evening in a shady valley, a small stream of cold and transparent water, till then unobserved by them, suddenly glided before their feet, and interrupted their progress. Down this "infant current," sailed a flotilla of drinking vessels, filled with the most delicious wines. The master of the garden had planned this agreeable entertainment without the knowledge of his guests, and managed the whole with the most skilful accuracy :

" For, where they loaded the nectareous fleet,
The goblet glow'd with too intense a heat ;
Cool'd, by degrees, in these convivial ships,
With nicest taste it met our thirsty lips."

Trans. of Arist. 1771.

A still further refinement of the luxury was, that the very leaves which formed the sails of these little barks, were of such medicinal virtue, that the lovers might indulge, without fear or restraint, in the intoxicating beverage.

“ There lived in former days, as I am told.” p. 83.

Every body knows the Epitaph of Sardanapalus ; “ As long as I beheld the light of the sun, I drank, I ate, I loved ; and because I knew the shortness and uncertainty of life, and how soon I should be obliged to leave those good things to others, I never ceased to drink, and eat, and love.”

This fragment of a poem in iambic verse, by Phoenix of Colophon, is merely an amplification of that celebrated inscription. Ninus, as we all know, was an Assyrian monarch, and founder of Niniveh, the capital city in which Sardanapalus resided ; but why his name should have been substituted for that of his luxurious and effeminate successor, I cannot take upon me to conjecture. Whoever wishes to know more about the kings, and other great personages of antiquity, most signalized for their devotion to the arts of good living, may consult the twelfth book of Athenæus, (in which this fragment is preserved,) very greatly to his edification.

“ To thee, Anacreon, founder of the Lay.” p. 85.

With regard to the “ large and long potations” mentioned in this fragment, although Pliny allows the Greeks a very exalted rank in the scale of convivial merit, he

thinks the best among them would bear no comparison to the Milanese knight who, in the presence of the Emperor Tiberius, seizing

“ ——— a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as his capacious soul,”

drank it off at a draught to the health of the Emperor, and thenceforward obtained the surname of “ the three-gallon knight,” in remembrance of the actual contents of the vessel which he drained.

The last couplet,

“ Till their drain’d goblets dash’d upon the ground,
Through vaulted roofs and echoing domes resound,”

does not contain a sufficiently accurate description of the sport alluded to, which was called the Cottabus, and consisted in dashing, not the cup, but its contents, on the floor, or into a vessel of water. The winner was he who could make the loudest and smartest report, and he was rewarded with a crown, or garland, or some other token of victory ; sometimes with kisses bestowed by the fair judges of the contest. Athenæus has preserved many particulars of this custom, and of its numerous varieties, and modifications. It is said to have been imported from Sicily into Greece, but the name or age of its inventor in the daughter-island is unhappily consigned to ever-

lasting oblivion. The convivial contest generally took place .

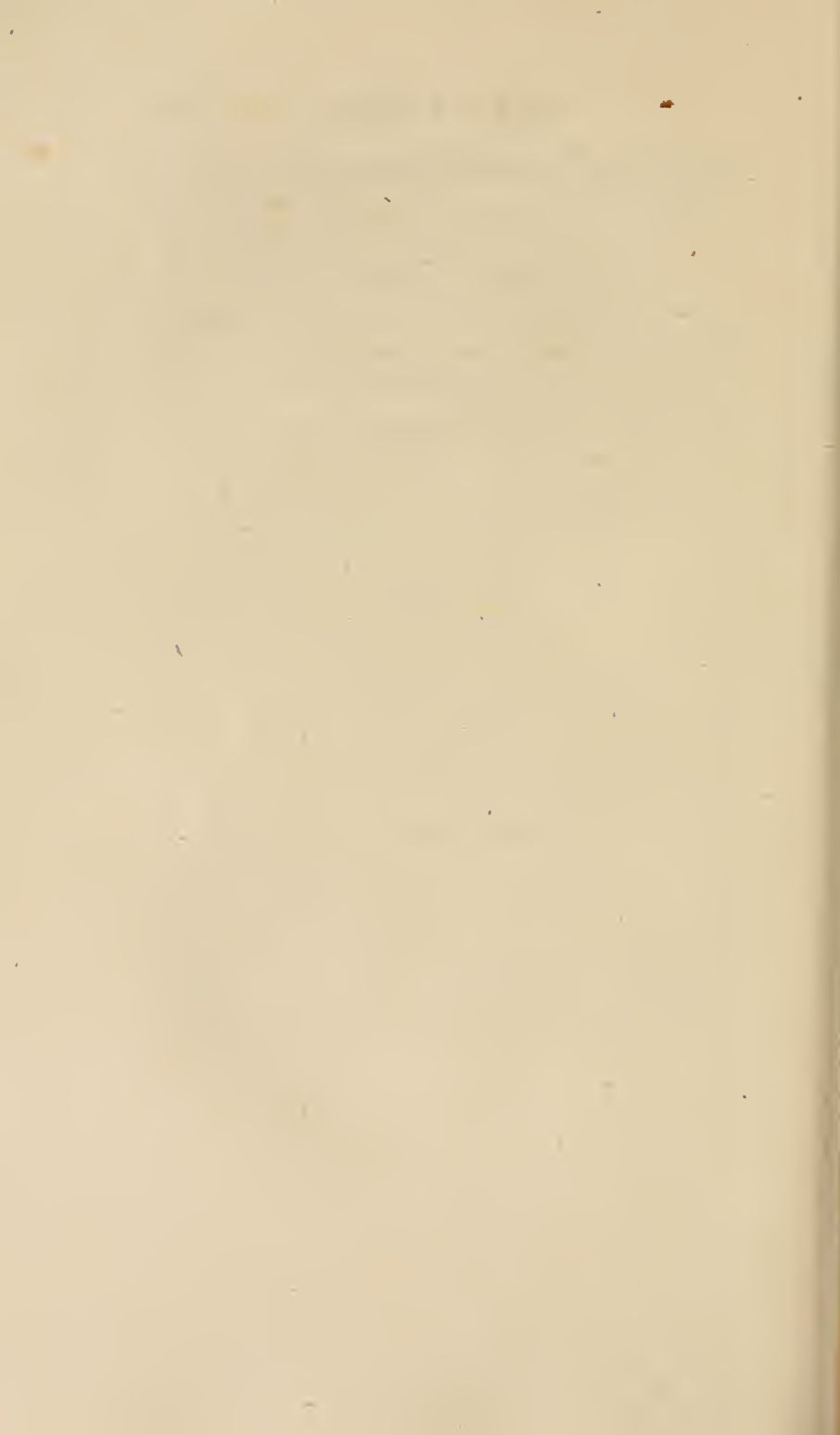
“ Just at that period of the feast
When purpled man is almost beast ;”

and it certainly appears to have been a more innocent and chearful amusement than those which are so well described as forming the usual termination of a drinking bout at the board of an Ulster chieftain

“ When either friend his friend provokes,
By hiccuping affronts for jokes,
Or bottles at the head are sent,
Before affronts are given or meant.” G. Colman.

To all such merry meetings, the introduction of the classic Cottabus is most seriously recommended, in the place of that more barbarous Cottabus, which is there practised upon the heads of the guests, instead of the floor or the table. M. Desforges Maillard describes the return of a gentleman from one of these festive parties, with an animation that would have done honour to the Irish Knight. His design to go up stairs, and the aim which he takes at the staircase, which though unsuccessful, is yet highly laudable for its boldness, deserve to be read in English :

A lover once of the Septembrian juice,
Had of the aforesaid made such copious use,
That ways and means to him were wanting
An easy staircase to ascend ;
When, after many steps now round, now slanting,
That led him further from his journey's end,
With an unlucky stair his foot engages.
He fell, and with a hiccough swore,
Proud as a patriarch of yore,
They built most scurvily in former ages. B.



M O R A L.

M O R A L.

Posidippus, 16. ii. 49.

THE MISERIES OF LIFE. M.

WHAT path of life can man desire to tread ?
Strife and unworthy deeds the senate yields,
At home black cares are seated on your bed,
And never-ending labour haunts the fields,
Terrors and tempests rule the boisterous main,
The wealthy traveller fears and dangers claim :
But crowds of ills the needy must sustain,
Hunger and toil, and insolence and shame.
If married, cares corrode the marriage state,
If single, joyous gloom is all thy fee ;
The father, plagues—the childless, sorrows wait ;
Folly's in youth, in age new infancy.
The only choice of wishes life can give,
Is ne'er to have been born, or then have ceased to live.

Metrodorus, ii. 476.

THE CONVERSE OF THE PRECEDING. M.

WHATEVER path of life you choose to tread,
 Praise and wise deeds the active senate yields ;
 At home is rest, to crown your grateful bed,
 Great nature leads her graces o'er the fields ;
 The sea invites with golden views of gain,
 And riches spread in foreign lands your fame ;
 If poor, you unobserved can want sustain,
 Content with penury unallied to shame :
 If married, blest and honoured is your state,
 If single, you are blest because you're free,
 The father joys, no cares the childless wait,
 In youth is strength, in grey hairs dignity.
 Then false the lay that bids thee hate to live,
 Since every form of life can pleasure give.

Palladas, 29. ii. 413.

ON THE SHORTNESS AND EVILS OF LIFE. B.

DARK are our fates—to-morrow's sun may peer
 From the flush'd east upon our funeral bier ;
 Then seize the joys that wine and music give,
 Nor talk of death while yet 'tis giv'n to live ;
 Soon shall each pulse be still, closed every eye,
 One little hour remains or ere we die.

Palladas, 128. ii. 434.

THE SAME. B.

WAKING, we burst, at each return of morn,
From death's dull fetters and again are born ;
No longer ours the moments that have past,
To a new remnant of our lives we haste.
Call not the years thine own that made thee gray,
That left their wrinkles, and have fled away ;
The past no more shall yield thee ill or good,
Gone to the silent times beyond the flood.

Palladas, 102. ii. 428.

THE SAME. M.

IN tears I drew life's earliest breath,
In tears shall give it back to death ;
And all my past quick fleeting years
Have been one varied scene of tears.
Oh race, for ever doom'd to mourn,
To weakness, pain, and misery born ;
Then driven to unknown shades away,
To ashes burnt, resolved to clay !

Palladas, 129. ii. 434.

THE SAME. M.

O transitory joys of life ! ye mourn
Rightly those winged hours that ne'er return.
We, let us sit, or lie, or toil, or feast,
Time ever runs, a persecuting guest,
His hateful race against our wretched state,
And bears the unconquerable will of fate.

Uncertain, 444. iii. 245.

DEATH THE UNIVERSAL LOT. H.

STRAIGHT is our passage to the grave,
Whether from Meroe's burning wave,
Or Attic groves we roam.
Grieve not in distant lands to die !
Our vessels seek, from every sky,
Death's universal home.

Uncertain, 443. iii. 245.

THE SAME. B.

THE bath, obsequious beauty's smile,
Wine, fragrance, music's heavenly breath,
Can but our hastening hours beguile,
And slope the path that leads to death.

Lucian, 29. ii. 314.

PLEASURE AND PAIN. M.

IN pleasure's bowers whole lives unheeded fly,
But to the wretch one night's eternity.

Archias, 31. ii. 100.

LIFE AND DEATH. B.

THRACIANS ! who howl around an infant's birth,
And give the funeral hour to songs and mirth !
Well in your grief and gladness are express'd,
That life is labour, and that death is rest.

Agathias, 81. iii. 63.

ON DEATH. B.

WHY fear ye death, the parent of repose,
Who numbs the sense of penury and pain ?
He comes but only once, nor ever throws,
Triumphant once, his painful shaft again—
But countless evils upon life intrude,
Recurring oft in sad vicissitude.

Lucillius, 123. ii. 343.

THE FEAR OF DEATH. B.

I MOURN not those who, banish'd from the light,
Sleep in the grave thro' death's eternal night,
But those whom death for ever near appals,
Who see the blow suspended ere it falls.

Lucillius, 119. ii. 342.

FORTUNE. B.

FORTUNE reverses with a smile or frown,
Exalts the poor, and pulls the mighty down.
Tho' rich in golden ore thy rivers flow,
Her pow'r shall curb thy pride and haughty brow.
The wind that sweeps tempestuous thro' the sky
Howls o'er the bending broom and passes by ;
But the broad oak uproots, and planes that waved
Their royal branches and its fury braved.

Palladas, 100. ii. 427.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE. M.

THIS life a Theatre we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art
Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.

Antipater, 38. ii. 16.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION. B.

SEE yonder blushing vine-tree grow,
And clasp a dry and wither'd plane,
And round its youthful tendril throw,
A shelter from the wind and rain.

That sapless trunk in former time
Gave covert from the noontide blaze,
And taught the infant shoot to climb
That now the pious debt repays.

And thus, kind Powers, a partner give
To share in my prosperity;
Hang on my strength while yet I live,
And do me honour when I die.

Leonidas.

HOME. B.

CLING to thy home ! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board,
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow,
Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

Uncertain, iii. 146.

ULYSSES, ON HIS RETURN. M.

HAIL Ithaca, my loved paternal soil !
 How, after years of travel, war, and toil,
 How, after countless perils of the sea,
 My heart, returning, fondly clings to thee !
 Where I shall once more bless my father's age,
 And smooth the last steps of his pilgrimage,
 Again embrace my wife, again enjoy
 The sweet endearments of my only boy.
 Now, from my soul I feel, how strong the chain
 That binds the passions to our native plain.

Philip, 68. ii. 230.

ON A VINE. B.

Who has that unripe cluster torn,
 And thrown, with wrinkled lip, away,
 And left the parent vine to mourn
 Her fruit to barbarous hands a prey ?

May Bacchus on the spoiler turn
 His fiercest rage, and bitterest smart,
 His head with fever'd phrensy burn,
 With agony distract his heart—

For hence some transitory pleasure
 The child of misery might have found,
 Burst into song of wildest measure,
 And quaff'd oblivion of his wound.

Bianor, ii. 158.

FRATERNAL HATRED. M.

IN Thebes the sons of Œdipus are laid ;
 But not the tomb's all-desolating shade,
 The deep forgetfulness of Pluto's gate,
 Nor Acheron, can quench their deathless hate.
 Ev'n hostile madness shakes the funeral pyres ;
 Against each other blaze their pointed fires.
 —Unhappy boys ! for whom high Jove ordains
 Eternal hatred's never-sleeping pains !

Callimachus, 60. i. 474.

THE DEATH OF CLEOMBROTUS. M.

CLEOMBROTUS, upon the rampart's height,
 Bad the bright sun farewell, then plunged to night.
 The cares of life to him were yet unknown—
 Glad were his hours—his sky unclouded shone—
 But Plato's reason caught his youthful eye,
 And fix'd his soul on immortality.

Macedonius, 35. iii. 121.

REMEMBRANCE AND FORGETFULNESS. B.

ALL hail, Remembrance and Forgetfulness !

Trace, Memory, trace whate'er is sweet or kind—

When friends forsake us, or misfortunes press,

Oblivion, rase the record from our mind.

Lucillius, 122. ii. 343.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP. B.

ART thou my friend—forbear to do me guile,

Nor clothe a secret grudge in friendship's smile :

For traitorous friendship wounds th' unguarded breast

With surer aim than enmity profess'd ;

And more on shoals the sailor fears to wreck,

Than where the rocks hang frowning o'er his deck.

Onestus.

THE DIFFICULTY AND REWARD OF SCIENCE. B.

'Tis hard Parnassus to ascend,

But at the top there is a fount

Shall well reward you at the end

For all the pains you took to mount.

'Tis hard to reach the top of science,
 But when arrived securely breathe ;
 To pride and envy bid defiance,
 Deaf to the storm that growls beneath.

Plato Philosoph. 30. i. 175.

THE ANSWER OF THE MUSES TO VENUS. M.

WHEN Venus bade the Aonian maids obey,
 Or her own son should vindicate her sway,
 The virgins answer'd, " Threat your subjects thus !
 That puny warrior has no arms for us."

THE SAME ENLARGED.

PRIOR.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame :
 " Adore my altars, and revere my name ;
 My son shall else assume his potent darts :
 Twang goes the bow ; my girls, have at your hearts !"

The Muses answer'd Venus : " We deride
 The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride :
 Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,
 To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade ;

Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look
On the instructive verse, and moral book.
On female idleness his power relies,
But, when he finds us studying hard, he flies."

Parmenio, 9. ii. 202.

ON THE DEFEAT OF XERXES AT THERMOPYLÆ.

M.

HIM who revers'd the laws great nature gave,
Sail'd o'er the continent and walk'd the wave,
Three hundred spears from Sparta's iron plain
Havestopp'd—Oh blush, ye mountains, and thou main!

THE SAME MORE FREELY TRANSLATED. M.

WHEN from his throne arose great Persia's lord,
And on devoted Greece his myriads pour'd,
O'er the broad sea his chariots roll'd to shore,
And his proud navy humbled Athos bore ;
But when the god of Sparta's iron coast
Sent his brave sons against the unnumber'd host,
Three hundred lances stemm'd the battle's tide—
Mountains and seas, your guilty blushes hide !

Palladas, 99. ii. 427.

SPARTAN VIRTUE. M.

FROM the dire conflict as a Spartan fled,
His mother cross'd his path, and awful said,
Pointing her sword against his dastard-heart,
"If thou canst live, the mark of scorn and shame,
Thou liv'st, the murderer of thy mother's fame,
The base deserter from a soldier's part.
If by this hand thou diest, my name must be
Of mothers most unblest; but Sparta's free."

Dioscorides, 33. i. 502.

THE SAME SUBJECT. M.

WHEN Thrasybulus from the embattled field
Was breathless borne to Sparta on his shield,
His honour'd corse, disfigured still with gore
From seven wide wounds (but all received before),
Upon the pyre his hoary father laid,
And to the admiring crowd triumphant said,
"Let slaves lament—while I without a tear
Lay mine and Sparta's son upon his bier."

Tymneus, 4. i. 505.

THE SAME SUBJECT. M.

DEMETRIUS, when he basely fled the field,
A Spartan born, his Spartan mother kill'd ;
Then, stretching forth the bloody sword, she cried,
(Her teeth fierce gnashing with disdainful pride)
“ Fly, cursed offspring, to the shades below,
Where proud Eurotas shall no longer flow
For timid hinds like thee—Fly, trembling slave,
Abandon'd wretch, to Pluto's darkest cave !
This womb so vile a monster never bore :
Disown'd by Sparta, thou'rt my son no more.”

Crinagoras, 25. ii. 147.

ON THE DEATH OF A SOLDIER IN THE ARMY
OF GERMANICUS. M.

LET Cynegirus' name, renown'd of yore,
And brave Othryades be heard no more !
By Rhine's swoln wave Italian Arrius lay
Transfix'd with wounds, and sobb'd his soul away ;
But seeing Rome's proud eagle captive led,
He started from the ghastly heaps of dead,
The captor slew, the noble prize brought home,
And found death only not to be o'ercome.

Antipater, 50. ii. 20.

THE NEREIDS OF CORINTH LAMENT ITS DE-
STRUCTION. B.

WHERE has thy grandeur, Corinth, shrunk from sight,
Thy ancient treasures, and thy rampart's height,
Thy godlike fanes and palaces—Oh where
Thy mighty myriads and majestic fair?
Relentless war has pour'd around the wall,
And hardly spared the traces of thy fall.
We nymphs of Ocean deathless yet remain,
And sad and silent sorrow near thy plain.

Leonidas Alexandr. 38. i. 197.

THE DYING SOLDIER'S ADDRESS TO HIS
FRIENDS. M

THAT soul, which vanquish'd war could never win,
Now yields reluctant to a foe within.
Oh seize the sword! grant me a soldier's due,
And thus disease shall own my triumph too.

By Aripbron of Sicyon, 23 Scol. i. 159.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH. B.

HEALTH, brightest visitant from heaven,

Grant me with thee to rest !

For the short term by nature given,

Be thou my constant guest !

For all the pride that wealth bestows,

The pleasure that from children flows,

Whate'er we court in regal state

That makes men covet to be great ;

Whatever sweet we hope to find

In love's delightful snare,

Whatever good by heaven assign'd,

Whatever pause from care,

All flourish at thy smile divine ;

The spring of loveliness is thine,

And every joy that warms our hearts

With thee approaches and departs.

Simonides, 11. i. 122. Scol.

THE COMPARISON. M.

THE first of human joys is health,
Then beauty, from the gods above ;
The third is unpolluted wealth ;
The fourth, youth's fond delights to prove
With those we love.

Anaxandrides. (from Athenæus, Lib. XV.)

PARODY OF THE PRECEDING. M.

WELL says the father of the song,
“ The first of human joys is health ;”
But, when he thus pursues the strain,
“ Then beauty, and the next is wealth,”
—Indeed, I think him very wrong,
And bid him tune his harp again :
For, in these days of want and evil,
Unportion'd beauty is—the Devil.

Timocreon of Rhodes, i. 148. Scol.

RICHES. H.

BLINDED Plutus ! didst thou dwell
Nor in land, nor fathom'd sea,
But only in the depth of hell,
God of riches ! safe from thee,
Man himself might happy be.

Bacchylides, 4. i. 149. Scol.

TRUTH. M.

As gold the Lydian touch-stone tries,
So man, the virtuous, valiant, wise,
Must to all-powerful Truth submit
His virtue, valour, and his wit.

Callistratus, Scol. 7. i. 155.

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN PATRIOTS. D.

I'LL wreathe my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid the tyrant low,
When patriots burning to be free,
To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail ! tho' reft of breath,
Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death ;
The heroes' happy isles shall be
The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath the sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
When at Minerva's adverse fane
He knelt, and never rose again.

While Freedom's name is understood,
You shall delight the wise and good,
You dared to set your country free,
And gave her laws equality.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION OF THE SAME. D.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots, the noble and brave,
Who devoted the tyrant to death,
And to Athens equality gave !

Loved Harmodius, thou never shalt die !
The poets exultingly tell
That thine is the fulness of joy,
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots, the noble and brave,
Who devoted Hipparchus to death,
And buried his pride in the grave.

At the altar the tyrant they seized,
While Minerva he vainly implored,
And the goddess of wisdom was pleased
With the victim of liberty's sword.

May your bliss be immortal on high,
Among men as your glory shall be
Ye doom'd the usurper to die,
And bade our dear country be free !

By Hybrias of Crete, 22 Scol. i. 159.

THE WARRIOR. M.

My riches are the arms I wield,
The mighty spear, the sword, the shield
Fenced with tough hides, to prove a tower
Of strength in battle's dangerous hour.
With this I plough the furrow'd soil,
With this I share the reaper's toil,
With this I press the generous juice
Which my rich sunny vines produce ;
With these, of rule and high command
I bear the mandate in my hand ;
For while the slave and coward fear
To wield the buckler, sword, and spear,
They bend the supplicating knee,
And own my just supremacy.

MORAL.

Sappho, 11. i. 57.

TO AN ILLITERATE WOMAN. B.

UNKNOWN, unheeded, shalt thou die,
And no memorial shall proclaim,
That once beneath the upper sky
Thou hadst a being and a name.

For never to the Muses' bowers
Didst thou with glowing heart repair,
Nor ever intertwine the flowers
That fancy strews unnumber'd there.

Doom'd o'er that dreary realm, alone,
Shunn'd by the gentler shades, to go,
Nor friend shall soothe, nor parent own
The child of sloth, the Muse's foe.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MORAL.

“ *What path of life can man desire to tread?*” p. 105.

“ *Whatever path of life you choose to tread.*” p. 106.

THIS “pair of pictures” is well known, not only to the school-boy students of Farnaby, but to most classes of English readers, having been already rendered with sufficient fidelity into our language, and inserted by Dr. Knox in the “Elegant Extracts.” The new translation which here appears may, therefore, be judged superfluous. But, besides that the originals occupy so prominent a situation in that class of Greek Epigrams to which I have, in conformity with old usage, rather than in strict propriety, affixed the title of “Moral,” they are sufficiently curious, as exhibiting the train of thought which existed in the minds of the writers, to deserve a translation, line for line, and almost word for word, as I have here given it. The gloomy view of things taken by Posidippus, is much the most consonant to the usual temper of Greek

poetry, and was unquestionably the prototype, of which the other is only a parody. But though Ausonius has thought it worthy of an elaborate imitation, the philosophy of the Roman poets was generally of a more chearful stamp. Martial breathes much more of the spirit of Metrodorus than of his rival.

TO JULIUS MARTIALIS. V. 21.

“ De agenda vita beata.”

If, my dear Martial, fate allow'd
A safe retreat from folly's crowd ;
If, far from care and busy strife,
Together we could lead our life,
True happiness we would not rate
By frequent visits to the great ;
Nor hear the wrangling lawyer bawl,
Nor range proud statues round our hall.
Our chairs should take us to the play ;
The walks, the baths, should wile the day ;
The field, the porch, the tennis-court,
And study interchanged with sport.
But how unlike our real fate
To this imaginary state !
We live not for ourselves—Alas !
Youth's joyous suns neglected pass,

Change into night, and never more
 Return to bless us as before.
 Oh ! who that held enjoyment's power
 Would waste in pain one precious hour ? H.

TO THE SAME. X. 47.

“ De iis quæ necessaria sunt ad vitam beatam.”

What makes the happiest life we know,
 A few plain rules, my friend, will show.
 A good estate, not earn'd with toil,
 But left by will or given by fate ;
 A land of no ungrateful soil ;
 A constant fire within your grate ;
 No law ; few cares ; a quiet mind ;
 Strength unimpair'd ; a healthful frame ;
 Wisdom with innocence combined ;
 Friends equal both in years and fame ;
 Your living easy ; and your board
 With food, but not with luxury, stored ;
 A bed, though chaste, not solitary :
 A sleep, to shorten night's dull reign :
 Wish nothing that you have to vary ;
 Think all enjoyments that remain ;
 And, for the inevitable hour,
 Nor hope it nigh, nor dread its power !” M.

K

“ Waking, we burst, at each return of morn.” p. 107.

Seneca reasons otherwise, and much more philosophically, when he says that “ Life is divided into three portions, that which is, that which has been, and that which is to come ; of these portions, that which we now fulfil, is short, that which we are about to attain, is doubtful ; that which we have already accomplished, is certain. It is over this last division of our existence that fortune has lost her power, it is this which is put beyond the reach of another’s commands : it is the sacred and sanctified part of time, out of the jurisdiction of chance and change. It can neither be disturbed nor taken away : our possession of it is perpetual, not to be shaken by fear or doubt.”

“ In tears I drew life’s earliest breath.” p. 107.

Sadness is as far removed from virtue, as gravity from sense. There is a pretty triolet, which says all that can be advanced on this subject :

“ Je ne prends pas pour la vertu
Les noirs accès de la tristesse,
D’un loup-garou revêtu
Des habits de la sagesse.

Plus légère que le vent,
 Elle fuit d'un, faux savant
 La sombre mélancolie ;
 Et se sauve bien souvent
 Dans les bras de la Folie."

It is not virtue sure to give
 Our day to sorrow and to spleen,
 From human eye withdrawn to live,
 And aping Wisdom's borrow'd mien :
 Light as the wind that cuts the skies
 She hates the sombre melancholy
 Of dreamers falsely termed the wise ;
 And oft, to save herself, she flies
 For shelter to the arms of Folly. B.

" *O transitory joys of life ! ye mourn.*" p. 108.

From reflection on the lapse of time, the transition is natural, and not unprofitable, to reflection on the waste of it. It would, however, be little else than time wasted, to moralize in this place on so familiar a subject. Let the reader accept an example instead of a sermon. It is from Boileau.

" *L'Amateur d'Horloges.*"

Lubin encircled yet appears
 With quadrants, pendulums, and dials ;
 Engaged in idle whims and trials,
 For more than five and thirty years.

“ But has he not sufficient science
 To set his neighbours at defiance ?
 He sure has gain’d a decent stock.”
 He has—for not a man in France, sir,
 With more precision can make answer
 To—“ Pray, sir, what’s o’clock. ?” B.

“ *In pleasure’s bowers whole lives unheeded fly.*” p. 109.

The Countess de Murat is the author of two charming stanzas on the short duration of pleasure.

“ *Sur le Plaisir.*

Faut-il être tant volage ?
 Ai-je dit au doux Plaisir,
 Tu nous fuis—Las ! quel dommage
 Dès qu’on a cru te saisir.

Ce Plaisir si regrettable
 Me répond, Rends grâces aux Dieux,
 S’il m’avoient fait plus durable,
 Ils m’auroient gardé pour eux.”

Ah why so fickle ? stay thy pace !
 To Pleasure with a sigh I said.
 You smile ; but ere we can embrace,
 You wave your pinions and are fled.”

Be grateful to the powers of heaven
 Who made me so, the nymph replies,
 They ne'er had else permission given
 To stray one moment from the skies. B.

“ Thracians, who howl around an infant's birth.”

p. 109.

Of this barbarous custom, Stobæus has preserved some notice from the last book of Nicolaus “ On the manners of various nations.” He says, of a people whom he calls the Causiani, that “ they lament over those that are born, and rejoice for the dead.”

“ It is worthy the observing,” says the great Lord Bacon, “ that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death ; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him, that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death ; love slights it ; honour aspireth unto it ; grief flieth to it ; fear pre-occupieth it ; nay, Seneca adds, niceness and satiety—A man would die, though he were neither valiant or miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over.”

This is philosophy's most animated and ennobling strain ; and, wherever the voice of philosophy can reach, will produce its effect. It was on reading that beautiful

book in which it occurs, that the following stanzas were composed:

Thanks from my soul, illustrious Sage !

For when affliction wrung my soul,
The potent med'cine of thy page
Could cure my heart, and make it whole.

In poverty whene'er I sigh'd,

Thy wisdom, richer far than gold,
My drooping spirit arm'd with pride,
And made me in despondence bold.

Or when I languish'd weak and faint,

The victim of a feverish pain,
It hush'd to silence my complaint,
And rear'd me up to health again.

Or if revenge and anger rose

To kindle high a fitful flame,
That wisdom brought me back repose,
And quench'd the guilty fire by shame.

Thanks, glorious sage ! and might I find

The soul's physician yet in thee,
Of power to calm the troubled mind,
And set the captive reason free.

But now, nor sickness, anger, hate,
 Nor penury unnerves my soul ;
 A suffering bends me to its weight
 Beyond thy empire to control.

Or tell me, venerable Sage,
 In all thy wisdom's pride declare,
 What charm more potent can assuage
 The wounds of love and of despair ?" B.

" Why fear ye death, the parent of repose." p. 109.

" Shall I die ?" says Seneca, " Say rather, I shall cease to be subject to sickness ; I shall cease to be subject to bondage ; I shall cease to be subject to death." And so " my father," in *Tristram Shandy*, whose reflections on the death of his son are a store-house of all that philosophy has ever said or sung on this subject.

" *Portus æternâ placidus quiete.*"

" Your fond preferments are but children's toys,
 And as a shadow all your pleasures passe :
 As yeares increase, so waining are your joys ;
 Your bliss is brittle like a broken glasse.
 Death is the salve that ceaseth all annoy ;
 Death is the port by which we saile to joy."

England's *Helicon*.

The Fairy Melusine, after the discovery made by the fatal curiosity of her husband, which condemns her to forego the sweet society of her children, and of the friends whom she had loved in "her days of flesh," and to reassume the properties of her originally immortal nature, laments, as the greatest of the afflictions she is about to sustain, the abandonment of the prospect of death.

"I mourn not those, who, banish'd from the light."

p. 110.

"Bis moritur qui mortem timet."

This is the same with that noble and celebrated sentiment which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Julius Cæsar :

"Cowards die many times before their death :

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seems to me most strange that man should fear,

Seeing that death, a necessary end,

Will come when it will come."

"Ye shall surely not die," said the serpent to the mother of mankind, and he was believed. Our first parents had not yet seen death : not a beast had lain lifeless in the field, not a bird had fallen from a bough, to startle them at this new intruder. Innocence preserved

their health unchanged ; innocence made them immortal. Conscious of no weakness, of no decay, it is not so surprising that they were deceived by the tempter's promise. But for us, their unhappy children, whose eyes are continually struck with the image of mortality—for us, who witness it each day in others, and by our own infirmities experience it in ourselves,—for us to listen, like our first mother, to the flattering promise, “ Ye shall surely not die,” were incredible, were it not too common. By a thousand illusions, by a thousand false hopes that mislead, we strive to banish the thought of a dying hour.—When in sickness, we are not to die of this malady ; when in youth, it is unlikely ; when in age, others are older than ourselves. Thus every conjuncture affords its consolation.

To these reflections, I may possibly be excused for adding a few verses, as they fall from a character of my own creating.

THE DESIRE TO LIVE.

Oh, avarice of life ! oh, mean desire
To keep alive a half-extinguish'd fire !
Numbering the seasons gone like treasured ore,
And hoping future to increase the store ;
That with its increase brings us for our gain
Hours of regretted joy, and years of pain.
For this will coward chieftains shun the grave
On tented field, or on the battle-wave

Before the city's trench resign their trust,
And trail their country's banner in the dust.
For this the wretch with pining sickness pale
Seeks the warm upland, or soft-bosom'd vale ;
There lingering, hopeless to disarm its power,
And grudging yet to spare one little hour,
Stretch'd on his bed, through pangs, regrets, and fears,
Cling to the growing weight of added years. B.

Four Slaves of Cythera, Canto 8.

“ See yonder blushing vine-tree grow.” p. 111.

In every age of civilized society, however dissolute the manners, and depraved the taste of the people, there have always been poets who have sung, and philosophers who have inculcated, the laws of wedded love, of pure and undivided affection. •

“ How sweet to the soul of man,” says Hierocles, “ is the society of a beloved wife ! When wearied and broken down by the labours of the day, her endearments soothe, her tender cares restore him. The solitudes and anxieties, and heavier misfortunes of life, are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic vexations at the same time to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem, when, after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes, for his

sake, her share of domestic labour upon her, and soothes the anguish of his soul by her comfort and participation. By the immortal gods ! a wife is not, as she is falsely represented by some, a burthen or a sorrow to man. No, she shares his burthens and alleviates his sorrows. For there is no toil nor difficulty so heavy or insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual efforts and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership."

Homer in both his poems has conveyed to us a striking and natural contrast of characters; even an Andromache and a Penelope would not be so admirable in themselves if they were not placed in opposition to a Helen and a Calypso. In two lines pronounced by the wife of Hector, he has laid a most perfect and glowing picture before our eyes :

Ἕκτορ, ἀταρ, συ μοι εἶσι πατήρ καὶ ποτνία μήτηρ
 Ἡδὲ κασιγνήτος, συ δὲ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης.

Euripides himself, as Antipater observes, when warmed by this holy fire, could lay aside his hatred to woman, and sing her praises with all the ardour and tenderness of a poet. His "Alcestis," which has for its foundation the purest and most sublime instance of conjugal affection to be met with in all antiquity, unless we except, perhaps, the beautiful tale of Pætus and Arria, contains many striking passages of the nature I have been describing. The Chorus, in their several addresses to the heroine and her afflicted husband, abounds in

instances of the most delicate and natural poetry. I have selected particular passages and thrown them together by a free translation, in order to give a general impression of the nature of the original, and my readers will find it in that division of the work which contains extracts from the Grecian drama.

“ *Cling to thy home: if there the meanest shed.*” p. 111.

The sentiment of these verses is rather freely transposed than literally rendered from the original. It has also been adopted in my tale of “ Sir Everard.”

This, and the succeeding Epigram, in which Palladas puts into the mouth of Ulysses the feeling address which he may be supposed to have made to his native island on returning from his long wanderings, are sufficient to prove that the fondness for their homes, that germ of all patriotic virtue, which characterized the earliest of the Greeks, did not altogether decay with their fame or their liberties.

No state of society is so corrupt and degenerate as to lose the traces of early attachment, even to inanimate objects :

“ Wild Murcia’s vales and dear romantic bowers ;

The river on whose banks, a child, I play’d ;

My castle’s lofty halls and frowning towers ;

Each much regretted wood, and well-known glade ;

Dreams of the land in which my wishes centre !” &c.

How exquisitely does Catullus describe the feelings of one, who after many wanderings and vicissitudes of fortune, returns to his home, and to the scenes which were beloved in his infancy.

“O quid solutis est beatius curis !”

What blessedness hath heaven on man bestow'd,
Pure as the hour when care and sorrow cease,
When the freed soul shakes off her weary load,
And faint and tired, strangers to home and peace,
With lingering toil in foreign land oppress,
At length we sink again, in sweetest rest,
On our accustom'd bed, so oft in vain
Remember'd, and so oft in vain desired,
When, by our native air again inspired,
A soft oblivion steals o'er all our pain ! M.

The “*solito membra levare toro*,” the “accustom'd bed,” is also an expression of Tibullus ; but the voluptuous and pathetic Ovid excels both in tenderness, for he writes under the influence of deprivation and melancholy :

“Non hæc in nostris, ut quondam, scribimus hortis.”

I write not now as in those happier hours,
When pleasure wooed me in her Latian bowers,
When night descending shrowded o'er my head,
Laid in sweet sleep on my accustom'd bed.

And again, a little lower :

“Tam procul, ignotis igitur moriemur in oris ?”

Forgotten and alone your bard shall die
On distant shores, beneath a foreign sky ;
And his last wretched hour of parting breath
Be made more fearful by his place of death.
On the accustom'd bed he shall not lay
His languid limbs, and gently die away,
While weeping friends attend his life's sad close,
And smooth the pillow for his long repose ! M.

Among the Italian poets, Flaminio has described the same feeling, in a little poem addressed to his father, of which, though it contains too many affected prettinesses of expression, the opening at least is very tender and pleasing.

“ Venuste agelle, tuque pulcra villula.”

Dear fields, and thou delightful seat,
My honour'd parent's loved retreat,
Again your haunts shall I explore,
Again my feet shall wander o'er
The winding paths his taste has plann'd,
And forests planted by his hand !
Again, upon the well-known bed,
My native air shall fan my head,
And gentlest sleep bring imaged joys
That will not vanish when I rise.
Bright streams of Albula rejoice,
And murmur with a clearer voice !

His much loved son in joy returns,
To bless the tribute of your urns,
And from his oaten pipe to pour
Soft strains along your mazy shore ! M.

I subjoin my friend Mr. Hodgson's translation of Martial's well-known Epigram on the other subject to which I have alluded :

ON THE DEATH OF PÆTUS AND ARRIA.

When from her breast fair Arria drew the sword,
And held it, reeking, to her much-loved lord ;
“ Pætus,” she cried, “ no pain oppresses me ;
My wound is nothing ; but I feel for thee.”

Our old dramatic poet, Chapman, has a passage so pure in sentiment and so splendid in language, on the same enchanting theme, that I am sure of being pardoned for transcribing it here.

“ I tell thee, love is nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines.
And as, without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men, so without love,
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried :
For love informs them as the sun doth colours.

And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse :
O 'tis the paradise, the heaven of earth !
And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts
In one delicious harmony united,
As to joy one joy, and think both one thought,
Live both one life, and therein double life ;
To see their souls meet at an interview
In their bright eyes, and parley in their lips,
Their language kisses ; and each circumstance
Of all love's most unmatched ceremonies,
Thou wouldst abhor thy tongue for blasphemy.
O, who can comprehend how sweet love tastes,
But he that hath been present at his feasts !”

May I be permitted to subjoin to these many testimonies in favour of chaste and wedded love, another tribute taken from my own pen ?

“ *Sir Everard's remembrance, when in exile, of his wife Geraldine.*

Oh, she was fair, as holy angels fair,
Beyond what lovers picture and despair !

Temper'd so sweet, so form'd for man's content,
 Of sober sadness, and light merriment;
 So framed for all that generous love rewards,
 For sweet responses, and for soft regards,
 That I had hung delighted on her smile,
 And found a heaven within this desert isle,
 Bless'd my rude toil, and braved this bitter cold,
 And hugg'd the sorrow that her voice consoled :
 So had she charm'd the labour of the day,
 Soften'd my grief, or look'd it quite away. B.

"Who has that unripe cluster torn." p. 112.

Lycurgus, King of Thrace, had offered indignities to Bacchus, and was afflicted by him with phrensy. In the Greek, the master of the vineyard calls on the God to punish those who had torn and bruised his unripe fruit in the same manner as he had redressed his wrongs on Lycurgus : in translating it, the aim has been to leave out as far as possible all allusion to ancient fables ; but the turn of idea remains unaltered.

"In Thebes the sons of Œdipus are laid." p. 113.

This thought has been rendered into Latin with great spirit by Ausonius. Ovid, also, has alluded to the præternatural circumstance which it celebrates :

L

“ Et nova fraterno veniet concordia fumo
Quem vetus accensâ separet ira pyrâ.”

The French poet, Charpentier, in his imitation of it, seems to have had the fear of M. de Racan's *Soupe à la Grecque* before his eyes ; for he has thought it necessary, like a true Frenchman, to relieve the insipidity of his original by concluding it with a splendid instance of *paronomasia* :

“ Des deux frères Thébains sur le bucher posez
Les corps servent de proie à des feux divisez,
Et la flamme de l'un, de l'autre se retire ;
Jusques là leur discorde a porté son flambeau—
Heureux s'ils avoient sçu partager leur empire,
Comme la haine a sçu partager leur tombeau.”

A pun in sentiment is so much worse than a pun upon words, as it is less calculated to produce the only legitimate end of punning, a laugh.

How melancholy is the augury of Eve from the first bloodshed of a brother by the hand of a brother :

Song of Eve, by Metastasio.

“ Qual diverrà quel fiume
Nel lungo suo cammino,
Se al fonte ancor vicino
E turbido così ?

Miseri figli miei,
Ah ! che si vede espresso
In quel, che siete adesso
Quel che sarete un dì !”

What will, far hence, that river be,
Enlarged and widening in its course,
That flows so troubled near its source,
I weep in bitter thought to see.

Unhappy children, in the hate
That agitates a brother's breast,
Too well, too clearly is express'd
The colour of your future fate. B.

The strongest description of unmixed and rancorous hatred to be found in our language is, perhaps, in the dreadfully natural “ De Montfort ” of Miss Baillie. The Greek tragedians, and, after them, Racine, have painted the horrible passion in no less glowing colours: the object of vanity, at least, will be answered, by the following attempt to render into English verse some passages from a most striking scene in the “ *Frères Ennemis* ” of the French poet. Polynices, being encamped before Thebes with his auxiliary forces, has sent to demand an interview with his brother, previous to the commencement of hostilities. To save appearances, the demand is acceded to by Eteocles, who, in his subsequent conver-

sation with Creon, gives vent to the feelings of horror and repugnance which the proposal has excited.

Yes, Creon, yes, the appointed hour draws near ;
My brother in our presence must appear,
Urge his demands, his bold advance explain ;
But mark me well, our meeting will be vain.
I know that soul in arrogance elate,
Full well I know its undiminish'd hate,
And think no time can ever check its power,
While mine shall last to life's extremest hour.

Creon.

Yet, should he yield an undivided throne,
That might abate thy wrath, his pride atone.

Eteocles.

I know not that my wrath can ere abate ;
'Tis not his pride ; himself—himself I hate.
The rooted hate we to each other bear
Is not the hot displeasure of a year ;
It was born with us, its unnatural rage
Grew with our growth, and ripen'd with our age :
From childhood's tenderest years the discord ran ;
Nay more, we hated ere ourselves began.
(Oh fruit accurst of an incestuous bed !)
Ev'n in the common womb where we were bred

Instinctive wars anticipated life :
Our wretched mother felt, and shudder'd at the strife.
Thou canst relate what feuds our cradle bore,
Feuds that shall last, when life itself is o'er.
What can we say, but righteous Heaven decreed
Such vengeance for our parents' impious deed ;
That black unnatural love is cursed by fate,
With its sure offspring, black unnatural hate !

Now, tho' I dare attend his coming, oh
Believe not that my hatred burns more slow !
I loath, I sicken, as the foe draws nigh ;
It will, it must, be glaring to his eye.
I would not he should yield the empire mine,
No—I must have him fly, and not resign.
I cannot hate the man by halves ; much less
His rage offends me, than his gentleness.
I wish (that my abhorrence might be free)
An equal fury in mine enemy.
My heart cannot betray itself ; I sue
For hate from him, that I may hate him too.

But you will see—his rage is still the same,
His heart unalter'd, unabased his aim ;
That he detests me still, still hopes to reign ;
That we may force him, but can never gain. M.

“ Cleombrotus, upon the rampart’s height.” p. 113.

That this Epigram is ascribed to its right author we have the opinion of Cicero, who says in his Tusculan Disputations, i. 34, “ Callimachi quidem Epigramma in Ambraciotam Cleombrotum est, quem ait, cum ei nihil accidisset adversi, e muro se in mare abjecisse, lecto Platonis Libro.” The learning of modern commentators has been employed to prove that the wall which surrounded the port of Ambracia, and not the wall of Ambracia itself, was the scene of this exploit, since the city was eighty stadia distant from the sea. But as the assigning a watery grave to this enthusiast appears to be an addition of Cicero’s not warranted by any expression in the original, which only says,

‘Ηλατ’ ἀφ’ ὑψηλοῦ τειχεὸς εἰς Αἶδην,

we may safely place this among the numerous instances of useless labour, to prove what in its own nature is absolutely incapable of proof. Cleombrotus may full as well have been dashed to pieces on dry ground, as drowned at sea ; and though an Ambraciot by birth, his death may have happened just as probably any where else as at the place of his nativity.

Among many of the ancients, suicide was less considered as a crime than as a mark of foolish rashness or weak incapacity of suffering ; and, perhaps it is more

rational, as it seems more charitable, to treat it in this light, than to rank it, with some severer religionists, among the inexpiable and damning sins of weak mortality. The impressions of shame and contempt are probably the most forcible motives of argument to deter men from its perpetration ; if, indeed, any motives can be wanting to assist the violent repugnance of nature. Many eloquent discourses have, doubtless, been framed upon the supposition of the total destruction of soul as well as body which has been inculcated as its fatal and irremediable consequence :

“ Will you turn your body,
(Which is the goodly palace of the soul,)
To the soul’s slaughter-house ? ”

And Virgil seems to entertain a notion nearly allied to this, when he assigns a distinct region of suffering to those whose precipitancy has driven them to the commission of this dreadful act :

“ Proxima deinde tenent moestî loca qui sibi lethum
Insontes peperêre manu ; lucisque perôsi,
Projecêre animas.”

The Stoics only appear to have given it the name of virtue. Plato, indeed, allows three reasonable grounds of justification ; public trial, irremediable reverse of fortune, and insupportable disgrace. On the last of these pleas,

the fatal action of Peter de Vineis, the counsellor of the Emperor Frederick the Second, would merit absolution :

“ L’Anima mia, per disdegnoso gusto,
Credendo col morir fugir disdegno,
Ingiusto fece me contra me giusto.”

Yet Dante places this once illustrious personage in that circle of his *Inferno* which is set apart for self-murderers, whose punishment is thus finely imagined :

“ Quando si parte l’ anima feroce
Dal corpo, ond’ ella stessa s’ è disvelta,
Cade in la selva——
E là dove fortuna la balestra,
Quivi germoglia, &c.
Surge in vermena, et in pianta silvestra ;
L’ Harpie pascendo poi de le sue foglie
Fanno dolor, et al dolor finestra.” (C. 13.)

The speech of the Spartan Cleomenes, preserved by Plutarch in his life, answering the advice of one of his followers to put an end to his existence, is full of the most genuine courage, and the noblest elevation of soul. Banished from his country, which he adored, which he had in vain spent his whole life in endeavouring to save from destruction, torn from connexions of the tenderest nature, from a wife and a mother whom he passionately loved, proscribed by his enemies, deserted by his friends,

hunted down by all Greece, without one reasonable ground to hope a restoration to any of those beloved objects from which he now appeared to be separated for ever, he was still supported by the most sublime principles of philosophy, and by the truly religious persuasion that nothing is impossible to the Deity, who will take back the life he has given, then, and then only, when he himself judges that it can no longer be of service either to the possessor or to the world.

Hardly an instance has reached our times of so whimsical a cause for suicide as that of this enthusiastic Ambraciot. At the same time it is a strong testimony to the importance of the sacred doctrine which occasioned it, and to the ardour with which the soul of man must have caught at the first faint glimmerings of so glorious a hope as that of its own immortality

“ *All hail, Remembrance and Forgetfulness.*” p. 114.

Ω ποτνια ληθη των κακων, ὥς εἰ σοφος

Και τοῖσι δυσυχοῖσιν ευχταια θεος.

Euripid. Orestes. 213.

Can it, however, be doubted which of the two is the greatest blessing? “ *Suavius est tui meminisse quam cum aliis versari* ” is, possibly, the very tenderest expression that ever heart conceived, or tongue uttered. Separation from a kindred soul can be soothed neither by time nor

place. We seek relief in forgetfulness, but end with finding that,

Of all the lessons taught a lover yet
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.

With this short preface a friend ushers in the following little pieces.

To Estrella.

MYSELF.

I once despaired—for Fortune chill'd
 My hope when last we met ;
 I strove to keep my heart unfill'd,
 I labour'd to forget.

A lone existence I design'd,
 And for myself to live,
 And sought those raptures in the mind
 The heart was wont to give :

I fenced my narrow self around ;
 And to that circle small
 Resolved my every aim to bound,
 My hope, my fear, my all.

I heeded not what others harm'd,
 Unhurt myself alone ;
 I loved, but as myself it warm'd,
 The very sun that shone.

The busy town, the prospect fair,
The walk, the light repast,
That once with her, 'twere bliss to share
Alone I strove to taste.

Estranged from love, estranged from hate,
My soul I strove to keep
Contracted in its torpid state,
And call'd it bliss to sleep :

Till, more and more indifferent grown,
At length I learn'd with dread
That he who lives for self alone,
E'en to himself is dead.

In field, in crowded hall, or home,
My only change was place ;
My soul unfill'd had now become
A dull and idle space ;

An empty mansion set apart
Without or joy, or care ;
A sullen silence of the heart
More fearful than despair.

Oh come, and fill that hateful void,
Sweet image, loved in vain !
Oh whisper pleasure once enjoy'd,
Sweet voice, and wake a pain !

And may the pain derived from thee
This irksome calm redress,
And memory, bitter tho' it be,
Replace forgetfulness.

Stanzas on waking in the morning.

How gladly once I hail'd the beams
That waked me from enchanting dreams
 Estrella's beauty to disclose ;
Her panting bosom faint revealing,
Her glowing cheek, and lids concealing
 Those orbs that robb'd me of repose.

Mutely each quiet sigh I number'd
That stole, unconscious, while she slumber'd
 Within my fond encircling arms.
And wish'd but fear'd her dream to break
Till, all entranced, I saw her wake,
 And smile, and give me all her charms.

But now I wake alone, forlorn ;
No bright Estrella crowns my morn :
 I look, but no Estrella cheers me.
I stretch my arms to find my fair,
But no Estrella slumbers there ;
 I speak, but no Estrella hears me.

Remembrance of Estrella changed and forgetful.

Written at St. Dizier sur Marne ; adapted to the soft
air, “ C’est à mon maitre en l’art de plaire”—

That hour in memory yet I treasure
I saw her in her beauty’s flower ;
My all of pain, my all of pleasure
I date from that remember’d hour.
A pain it is, that e’en in sadness
O’er all my bosom spreads a charm,
A mystic pleasure, at whose gladness
My heart is troubled with alarm.

Wide have I roam’d, since last we parted,
In search of peace I fail’d to find ;
’Mid foes—but ah ! more tender-hearted
Than her I lately left behind.
Gay realm of France ! green, vine-clad mountains !
Calm vales, renown’d for beauty’s choice !
Her form I saw in all your fountains,
In all your breezes heard her voice.

By day I labour’d to forget her,
And vainly closed my fancy’s view,
For in the dream of night I met her,
No more unkind, no more untrue.

False dream, begone ! alone, heart-broken,
 She knew I deem'd myself forgot ;
 Yet from her hand arrives no token—
 False dream, begone ! she loves me not.

“ Art thou my friend? Forbear to do me guile.”

p. 114.

“ Now God deliver me from my friends,” says Marston’s Malecontent.

“ Thy Friends ?”

“ Yes—from my friends—for from mine enemies I can deliver myself.”

Perhaps the prettiest apology ever made on behalf of flattery, is that conveyed by the following little epigram :

“ Flatter n’est pas toujours un vice—
 L’intention en fait la qualité ;
 Si beaucoup flattent par malice,
 Quelques-uns flattent par bonté.”

Flattery is not always vicious—
 The motive makes it good or evil ;
 If flatterers often are malicious,
 Sometimes, at least, they’re only civil. M.

Let me add, that rudeness to superiours is to independence of mind, what sadness is to virtue, prudery to honour, boasting to courage, and gravity to sense. The French record with delight, every little bon-mot of their

adored Henry the Fourth ; indeed in the character of that gay, frank, gallant, and generous prince, the French disposition as nature made it, before events perverted it, is pourtray'd to the life. Let us hear his rebuke of one of those insolent men, who affect bluntness for the purpose of covering craft.

One day the great Henry, his courtiers among,
Perceived an odd figure, but sorrily dress'd,
Whose air, face, and manner, were none of the best :
—The Monarch, who eyed our unknown 'mid the throng,
Wish'd to learn what his name, and what rank he possess'd :
He calls him—" And pray, your employment explain ;
Whom serve you ? " The simpleton, turgid and vain,
Made answer—" To none but myself I belong."
" How I pity, my friend," said the king, " your disaster,
You could never have had a worse fool for a master." B.

The want of courtly reverence for their rulers was hardly (before the Revolution at least) to be numbered among the prevalent defects of the French character. Yet, sometimes, even a French poet could be worked upon by neglect and insult to let his patron, as our vulgar phrase has it, " know a bit of his mind." Maynard, despised by the haughty and tasteless Cardinal Richelieu, retorted in one of the most spirited attacks ever levelled against a minister supposed to be conspiring his country's ruin.

“ Par votre humeur le monde est gouverné ;
 Vos volontés font le calme et l'orage ;
 Et vous riez de me voir confiné
 Loin de la cour, dans mon petit village. &c.”

I have thus ventured to paraphrase it.

The retired Courtier to a bad Minister.

With England's weal or woe you sport,
 You raise or calm the storm at will,
 And laugh to see me far from court,
 An idler in my village still.

Cleon, to thee I quit the field,
 I love the desert where I dwell,
 To evil times I learn to yield,
 And, hermit-like, prefer my cell.

I love in years to sink unknown,
 To live, and call myself my own,
 And hope and fear alike resign ;
 And if the stars that favour me
 But pitied England's realm and thee,
 Thy happiness would equal mine. B.

“ Obsequium amicos, Veritas odium parit,” is the remark of an old and experienced man in Terence. In the same spirit is the following madrigal :

“ Quiconque ose parler avec sincérité,
 Voit toujours à ses vœux la Fortune rebelle ;
 Tandis que le flatteur porte avec vanité
 Tous les jours parure nouvelle,
 Les amis de la Vérité
 Sont nuds comme elle.”

Whoever speaks with plain sincerity,
 Is eyed by Fortune with a look askant ;
 While some low fawning sycophant
 Wears every day a new attire,
 The friends of Verity
 Go naked as the goddess they admire. B.

We fear the *Nuda Veritas* of Horace has little but her
 nudity to boast of.

“ *When Venus bade the Aonian maids obey.*” p. 115.

Upon this principle, La Fontaine very justly observes,

“ Le voile n’est le rempart le plus sûr
 Contre l’Amour, ni le moins accessible—
 —Filles du monde ont toujours plus de peur,
 Moins d’ennemis attaquent leur pudeur.
 Les autres n’ont, pour un seul adversaire, &c.
 Tentation, fille d’Oisiveté,
 Ne manque pas d’agir de son côté ;” &c. &c.

M

It is upon the same principle, also, that Madame Deshoulières conveys in a rondeau her fears for the safety of a young lady whose only fault appears to have been an over fondness for indulging in the state which is aptly enough denominated the Paradise of Fools :

Rondeau, with the burthen, “ Entre deux draps.”

“ Entre deux draps de toile belle et bonne,
 Que très-souvent on rechange, on savonne,
 La jeune Iris, au cœur sincère et haut,
 Aux yeux brillans, à l’esprit sans défaut,
 Jusqu’à midi volontiers se mitonne.
 Je ne combats de goût contre personne :
 Mais franchement, sa paresse m’étonne ;
 C’est demeurer seule plus qu’il ne faut
 Entre deux draps.

Quand à rêver ainsi on s’abandonne,
 Le traître Amour rarement le pardonne ;
 A soupirer on s’exerce bientôt,
 Et la vertu soutient un grand assaut
 Quand une fille avec son cœur raisonne
 Entre deux draps.”

Between two sheets, more fine than e’er
 Embraced the limbs of virgin fair,

The lovely, sprightly Iris lies ;
The sun has mounted up the skies,
Yet pretty Iris nestles there
Between two sheets.

From night till noon to lie alone !
She dreams on something, ten to one ;
To blame another's taste were wrong ;
And yet, to lie so very long
Is rather odd, I frankly own,
Between two sheets.

Love fails not to avenge the treason
Of her who dreams so out of season :
A sigh escapes her, soft and tender ;
What can it mean ? Kind Heav'n defend her,
When with her heart she dares to reason
Between two sheets ! B.

“ Idleness is the root of all evil.” And, if we want any further evidence of this profound truth, we have it in the following story of Baraton's, respecting a thief about to be brought to the gallows :

“ Certain matois ayant été
Pour divers larcins arrêté,” &c.

A certain sharper, caught at last,
For divers larcenies was cast :

A friend, who heard he was confined,
 Thought it but neighbourly and kind
 To call and see him in his fetters.
 “ Good neighbour,” said the zealous friend,
 “ To see thee in this piteous plight,
 I’faith is but a sorry sight,
 And leads but to a scurvy end.
 You should have chosen some employment—
 A life of idling and enjoyment
 Is proper only for your betters.
 ’Tis industry that screens from want ;
 And, tho’ to learn a trade, I grant,
 Be hard, the toil is to begin it.”
 The thief replied, “ A trade I had,
 And, let me tell you, not so bad
 If they had only left me in it.” B.

“ *Spartan virtue.*” p. 117.

These three successive poems mark by very forcible examples the peculiar doctrines and enthusiastic valour of the Spartans. It is a subject too generally known to need any illustration in this place. The whole system of this celebrated nation is contained in two lines which Plutarch has preserved :

‘Οἱ δὲ θανόν, οὐ ζῆν θεμενοὶ καλόν, οὐδὲ το θνησκεῖν,
 Ἀλλὰ το ταῦτα καλῶς ἀμφοτέρ’ ἐκτελεσσαι.

“Nor life nor death they count the happier state,
But life that’s glorious, or a death that’s great.”

LANGHORNE.

“*Where has thy grandeur, Corinth, shrunk from sight?*”

p. 119.

The Nereids, whose grotts were on the coast near Corinth, lament the sadness and solitude that reigns on the spot where the ramparts, towers, and palaces of that stately city once appeared. The destruction of Corinth by the stupid Mummius was an event in the days of Antipater. The courage of a mother who slew her daughter and herself to escape the Roman yoke, is celebrated in another Epigram by the same Poet, which I have inserted among the “Monumental.”

“Here sleeps a daughter by her mother’s side.” &c.

“*That soul which vanquish’d war could never win.*”

p. 119.

This wish of the dying soldier was realized in the following anecdote. It is taken from Lord Clarendon’s History of the Rebellion.

“Colonels Langhorn and Mitton, two very active officers in the parliament service, about Shropshire and North Wales, by correspondence with some townsmen

and some soldiers in the garrison of Shrewsbury, from whence too many of that garrison were unhappily drawn out, two or three days before, upon some expedition, seized upon that town in the night; and by the same treachery likewise entered the castle, where Sir Michael Earnly, the Governour, had been long sick, and rising upon the alarm out of his bed, was killed in his shirt, whilst he behaved himself as well as possible, and refused quarter; which did not shorten his life many days, he being even at the point of death by a consumption, which kept him from performing all those offices of vigilance he was accustomed to; being a gallant gentleman, who understood the office and duty of a soldier by long experience, and diligent observation." Clar. Book viii.

" Oh Health, of all the heavenly powers." p. 120.

The rapture, which this hymn is calculated to inspire, will be most forcibly felt by those whose lips have been parched with fever, or whose cheeks have been flushed with a hectic glow. Dr. Johnson, himself an acute sufferer under sickness, who looked with a gloomy prescience towards future imbecility, paints the feelings communicated to him by this beautiful address, in colours as glowing as those of the poem from which they are caught.

"There is," says he, "among the Fragments of the Greek Poets, a short hymn to Health, in which the

power of exalting the happiness of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much force and beauty, that no one who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wish, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture. The particular occasion of this little composition is not known : but it is probable that the author had been sick, and in the first raptures of returning vigour addressed Health in the following manner.” Rambler, No. 48.

He then cites the original, accompanied with a translation, which, had it been in verse, would doubtless have superseded the present attempt.

The origin of the peculiar species of composition denominated *Scolia*, is ascribed to Alcæus the Lesbian. Anacreon was celebrated for his *Scolia*, and Praxilla of Sicyon (one of Antipater’s earthly muses) owed much of her reputation to those which she invented. They perhaps obtained their title from their irregularity ; for they were subject to none of the fixed laws of poetry ; and many of them were the wild, unfinished, offspring of momentary fancy ; but not, on that account, the less calculated to excite delight and enthusiasm in the seasons of mirth and festivity, to which alone they were consecrated. Some were sung by one joyous chorus of the whole assembled company ; in others, all performed by

turns ; others again were committed to a few of the most experienced only, who were placed together in a separate part of the banquet-room ; and even these frequently had their distinct parts allotted them. They generally consisted of some moral sentiment, or some just and appropriate allusion, which, delivered in a poetical shape, and often veiled in allegory, was variously worked upon, according to the taste of the composer.

Sometimes, however, they assumed a more methodical form. The address to Health by Aripbron of Sicyon, and that to Virtue by Aristotle, are complete and regular hymns. We may also give that title to the most noble ode of Callistratus, on the illustrious action of the two Athenian patriots. It was, probably, this very poem which was consecrated to future ages, and always performed at the annual festival of the Panathenæa.

“ As gold the Lydian touch-stone tries.” p. 122.

Theognis applies to wine what is here attributed to the force of truth :

Fire proves the treasures of the mine ;
The soul of man is proved by wine.

A very old thought on the subject of truth was happily improved by a M. de l'Isle into the following little apologue. I do not know whether it ever appeared in

print before the late publication of the correspondence of Baron Grimm, from which I take it. At all events, it is little known ; I therefore give the original as well as my imitation :

“ Aux portes de la Sorbonne
 La Vérité se montra ;
 Le syndic la rencontra.
 Que demandez vous, la bonne ?—
 Hélas ! l’hospitalité.—
 Votre nom ?—La Vérité.—
 Fuyez, dit-il en colère,
 Fuyez, ou je monte en chaire
 Et crie à l’impiété !—
 Vous me chassez ; mais j’espère
 Avoir mon tour, et j’attends :—
 Car je suis fille du Temps,
 Et j’obtiens tout de mon père.”

At ——— College, once of late
 Was seen the modest face of Truth ;
 The provost met the blushing youth,
 And ask’d what brought him to their gate.
 “ ’Twas for admission, sir, I came.”—
 “ Your name, young man.” He gave his name.
 “ Fly,” cried the doctor in a fury—
 “ Fly—or this instant, I assure ye,

I'll bawl aloud, The Church in danger !"
 " You may refuse me," said the stranger—
 " But to your cost you soon may learn
 That Truth is sure to have his turn.
 Old Father Chronos is my sire,
 And grants whatever I require." M.

" *The heroes' happy Isles.*" p. 123.

This island (for there does not appear to have been more than one) was called by the various names of Leuce, Achillea, the Island of the Blessed, and the Island of Heroes. Its situation was in the Euxine sea, near the mouths of the Danube. Achilles was supposed to have been transported thither after his death in a corporeal form, and to have enjoyed the society of Helen and Iphigenia, and the pleasing pursuits of poetry and music through an immortal life.

A poetical use has been made of this fiction in Mr. Wharton's poem of Roncesvalles, where the spirit of the Grecian hero is finely imagined to shed its influence over the waters of the Euxine, and favour the passage of the Paladins of France :

" ————— the Grecian ghost
 Shed a deep stillness o'er the gloomy coast :
 For him the presence of that knightly train
 Fired with the thought of arms and Hector slain."

The romantic legends concerning this celebrated island are various and amusing. Leonymus, a general of the Crotoniates, having visited it for the superstitious purpose of procuring some sympathetic remedy for a wound received in battle, reported on his return, that he had been favoured with a sight of Achilles, accompanied by the Ajaces, Patroclus, Antilochus, and other heroes.

Immortal youth was a gift of heaven to these translated beings. The favour of Diana to Iphigenia had procured this blessing for her, and it was not taken away on her removal from Tauris to this happy island.

Strangers who touched at the island always hastened their departure, from a superstitious dread; for even those who only sailed within view of it, heard sounds of martial music, the trampling of horses, the clashing of arms, and cries like those of battle.

Yet some, whom curiosity tempted, or adverse winds compelled, to pass the night on shore, do not appear, from their own accounts, to have suffered for their mischance or temerity; for, after offering up the proper sacrifices, they frequently heard the songs of the hero, and even saw his form, clothed in the brightest bloom of youth, and sometimes dancing to martial music in his golden armour.

One favoured seaman, having fallen asleep by chance on the shore, was awakened by Achilles, and led by him to a magnificent pavilion, where a banquet was spread for his entertainment. Patroclus poured out his

wine, and performed the office of his cup-bearer, and Achilles himself amused him with his lyre ; Thetis and others of the gods were present on the occasion.

This anecdote, if the real truth of it were known, might perhaps make a good counterpart to the tale of the sleeper awakened, or to an incident of a similar nature, recorded of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and which gave rise to the Induction of Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew." We may full as easily believe that a Grecian sailor, as that an English or Flemish clown may be imposed upon by the merry humour of some waggish lord.

Those who have not leisure nor inclination to consult all the works of the ancient writers, in which the wonders of this extraordinary place are recorded, will find their curiosity amply gratified by perusing Bayle, in the article "Achillea," where, in addition to the circumstances already mentioned, the idea of the Greeks that no birds could fly beyond this fated barrier, is investigated, and a very curious account is given of the impieties committed by the Amazons on their passage into Greece, and of the signal punishment inflicted on them by the deified hero of the island.

"My riches are the arms I wield." p. 124.

This worthy Cretan describes himself much like the feudal chieftains of the middle ages, and may remind

the reader at once of Shakspeare's Hotspur, and of Scot's Fitzjames:

“ Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
But one who lives by lance and sword ;
Whose castle is his helm and shield,
His lordship, the embattled field.
What from a prince can I demand,
Who neither reck of state nor land ? ”

“ *Unknown, unheeded, shalt thou die.* ” p. 125.

The fire and enthusiasm which so strongly mark the writings, and pourtray the character of Sappho, appear in none of her works that have come down to us, more unequivocally than in this little fragment. It has the appearance of a burst of indignation at some home-spun mighty good sort of woman, who had neither a soul susceptible of poetry herself, nor the sense to admire, nor the candour to allow of it, in others. This is a description of persons which has always been severely handled by poets, and the stigma of contempt with which they are branded by Sappho is a luxury to what they are sentenced to undergo by Dante :

“ Questi sciaurati, che mai non fur vivi
Erano ignudi, e stimolati molto
Da mosconi, e da vespi, ch' eran ivi.
————— questo misero modo

Tengon l'anime tristi di coloro
Che visser senza fama e senza lodo."

The character of another worthy young lady of this description is here cited as an example to those who think every fault atoned for by a good person :

" Avoir l'esprit bas et vulgaire,
Manger, dormir, et ne rien faire,
Ne rien savoir, n'apprendre rien ;
C'est le naturel d'Isabelle
Qui semble pour tout entretien
Dire seulement—Je suis belle."—

To have a talent base and low,
To live in state of vegetation,
'To eat, drink, nothing learn, nor know,
Such is the genius of Miss Kitty,
Who seems, for all her conversation,
To say—Look at me, I am pretty. B.

The following repartee of a child, whose talent, like that of Sappho, was decried, contains a good spice of simple pleasantry :

" Autrefois, à la cour d'un célèbre monarque."

At the court of a monarch for grandeur renown'd,
A child six years old such a talent display'd,
That the courtiers by hundreds who listen'd around,
Were bewilder'd to hear the remarks that he made.

One of these vow'd the infant would turn out a looby,
 Because, when grown up, one is ever a booby,
 Whose infancy teem'd with a wit so commanding :
 The boy, who o'erheard him, replied with a leer,
 " My Lord, by this rule, in your childhood 'tis clear,
 That your Lordship enjoy'd a profound understanding."

B.

To conclude ; the best advice that can be given, in their
 life time, to all those who after their death will merit an
 epitaph, like this which Sappho composed, is—to make
 as little noise, and as little shew, as possible.

" Spectaris et tu spectabere."

" I'll take a thousand pound," says Ned,

(Poor Ned is but a flat,)

" To see the world of which I've read,

Men, manners, and all that."

" Thy scheme," said Dick, who saw his bent,

" Is charming, I'll agree ;

But add a thousand, to prevent

The world from seeing thee." B.

We may admit, as a set-off against the foregoing
 examples, the following complimentary verses addressed
 by the poet Toscanus to that fair pride and boast of Italy,

——— " la nudrita

Damigella Trivulzia al sacro speco."

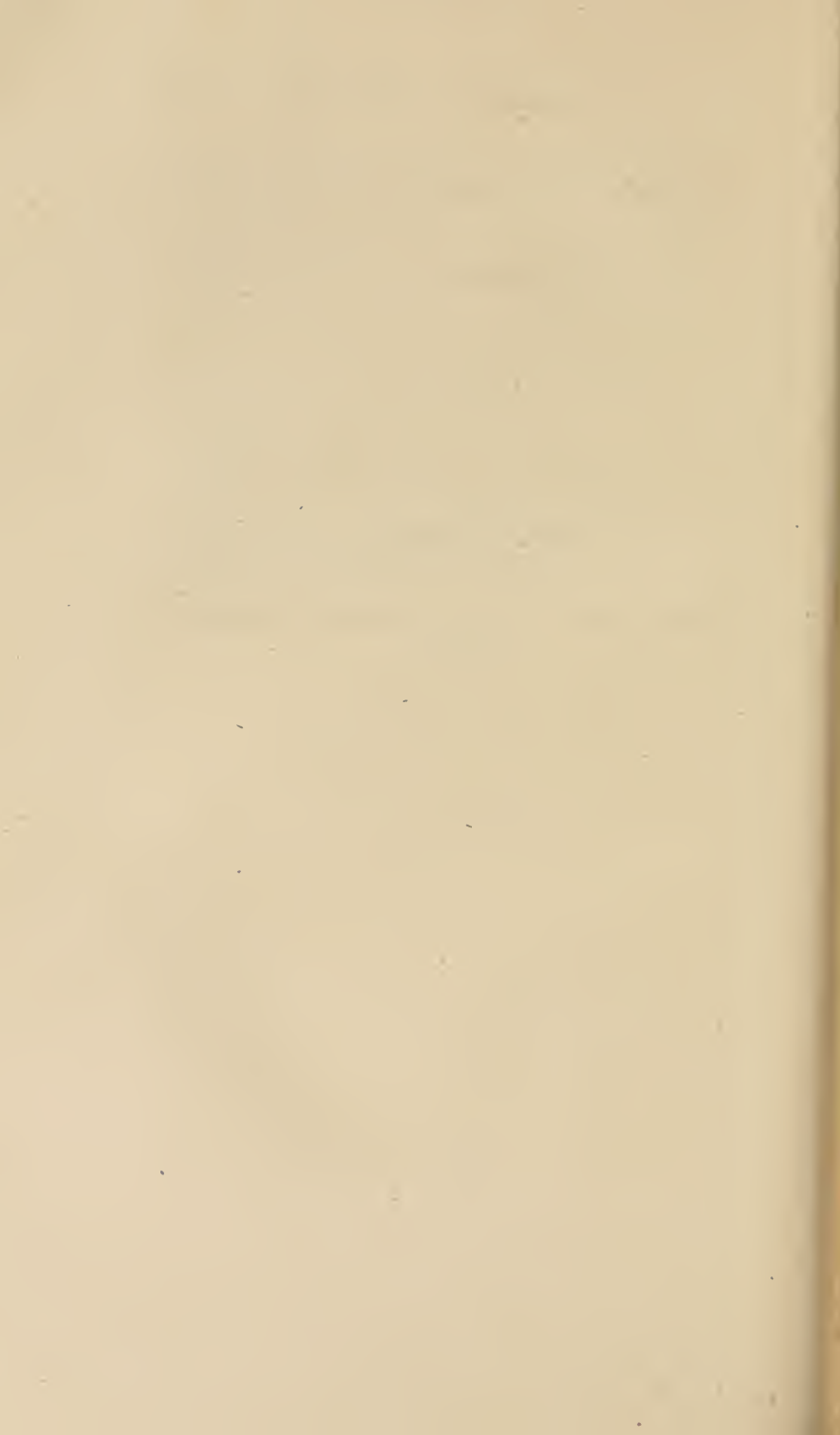
“*Quod genere et censu præstes Trivultia multis,*” &c.

That you in wealth and noble birth excel,
Well may you boast, yet others boast as well ;
A form, that few can match, surpass'd by none,
Yet, though it shines unrivall'd, not alone ;
A spotless virtue, which, though none can dare
To question, others yet as spotless are ;
Beloved of science, and alone beloved,
Yet once her love the Lesbian Sappho proved :
But to be noble, rich, fair, chaste, and wise ;
This, honour'd Lady, is your single prize. M.

MORAL.

FROM THE ELEGIAC AND GNOMIC
POETS.

N



M O R A L.

FROM THE ELEGIAC AND GNOMIC POETS.

Archilochus, l. i. 40.

PATIENCE UNDER SUFFERING. M.

OH, Pericles ! in vain the feast is spread :
To mirth and joy the afflicted state is dead.
The billows of the deep-resounding sea
Burst o'er our heads and drown our revelry :
Grief swells our veins with pangs unfelt before ;
But Jove's high clemency reserves in store
All-suffering patience for his people's cure.
The best of healing balms is, To endure.
Heaven's vengeance will not always last—if we
Now weep in blood our nature's misery,
Soon shall the heavy scale of evil turn,
And our full draught augment another's urn.
Oh suffer then the common trials sent,
And cast away your womanish lament.

Minnermus, l. i. 60.

YOUTH AND AGE. B.

OH what is life by golden love unblest ?
Better be mine the grave's eternal rest.
The furtive kiss, soft pledge and genial tie,
Are flowers of youth, that passing smile and die :
Old age succeeds, and dulls each finer sense,
When all we hope, at most, is Reverence.
Age brings misfortune clearer to our sight,
Damps every joy and dims the cheerful light,
And scatters frowns, and thins the silvery hair,
Hateful to youth, unlovely to the fair.

From the same, 2. i. 60.

EVILS OF MORTALITY. B.

WE too as leaves that, in the vernal hours,
Greet the new sun, refresh'd by fruitful show'rs,
Rejoice, exulting in our vigorous prime,
Nor good nor evil marks the noiseless time ;
But round our birth the gloomy Fates preside,
And smile malignant on our fleeting pride ;
One with cold age prepared to blast our bloom,
One arm'd with death to hide it in the tomb.

Our better moments smile and pass away,
E'en as the sun that shines and sets to-day :
When youth is flown, death only can assuage
And yield a refuge from the ills of age.
All mourn adversity—One, nobly bred,
Toils, a poor slave to him his bounty fed ;
One, solitary, seeks the tomb's embrace,
With no transmitter of his name and race ;
While sick and faint, or rack'd by ceaseless fears,
Another journeys down the vale of years.

Solon, 6. i 66.

JUSTICE. M.

SHORT are the triumphs to injustice given ;
Jove sees the end of all : like vapours driven
By early spring's impetuous blast, that sweeps
Along the billowy surface of the deeps,
Or passing o'er the fields of tender green
Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,
Till it reveals the clear celestial blue,
And gives the palace of the Gods to view ;
Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the skies,
Where not a cloud can form, nor vapour rise ;
—Such is Jove's vengeance : not like human ire,
Blown in an instant to a scorching fire,

But slow and certain : tho' it long may lie
Wrapt in the vast concealment of the sky,
Yet never does the dread avenger sleep,
And tho' the sire escape, the son shall weep.

From the same, 17. i. 71.

THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS. M.

THE force of snow and furious hail is sent
From swelling clouds that load the firmament.
Thence the loud thunders roar, and lightnings glare
Along the darkness of the troubled air.
Unmoved by storms, old ocean peaceful sleeps
Till the loud tempest swells the angry deeps ;
And thus the state, in fell distraction tost,
Oft by its noblest citizens is lost,
And oft a people, once secure and free,
Their own imprudence dooms to tyranny.
My laws have arm'd the crowd with useful might,
Have banish'd honours and unequal right,
Have taught the proud in wealth, and high in place,
To reverence justice, and abhor disgrace ;
And given to both a shield, their guardian tower
Against ambitious aims and lawless power.

From the same, 2. i. 65.

REMEMBRANCE AFTER DEATH. M.

OH let not death, unwept, unhonour'd, be
The melancholy fate allotted me !
But those who loved me living, when I die,
Still fondly keep some cherish'd memory.

Æsop, i. 76.

DEATH, THE SOVEREIGN REMEDY. B.

WHO, but for death, could find repose
From life, and life's unnumber'd woes,
From ills that mock our art to cure,
As hard to fly as to endure ?
Whate'er is sweet without alloy,
And sheds a more exalted joy,
Yon glorious orb that gilds the day,
Or, placid moon, thy silver ray,
Earth, sea, whate'er we gaze upon,
Is thine, oh Nature, thine alone ;
The gifts that to ourselves we owe
(Insidious race) are fear and woe,
Chance-pleasure, hardly worth possessing,
Ten curses for a single blessing.

Simonides, 18. i. 128.

THE MISERIES OF LIFE. B.

Jove rules the world, and with resistless sway
Demands to-morrow what he gave to-day ;
In vain our thoughts to future scenes we cast,
Or only read them darkly in the past ;
For hope enchanting points to new delights,
And charms with dulcet sounds, and heav'nly sights ;
Expecting yet some fancied bliss to share,
We grasp at bubbles that dissolve in air,
And some a day, and some whole years await
The whims and chances of capricious fate ;
Nor yet the lovely visions are possess'd—
Another year remains to make them blest,
While age creeps on to tear their dreams away,
And grim diseases hover round their prey ;
Or war with iron hold unlocks the grave,
Devouring myriads of the young and brave.
Some on the billows rock'd that roll on high
Cling to the plank in vain, and wasted die ;
Some by the halter lay their miseries down,
And rush unsummon'd to a place unknown.
Our very sweets possess a secret harm,
Teem with distress, and poison while they charm ;
The fatal Sisters hover round our birth,
And dash with bitter dregs our cup on earth :
Yet cease to murmur at thy fate in vain,
And in oblivion steep the shaft of pain.

From the same, 104. i. 145.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE. M.

ALL human things are subject to decay ;
And well the man of Chios tuned his lay,
“ Like leaves on trees the race of man is found.”
Yet few receive the melancholy sound,
Or in their breasts imprint this solemn truth ;
For hope is near to all, but most to youth.
Hope’s vernal season leads the laughing hours,
And strews o’er every path the fairest flowers.
To cloud the scene no distant mists appear,
Age moves no thought, and death awakes no fear.
Ah, how unmindful is the giddy crowd
Of the small span to youth and life allow’d
Ye who reflect, the short-lived good employ,
And while the power remains, indulge your joy.

Bacchylides, 9. i. 150.

PEACE. B.

FOR thee, sweet Peace, abundance leads along
Her jovial train, and bards awake to song.
On many an altar, at thy glad return,
Pure victims bleed, and holy odours burn ;

And frolic youth their happy age apply
To graceful movements, sports, and minstrelsy.
Dark spiders weave their webs within the shield;
Rust eats the spear, the terror of the field;
And brazen trumpets now no more affright
The silent slumber, and repose of night.
Banquet and song, and revel fill the ways,
And youths and maidens sing their roundelays.

Theognis.

YOUTH AND AGE. B.

Ah me! alike o'er youth and age I sigh,
Impending age, and youth that hastens by;
Swift as a thought the flowing moments roll,
Swift as a racer speeds to reach the goal.
How rich, how happy the contented guest,
Who leaves the banquet soon, and sinks to rest
Damps chill my brow, my pulses flutt'ring beat,
Whene'er the vigorous pride of youth I meet
Pleasant, and lovely; hopeful to the view
As golden visions, and as transient too:
But ah! no terrors stop, nor vows, nor tears
Life's mournful evening, and the gloom of years.

From the same.

EXHORTATION TO ENJOYMENT. B.

MAY peace and riches crown my native towers,
Nor war nor tumults break our festive hours ;
May glorious Jove, embracing earth and sky,
Exulting view our mortal harmony ;
Thou, sweet Apollo, touch the happy crew,
And warm our hearts to raptures strange and new ;
With shell and lute high raise the strain divine,
And rich libations pour on every shrine !
While to the Powers above our praises flow,
Inspiring wine shall make us gods below :
In pleasant converse wrapt, the social soul
Heeds not the wars that shake the northern pole.

Thus to be ever charm'd were sure the best,
With every fretful feverish pulse at rest,
In joy and mirth to drown the din of arms,
The frost of years to come, and Death's alarms.

Sweet youth is mine—I revel in her bloom ;
(How soon condemn'd to wither in the tomb !)
Tho' fair in fame, for noble lineage known,
Mute, cold, and dull, as yon neglected stone,
Soon shall I leave the whisp'ring air and sky,
And darkly slumber through futurity.
Be soothed my soul—How soon another race,
Shall claim whate'er is mine of power or place ;

And o'er the mournful spot regardless go,
 Where my bones mingle with the earth below !
 But ever shall my conscious heart rejoice
 At Pleasure's breath and Music's heavenly voice ;
 Pleased will I sport, while fragrant draughts inspire,
 Or sing symphonious to the minstrel's lyre :
 Death's horrid realm no sense of bliss pervades,
 Nor wine, nor lyre, nor beauty please the shades.
 Then, while on earth my winged pulses beat,
 While throbs my heart with youth's delicious heat,
 Charm'd will I yield to every new delight,
 Ere mournful age shall tear it from my sight.

From the same.

REASONABLE EXPECTATIONS. M.

COULD wealth with sorrow unalloy'd be mine,
 Oh might my board with varied plenty shine !
 But, since just Fortune doles to each his share,
 Be mine a poorer lot, but free from care !

Bion. Idyll. 5.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE. M.

If any virtue my rude songs can claim,
 Enough the Muse has given to build my fame ;

But if condemned ingloriously to die,
Why longer raise my mortal minstrelsy?
Had Jove or Fate to life two seasons lent,
In toil and ease alternate to be spent,
Then well one portion labour might employ
In expectation of the following joy;
But if one only age of life is due
To man, and that so short and transient too,
How long (ah miserable race!) in care
And fruitless labour waste the vital air?
How long with idle toil to wealth aspire,
And feed a never-satisfied desire?
How long forget that, mortal from our birth,
Short is our troubled sojourn on the earth?

From the Elegies of Tyrtæus, i. 48, &c.

COURAGE AND PATRIOTISM. H.

NE’ER would I praise that man, nor deign to sing,
First in the race, or strongest at the ring,
Not though he boast a ponderous Cyclops’ force
Or rival Boreas in his rapid course,
Not tho’ Aurora might his name adore,
Tho’ Eastern riches swell his countless store,
Tho’ power and splendour to his name belong,
And soft persuasion dwell upon his tongue,

Tho' all but god-like valour, were his own :

My Muse is sacred to the brave alone ;
Who can look carnage in the face, and go
Against the foremost warriors of the foe.

By Heaven high courage to mankind was lent,
Best attribute of youth, best ornament.

The man whom blood and danger fail to daunt,
Fearless who fights, and ever in the front,
Who bids his comrades barter useless breath
For a proud triumph or a prouder death,
He is my theme—He only, who can brave
With single force the battle's rolling wave,
Can turn his enemies to flight, and fall
Beloved, lamented, deified by all.

His household gods, his own parental land
High in renown, by him exalted stand ;
Alike the heirs and founders of his name
Share his deserts and borrow from his fame :
He, pierced in front with many a gaping wound,
Lies, great and glorious, on the bloody ground,
From every eye he draws one general tear,
And a whole nation follows to his bier ;
Illustrious youths sigh o'er his early doom,
And late posterity reveres his tomb.

Ne'er shall his memorable virtue die,
Tho' cold in earth, immortal as the sky ;
He for his country fought, for her expired :
Oh would all imitate whom all admired !

But if he sleep not with the mighty dead,
 And living laurels wreathe his honour'd head,
 By old, by young, adored, he gently goes
 Down a smooth path-way to his long repose
 Unaltering friends still love his hairs of snow,
 And rising elders in his presence bow.
 Would ye, like him, the wond'ring world engage,
 Draw the keen blades, and let the battle rage !

* * * * *

Yes, it *is* sweet in Death's first ranks to fall
 Where our loved country's threatening dangers call !
 But he who flies dishonour'd from his home,
 And foully driven in beggary to roam,
 His wife and children shrieking in his ears,
 His sire with shame abash'd, his mother drown'd in tears,
 —What indignation at his cowardice
 Shall flash upon him from all honest eyes !
 How shall he stain, for ever stain his blood,
 Rich tho' it flow, descended from the good !
 How shall he brand with infamy his brow !
 (Fair tho' it was, 'tis fair no longer now :)
 —An outcast wanderer through a scoffing world
 Till to an ignominious grave he's hurl'd ;
 Known to all future ages by his shame,
 A blot eternal on the rolls of fame !

But let us firmly stand, and scorn to fly,
 Save all we love, or with our country die,

Knit in indissoluble files, a band
Of brothers fighting for our native land ;
Ne'er let us see the veteran soldier's arm
Than ours more forward, or his heart more warm ;
Let us not leave him in the midst of foes,
Feeble with age, to deal unequal blows ;
Or in the van lie slain, with blood besmear'd
His wrinkled forehead and his snowy beard,
Stript of his spoils through many a battle worn,
And gay assumed, that inauspicious morn,
Breathing his soul out bravely at our feet—
Ne'er may our eyes a sight so shameful meet !
But oh, be ours, while yet our pulse beats high
For gory death, or glorious victory,
Be ours, if not an honourable grave,
Smiles of the fair, and friendship of the brave !

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MORAL, ELEGIAC, &c.

“ Oh Pericles, in vain the feast is spread.” p. 179.

ON what occasion this Elegy, which Stobæus has preserved, was composed, is a question that has divided the commentators. The expression, *κυμα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης* has by some been adopted literally, and they have even referred it to the death of a brother-in-law of the poet, said to have perished at sea. However, it has generally met with a figurative solution, and this is strongly assisted by a passage from Sophocles, in which the same remarkable metaphor is made use of, and pursued into a very sublime allegory, allusive to the pestilence at Thebes :

Πολις γαρ ὥσπερ κ' αὐτος εισορᾷς, &c. Oed. Tyr.

The city, dash'd about from side to side
By the rude surges of the whelming tide,
Reels dangerously on, and scarce can keep
Her sinking head above the billowy deep. M.

No commentator has gone so far as to hazard a conjec-

ture (to which the name of Pericles, the fitness of the metaphor, and of all the circumstances attending it, and the coincidence of expressions here used, with some of those in the passage above quoted, may give some colour) that the age of this poem has been antedated, and that it refers to the famous plague of Athens, described by Thucydides.

Indeed the same image of a ship in a storm, has been applied by Horace, to a state distracted by civil commotions. And this latter interpretation has also been given to a spirited fragment of Alcæus, from which Horacè probably borrowed the design of his ode :

On every side the surges sweep,
While o'er the bosom of the deep
Our tempest-beaten bark is borne,
Her sails in shapeless fragments torn,
Her tall masts o'er the billows roll'd,
Her anchors broken from their hold ;
And the storm's resistless sway
Bears wild confusion and dismay. M.

However this may be with respect to the poem before us, the necessity of an allegorical interpretation is evident from the whole tenor of it. But let the occasion which produced it be what it may, the strain of morality and poetry with which it concludes, will lead every reader to rejoice in its preservation.

“ *Oh what is life by golden love unblest ?*” p. 180.

Brunck has given us, in his notes to the “ *Gnomici Poetæ*,” a very animated translation of this fragment of Mimnermus, from the *Mémoires de l’Académie*, Tom. X. 294.

“ Que seroit, sans l’amour, le plaisir et la vie ?

Puisse-t-elle m’être ravie

Quand je perdrai le goût d’un mystère amoureux,
Des faveurs, des lieux faits pour les amans heureux.

Cueillons la fleur de l’âge—elle est bientôt passée :

Le sexe n’y fait rien : la vieillesse glacée

Vient avec la laideur confondre la beauté.

L’homme alors est en proie aux soins, à la tristesse ;

Haï des jeunes gens, des belles maltraité,

Du soleil, à regret, il souffre la clarté :

Voilà le sort de la Vieillesse.”

The delights of love are exalted by their mystery ;
and the “ *furtive kiss*” has ever been the most highly
cherished.

The Stealth of Love.

“ Dear is the stealth of love—the whisper dear

That breathes the thought of lovers, when they fear,

When rapture ventures, and suspicion chains,

And dread with fond desire the fight maintains.

All eloquence is theirs,—the varying cheek
 Eye, limb, and changeful feature, learn to speak;
 Nor more their ways of utterance, than to know
 The hidden heart from eye, or speaking brow;
 For well each new emotion they divine,
 And read a wish in every mystic sign,
 While from the vulgar crowd they hide their fires,
 And in cold greetings mask their warm desires.” B.

Four Slaves of Cythera, Canto 5.

The Grecian Elegy was not confined to amorous, or entirely to pathetic subjects. Its qualities are well illustrated by Bishop Lowth, in his Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews. “There are,” he observes, “other kinds of poetry, which, while they exercise “us in an agreeable and familiar way, never assume a “graver countenance. Such is Elegy: I do not mean “the light amatory Elegy, but that class of poems “anciently known by the name, wise, holy, severe, the “guide of life, the mistress of morality, the directress of “governments, the forerunner of virtue.”

When we turn over to the Elegies of Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, we shall find the character above given perfectly just and correct in all its particulars; but even the fragments of Mimnermus, when rightly estimated, do not essentially vary from it; for we are not to consider them as the mere effusions of a poetical mind, but as the exposition of certain philosophical

doctrines, which, however erroneous, obtained credit among many of the wisest men in Greece. It is to these opinions, and, possibly, to this very poem, that Horace alludes, when he says—

“ Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine Amore Jocisque
Nil est jucundum, vivas in Amore Jocisque.”

“ If life’s insipid without Mirth and Love,
Let Love and Mirth insipid life improve.” FRANCIS.

“ *We too as leaves that in the vernal hours.*” p. 180.

The comparison in these verses will bring to our recollection the speech of Glaucus to Diomed in the sixth book of the Iliad. There is likewise a resemblance, too strong to be passed over, between the passage describing the two Fates, one armed with death, the other with old age, which hang over our existence, and that in the Iliad which concludes the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus :

Νυν δ' ἐμνης γὰρ κηρες ἐφεσῶσιν θανατοιοῖς
Μυριαί, ἃς οὐκ ἐστὶ φυγεῖν βροτον οὐδ' ὑπαλῦσαι.

The superior genius of Homer strongly shines in this instance of comparison. Mimnermus is at pains to present a picture to the imagination, on which he labours, to give it the due effect. Homer, by a single stroke, presents an idea, vast, majestic, and general; not de-

scending into particulars, disdaining every thing like conceit and epigram.

Of all the sad items which this poem presents, the most fearful is, to bid farewell to our short residence of sorrow and tribulation :

“ The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, were a Paradise,
To what we fear of death.”

The lines of Moschus, differently modified, which, with fifty others, I translated when a boy, have been the groundwork of a larger proportion of sonnets and sentimental pieces, than any thought that ever fell from the pen of man—If my memory is not treacherous, my first paraphrase was as follows :

Ah ! me, the blooming summer bowers decay,
The herbs and flowerets cease to greet the day,
Another spring shall bid them bloom again,
Wake the cold bud, and cheer the slumbering plain,
Man wakes not to the call—great, glorious, wise,
When death’s cold dewy fingers close his eyes,
In earth’s dark cave his narrow prospects close
In one unconscious, boundless, dull repose. B.

The same idea prompted the “ *soles redire* ” of Catullus, and is again faintly repeated in the following stanzas.

The sun scarce daring to appear
Again in youthful pride shall flame ;
Another and another year
Shall view his glorious orb the same ;

But ah, from me, by sickness worn,
And shuddering at the tomb's embrace,
Each year some darling joy has torn,
And left a sorrow in its place. B.
From a poem to my friends in illness.

“ Short are the triumphs to injustice given.” p. 181.

The patriotism of the Greeks was a genuine devotion of mind produced by reflection, animated by example, encouraged by the writings of sages and philosophers, who ranked it among the most exalted qualities of humanity. The Athenian law-giver delivered in verse the precepts on which his republic was founded ; and the short fragments here translated, are presented as a specimen only of a very extensive poem on the subject, part of which has been saved from the ruins of time. The character of the poet, as well as of his works, has been more justly and honourably appreciated by none, than by the late venerable author of the *Observer* : “ Though he was an adept in the philosophy of the times, it neither soured his manners nor left him without attention to the public : when he withdrew from the world for the purposes

of study and contemplation, it was to render himself a more useful citizen on his return to society."—"His philosophy did not boast any unnatural contempt of pain or pleasure; he affected no apathy; on the contrary, when he was reproached for weeping at the death of his son, as if it was unbecoming of a wise man to bewail an evil he could not remedy, he answered with a modest sensibility of his weakness, that it was on that very account he did bewail it."

*"Oh may not death, unwept, unhonour'd, he
The melancholy fate allotted me!"* p. 183.

The wish of having our memory preserved, after death, by those who were the objects of our love and affection, while living, seems to be implanted by nature in our minds. Tibullus, in that pathetic elegy which he addresses to his young companions when languishing under a severe illness, and in expectation of his dissolution, has paid a tender and affecting tribute to this general feeling of mankind.

*"Vivite felices, memores et vivite nostri
Sive erimus, seu nos fata fuisse volent."*

For me, whatever fate the gods provide,
Whether to view awhile life's pleasing scene,
Or lie at rest with those who once have been,
Long, long on you may peace and joy attend,
But cherish still the memory of your friend! M.

This simple sentiment appears to the highest advantage when contrasted with the unnatural affected insensibility of the Stoics, and the selfish apathy of the Epicureans—Seneca has preserved the following sentence of Mæcenas,

“Nec tumulum curo. Sepelit natura relictos.”

The surly epitaph of Ennius is well known; and so is Horace’s “Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,” and his “Absint inani funere nenæ,” which Creech has rendered with unusual spirit:

“Mourn not--no friendly drops must fall,
No sighs attend my funeral!
Such common deaths may crave.
Let no disgraceful grief appear,
Nor damp my glory with a tear,
And spare the useless honours of a grave.”

These sentiments may be very well suited to a disappointed and melancholy recluse, who feels a kind of morose satisfaction in the idea of separation from mankind:

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

And our old dramatic poet, Webster, has given a most characteristic expression to this gloomy pride and misanthropy in the person of a tyrant at the hour of dissolution:

“How miserable a thing it is to die
’Mongst women howling!”

The philosophical often treads closely on the trifling, both

in sentiment and language. No Epicurean whatever, hardly a Stoic, need be ashamed of owning the doctrine contained in the following stanza, which a French gentleman sent to his mistress with a translation of Petronius's Ephesian Matron :

The fair Ephesian Matron's fault,
Who tore her husband from his vault,
Shall ne'er make me uneasy.
While living, love but me alone,
But, pretty Sylvia, when I'm gone
Then hang me if it please ye.

From the Menagiana. B.

It may, however, well be questioned whether a true affection through life is consistent with an indifference to the survival of that affection after death ; and perhaps no feeling is more universal than that which inspires a secret wish that the partner of our joys and cares may never bestow on another the same degree or species of attachment which we have been accustomed to consider as our own exclusive right.

I cannot cite this instance of tenderness in the Ephesian matron without adding two other examples of conjugal affection and obedience, the one in a wife on the point of becoming a widow, the other in a widow, who, there is very little reason for doubting, soon after became a wife :

“ *Le Boucher moribond.*”

The dying Butcher.

A butcher, parting from this life,
Thus counsell'd his distracted wife :
“ My dear, if I should really go,
Since in our trade, full well you know,

A man must certainly be had,
Our prentice Jack, if so inclined,
Could do your business to your mind,

A handy, hardy, sober lad,
Willing and able to go thro' it ;
Him marry, 'twere the safer side.”

“ Ah me !” the weeping rib replied,

“ I then was *thinking, Love*, to do it.” B.

It is related of a certain widow, who had loved her husband with the utmost affection, that, on receiving a visit of consolation from one of the best friends of the deceased, she was discovered in the afternoon of the day after his death, engaged in the game of battledoor and shuttlecock, with a young gentleman, whose object was likewise to allay the acuteness of her first grief.—“ I am most agreeably surprised,” said the second consoler, on coming into the room, “ to see that you have so far recovered your spirits, Madam, after so severe a loss.” “ Ah sir,” said the interesting mourner, “ you should have seen me in the morning.” The tender Epigram

which follows, seems to have owed its origin to this anecdote :—

Poor Alix bad her eyes rain o'er
 The day her husband was no more.
 A reverend man, as was his function,
 Come to bind up the recent wound
 With a discourse, grave, pithy, and profound,
 And full of onction.
 “Heaven wills it—calm yourself—he’s dead—
 Tears cannot bring him back,” he said,
 “Nor all your wailing break his sleep.”
 “Ah !” she replied, “but what would say
 The world, if, widow’d but to-day,
 I did not weep?” B.

“*Who but for death would find repose.*” p. 183.

I have, in a former note, suggested a comparison between Homer and Minnervus, in two very celebrated passages of these poets. The distinction I have there remarked between true sublimity and that point and accuracy which is the characteristic of the genuine Epigram is more strikingly exemplified in contrasting the verses I then quoted with the following lines of Æsop :

Πῶς τις ἀνευ θανάτου σε φυγοί Βίη ; μύρια γὰρ σου
 Λύγρα, καὶ οὐτε φυγεῖν εὐμαρὲς οὐτε φερεῖν :

where the point consists in the antithesis, which Homer’s mighty genius evidently despises.

It was a remark of Mrs. Montagu's (which I copy from the *Correspondance littéraire de M. Grimm, &c.* Tom. iii. p. 216.) that the young poets of the French Academy felt very feebly. "le beau simple de l'antique. Le peu de traits auxquels on applaudit sont précisément ceux qui s'éloignent le plus de la vérité de l'original.

Homère n'aurait jamais eu l'esprit de dire qu'Hector, en couvrant son fils de baisers et de larmes,

Le berça mollement de ses robustes bras,

Qu' à des emplois si doux Mars ne destinait pas."

"*All human things are subject to decay.*" p. 185.

The recommendation of indulgence in pleasure and festivity, from a view of the shortness and uncertainty of life, is so common to this poem, with all the poetry, and even philosophy, of antiquity, that there is no need of enlarging upon it in this place. Martial carries it so far, that even the contemplation of one of the most affecting emblems of mortality presents to his imagination only a voluptuous incitement. His Epigram on the Mausoleum of Augustus, notwithstanding this tendency, has in it a mixture of melancholy sufficient to render it very attractive :

Fill high the bowl with sparkling wine !

Cool the bright draught with summer-snow !

Amidst my locks let odours flow !

Around my temples roses twine !

See yon proud emblem of decay,
 Yon lordly pile that braves the sky !
 It bids us live our little day,
 Teaching that gods themselves may die. M.

The shortness of life, the "brittleness of youth," the swift approach of age, are all topics on which the ancient poets, more especially those of the earliest times, delight to indulge the melancholy of their imaginations. Perhaps the most beautiful, among the many thousands of verses which these gloomy ideas have produced, are by a poet, who appears of all others, the least likely to have composed them, and in a place where, of all others we should least expect to find them—by Juvenal, in the most offensive of all his Satires. Yet, seldom as that author has deserved the appellation of poetical, in this very composition he suddenly bursts into a strain of tenderness certainly not surpassed by Mimnermus, Theognis, or Simonides :

" Swift down the pathway of declining years,
 As on we journey through this vale of tears,
 Youth wastes away, and withers like a flower,
 The lovely phantom of a fleeting hour ;
 Mid' the light sallies of the mantling soul,
 The smiles of beauty, and the social bowl,
 Inaudible, the foot of chilly age
 Steals on our joys, and drives us from the stage."

Hodgson's Juvenal, Sat. 7.

" Ah me ! alike o'er youth and age I sigh." p. 186.

" In ancient days," (I am again quoting from the Commentators on Hebrew poetry,) " in ancient days, and in the first beginnings of society, the mode of instructing through the medium of moral sentences, was very general. Science was, at its birth, rude and inartificial, not distributed into parts, nor reduced to any certain rule or measure. They who excelled others in knowledge and practice, compressed the fruit of their experience into axioms and concise precepts adapted to the immediate use of their less accomplished neighbours. Among uncultivated men, precept has more weight than argument ; compulsion is stronger than persuasion. But it soon became their object to soften the austerity of their injunctions by the ornaments of language ; they reduced their edicts into short, forcible, and harmonious sentences ; illustrated them by figures, images, comparisons ; distinguished them by force of description and elegance of style."

It is easy to discover how closely these observations apply to the early poets of Greece, whose *Γρῶμαι* or " Moral Sentences" are partially preserved in some of the different Anthologies. Those of Theognis, some examples of which are here given, are simple precepts of religion, morality, or philosophy, written metrically to assist the memory. The greatest part of what remains to us of

his composition is strikingly beautiful in the original, notwithstanding its extreme simplicity. Athenæus accuses the poet of being a voluptuary ; and Suidas tells us that a book of his entitled “ Exhortations ” abounded with impurities. This is by no means the case with any of his fragments now in existence.

“ *Could wealth with sorrow unalloy'd be mine.*” p. 188.

Next to positive enjoyment, hope and expectation constitute the principal pleasures of existence ; and men have little reason to thank the philosophy which would restrain them from the luxury of wishing and castle-building. To pass a life entirely free from those pains and penalties to which “ flesh is heir,” may appear a desire no less exorbitant in itself than improbable in its accomplishment ; yet the philosophical Theognis thought that it argued no want of modesty in him to express it.

While we are wishing, indeed, where is the absurdity of carrying our desires as far as our imaginations will extend ? The folly of being too moderate on such an occasion has been taught us all, even in our childhood, by the well known fable of the three wishes. My friend Mr. Hodgson lately published a little philosophical poem, which may serve equally as an antidote to the unreasonable restrictions imposed by his favourite poet Juvenal, on the objects of prayer, and by way of

foundation for the requests of those, who, with the strictest sense of decorum, are wisely unwilling to lose anything for want of asking. It has occurred to me, however, that his Manual is far from being complete, since it does not nearly comprehend all the legitimate objects of human expectation. He will, on that account, pardon me the seeming arrogance with which I have ventured to introduce, in this place, an enlarged, if not an improved, edition of his valuable text.

MODERATE WISHES.

Let Alexander's discontented soul
Pine for another world's increased control ;
Ill weaved ambition has no charms for me,
Nor, sordid avarice, am I slave to thee.

I only ask twelve thousand pounds a year,
And Curwen's country seat on Windermere.
A mistress, kind, and sensible, and fair,
And many a friend, and not a single care.

I am no glutton—no—I never wish
A sturgeon floating in a golden dish ;
At the Piazza satisfied to pay
Two guineas for my dinner every day.
What though famed Erskine * at the bar we view
As learn'd as Crassus, and as wealthy too,

* From this, and other allusions in the Poem, it will be seen that it was composed several years ago. It would have been easy

I only ask the eloquence of Fox,
To paint like Reynolds, and like Belcher box,
To act as Garrick did,—or any how
Unlike the heroes of the buskin now ;
To range like Garnerin through fields of air,
To win, like Villiers, England's richest fair,
To vault, like Astley, o'er a horse's back,
To fight like Nelson, and to run like Mack,
Like Pinto fiddle, and with Newton's eye
Pierce through the stars, and count the galaxy;
With Jonas conjure, light as Vestris bound,
Grin broad as Colman, though as Locke profound.

Let heirs unblushing pray for boundless lands,
And streams that ripple clear o'er golden sands.

I only ask, that all my heart's desire
Come with a wish, and leave me ere it tire,
All arts, all excellence, myself to hold,
Learn'd without labour, without danger bold.

I only ask, these blessings to enjoy,
And every various talent well employ ;
Thy life, Methusalem, or, if not thine,
An immortality of love and wine.

Fate heard the wish,—and smiling gave me clear,
Besides a wooden leg, twelve pounds a year.

to *modernize* them: but the main object of its republication being the moral lesson which it conveys, this was judged unnecessary.

This unlucky termination obtruded itself, somewhat mal-à-propos, as the probable, rather than the desirable result of expectations so well founded. Modest and unassuming as are those expectations, what remains for me in this place, but to indulge the reasonable hope that all the blessings here invoked, and as many more as can possibly be imagined, may alight both on the author and the improver of the poem. Far, very far from both, be its "lame and impotent conclusion" !

After all that has been said on this chapter of wishes, the remark of Le Brun is but too true, that

Content with nought, and all requiring,
Man hurries on with heedless haste,
To keen enjoyment from desiring,
And from enjoyment to distaste. B.

"If any virtue my rude songs can claim." p. 183.

It is possible that the opening of this idyll suggested to Milton the following lines of Lycidas :

"Alas ! what boots it, with incessant care
To ply the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Is it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Necera's hair ?"

However this may be, a more noble answer cannot be given to the slavish complaints of Bion, than in the verses which immediately follow. They are the natural suggestions of a passion so inherent in human nature, as to be almost universal, and which yet, perhaps, was hardly ever felt without inspiring the hope, and the belief of a futurity:

“FAME is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.”

I have prescribed no bounds to my wanderings in the course of these “Illustrations,” and shall here take advantage of the liberty which I allow myself, to introduce a few original stanzas, which, if the reader chooses to connect them with the preceding remark, he may call a summary of the incitements to virtuous action, which the pride of human nature, independent of the precepts of religion, may be supposed capable of affording.

ENERGY.

Life is not made to flow in smooth delight,
Or to be lost in unavailing sorrow;
It is a chequer'd scene of black and white;
The cloud scarce form'd to-day, may burst to-morrow.

It is for action given, for mental force,
For deeds of energetic hardihood;
There is no time for wailing and remorse,
There is no room for selfish solitude.

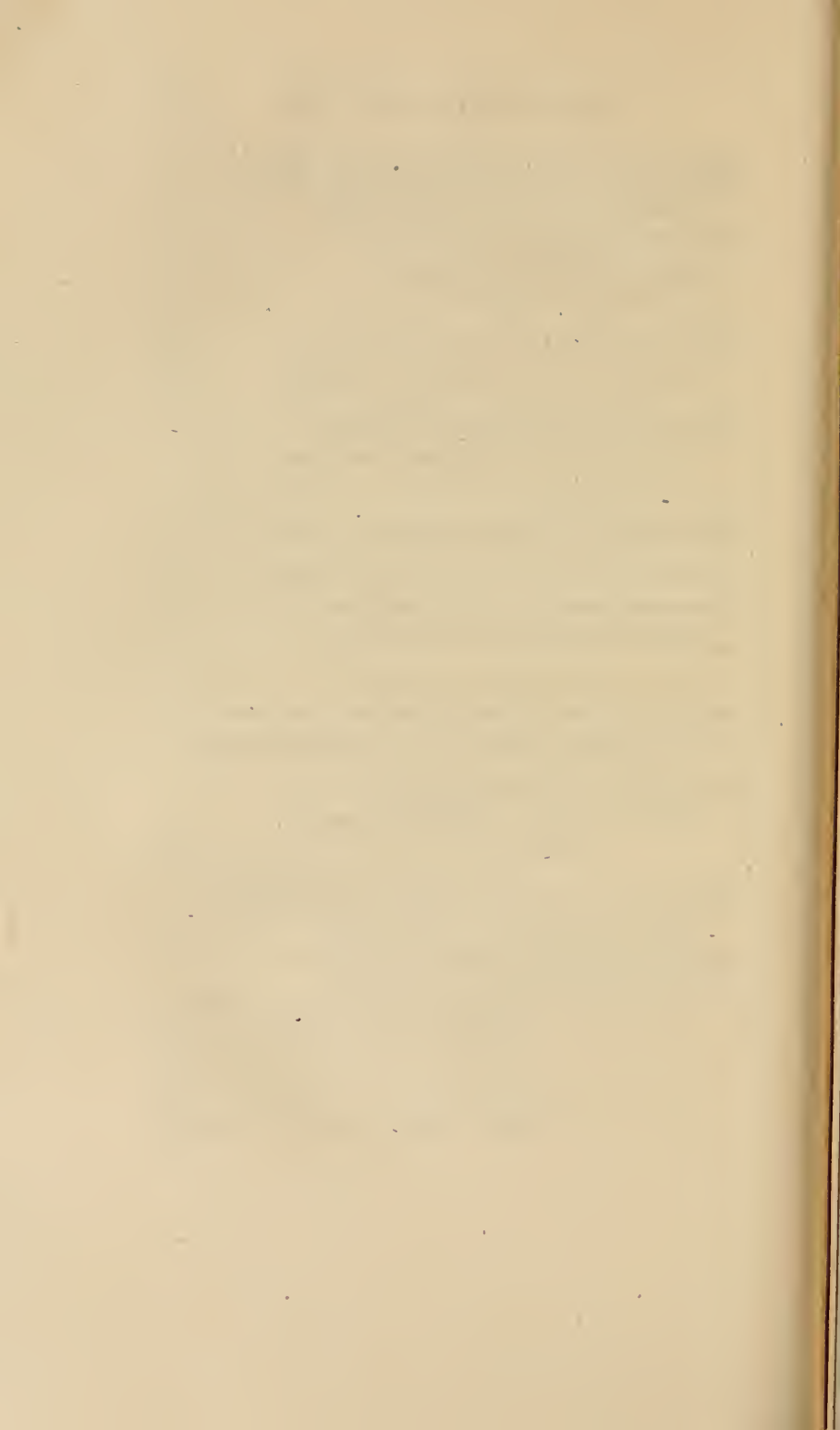
There is no day doth pass, but teems with fate,
No fleeting hour, but alteration brings.
O'er this our perishable mortal state,
Variety for ever waves her wings.

Then let not mortal man of change complain,
Of change, that rules this sublunary sphere,
Nor waste, in fond regret and listless pain,
The hours assign'd to generous action here.

The dreams of lawless youth, perhaps, are fled,
The glass brisk circling, and the jovial song ;
The careless heart, the wild fantastic head,
That to the early burst of life belong,

No more are ours—Perhaps, with these, have flown
Some cherish'd pleasures yet more closely twined,
That Hope, delusive, fondly call'd our own,
And Fate, unpitying, claims to be resign'd.

Are Youth's wild fancies check'd? Ambition glows
With fiercer heat in our maturer age ;
Honour reniains, the foe to dull repose,
And points a hard, but glorious pilgrimage. M.



MORAL.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DRAMATIC POETS.

M O R A L.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DRAMATIC POETS.

Menander. 1.

REPROOF OF DISCONTENT. B.

HADST only thou, of all mankind, been born
To walk in paths untroubled with a thorn,
From the first hour that gave thee vital air
Consign'd to pleasure, and exempt from care.
Heedless to wile away the day and night
In one unbroken banquet of delight,
Pamper each ruling sense, secure from ill,
And own no law superior to thy will ;
If partial Heav'n had ever sworn to give
This happy right as thy prerogative,
Then blame the Gods, and call thy life the worst,
Thyself of all mankind the most accurst !

But if with us the common air you draw,
 Subject alike, to Nature's general law,
 And on thy head an equal portion fall
 Of life's afflicting weight imposed on all,
 Take courage from necessity, and try
 Boldly to meet the foe thou canst not fly.
 Thou art a man, like others doom'd to feel
 The quick descent of Fortune's giddy wheel;
 Weak human race ! We strive to soar from sight
 With wings unfitted to the daring flight ;
 Restless each fleeting object to obtain,
 We lose in minutes what in years we gain :
 But why should'st thou, my honour'd friend, repine ?
 No grief peculiar or unknown is thine !
 Tho' Fortune smile no more as once she smiled,
 Nor pour her gifts on thee, her favourite child,
 Patient and firm, the present ill redress,
 Nor, by despairing, make thy little less.

Menander. 2.

AN EARLY DEATH TO BE DESIRED. M.

———Most blest, my friend, is he
 Who having once beheld this glorious frame
 Of Nature, treads again the path he came.
 The common sun, the clouds, the starry train,
 The elemental fire, and watery main,

If for a hundred years they glad our sight,
 Or but a moment ere they fade in night,
 'Tis all the same—we never shall survey
 Scenes half so wond'rous fair and blest as they.
 Beyond 'tis all an empty, giddy show,
 Noise, tumult, strife, extravagance, and woe ;
 He who can first retire departs the best,
 His reckoning paid, he sinks unharm'd to rest :
 But him who stays, fatigue and sorrows wait,
 Old age, and penury's unhappy state ;
 By the world's tempests toss'd, a prey he lies
 To open force and ambush'd enemies,
 Till his long-suffering frame and lingering breath
 He yields at last to agonizing death.

Menander. 3.

MAN, THE MOST MISERABLE OF CREATED
 THINGS. M.

THE meanest animals that creep the earth
 Are far more blest than those of mortal birth.
 Vain man the boast of reason must resign :
 That valued boast, laborious Ass ! be thine.
 Wretched by fate, thy lot doth Heaven bestow,
 But never wert thou to thyself a foe.
 But we, whenever Jove in pity spares,
 Forge for ourselves unnecessary cares.

Our coward souls start at an empty dream ;
 We shrink and tremble when the night birds scream :
 The soul's contentions, mad ambition's strains,
 Opinion's dogmas, law's inglorious chains,
 Are but the modes our fertile minds create,
 To add new pangs to every sting of fate.

Menander. 4.

THE USE OF RICHES.

CUMBERLAND.

ABUNDANCE is a blessing to the wise ;
 The use of riches in discretion lies ;
 Learn this, ye men of wealth ! A heavy purse
 In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

Philemon. 1.

ON TEARS. B.

IF tears could med'cine human ills, and give
 The heart o'ercharged a sweet restorative,
 Gold, jewels, splendour, all we reckon dear,
 Were mean and worthless to a single tear.
 But ah ! nor treasures bribe, nor raining eyes,
 Our firm inexorable destinies :

Weep we or not, as sun succeeds to sun,
In the same course our fates unpitying run.
'Tears yet are ours whene'er misfortunes press,
And tho' our weeping fails to give redress,
Long as their fruits the changing seasons bring,
Those bitter drops will flow from sorrow's spring.

Philemon. 2.

CUMBERLAND.

EXTREMES of fortune are true wisdom's test ;
And he's of men most wise, who bears them best.

Antiphanes. 1.

THE RE-UNION OF DEPARTED FRIENDS. M.

WHEN those whom love and blood endear
Lie cold upon the funeral bier,
How fruitless are our tears of woe,
How vain the grief that bids them flow !
Those friends lamented are not dead,
Tho' dark to us the road they tread ;
All soon must follow to the shore,
Where they have only gone before.
Shine but to-morrow's sun, and we,
Compell'd by equal destiny,
Shall in one common home embrace,
Where they have first prepared our place.

Antiphanes. 2. - M.

MAN never willingly embraced his fate ;
 But oft' reluctant in life's golden hours
 Is downward dragg'd by Charon's gloomy hate
 From his glad banquets and his roseate bowers.

Antiphanes. 3.

OLD AGE. M.

YES,—'tis the greatest evil man can know,
 The keenest sorrow in this world of woe,
 The heaviest impost laid on human breath,
 Which all must pay, or yield the forfeit, Death.
 For Death all wretches pray ; but when the prayer
 Is heard, and he steps forth to ease their care,
 Gods ! how they tremble at his aspect rude,
 And, loathing, turn. Such man's ingratitude,
 And none so fondly cling to life, as he
 Who hath outlived all life's felicity.

Anaxandrides.

THE SAME SUBJECT. M.

YE gods ! how easily the good man bears
 His cumbrous honours of encreasing years
 Age, oh my father, is not, as they say,
 A load of evils heap'd on mortal clay,

Unless impatient folly aids the curse,
And weak lamenting makes our sorrows worse.
He, whose soft soul, whose temper ever even,
Whose habits, placid as a cloudless heaven,
Approve the partial blessings of the sky,
Smooths the rough road, and walks untroubled by ;
Untimely wrinkles furrow not his brow,
And graceful wave his locks of reverend snow.

Moschion. 1.

THE EXILE. M.

THE proudest once, in glory, mind, and race,
The first of monarchs, of mankind the grace,
Now wandering, outcast, desolate, and poor,
A wretched exile on a foreign shore,
With miserable aspect bending low,
Holds in his trembling hand the suppliant bough :
Unhappy proof, how false the flattering light
Which Fortune's blazing torch holds forth to sight !
Now, not the meanest stranger passing by,
But greets the grovelling despot with a sigh,
Perhaps with gentle accents soothes his woe,
And lets the kindly tear of pity flow ;
For where's the heart so harden'd and so rude,
As not to melt at life's vicissitude !

Astydamas. M.

Joy follow thee ; if joy can reach the dead,
And, or my mind misgives, it surely will ;
For when the miseries of life are fled,
How sweet the deep forgetfulness of ill !

Euphorion.

ON TEARS. M.

BE temperate in grief ! I would not hide
The starting tear-drop with a Stoic's pride ;
I would not bid the o'erburthen'd heart be still,
And outrage Nature with contempt of ill.
Weep, but not loudly ! he, whose stony eyes
Ne'er melt in tears, is hated by the skies.

Clearchus.

ON DRUNKENNESS. M.

COULD every drunkard, ere he sits to dine,
Feel in his head the dizzy fumes of wine,
No more would Bacchus chain the willing soul,
But loathing horror shun the poison'd bowl.
—But frantic joy foreruns the pains of fate,
And real good we cannot calculate.

Eubulus.

INTEMPERANCE.

CUMBERLAND.

THREE cups of wine a prudent man may take ;
The first of these, for constitution's sake ;
The second, to the girl he loves the best ;
The third and last, to lull him to his rest ;
Then home to bed !—but if a fourth he pours,
That is the cup of folly, and not ours ;
Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends ;
The sixth breeds feuds and falling out of friends ;
Seven beget blows, and faces stain'd with gore ;
Eight—and the watch-patrole breaks ope the door ;
Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
And the swill'd sot drops senseless to the ground.

Diodorus.

CUMBERLAND.

WHEN your foe dies, let all resentment cease,
Make peace with death, and death shall give you peace.

Theophilus.

ON LOVE.

CUMBERLAND.

IF love be folly, as the schools would prove,
 The man must lose his wits who falls in love :
 Deny him love, you doom the wretch to death,
 And then it follows he must lose his breath.
 Good sooth ! there is a young and dainty maid
 I dearly love ; a minstrel she by trade ;
 What then ? must I defer to pedant rule,
 And own that love transforms me to a fool ?
 Not I, so help me ! by the gods I swear,
 The nymph I love is fairest of the fair ;
 Wise, witty, dearer to her poet's sight,
 Than piles of money on an author's night :
 Must I not love her then ? let the dull sot,
 Who made the law, obey it ! I will not.

Crates.

OLD AGE.

CUMBERLAND.

THESE shrivelled sinews and this bending frame,
 The workmanship of time's strong hand proclaim ;
 Skill'd to reverse whate'er the gods create,
 And make that crooked which they fashion straight :

Hard choice for man, to die—or else to be
That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see.
Age then we all prefer ; for age we pray,
And travel on to life's last ling'ring day ;
Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
Find heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse.

Pherecrates.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

CUMBERLAND.

AGE is the heaviest burthen man can bear,
Compound of disappointment, pain and care ;
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength,
Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays :
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.

An uncertain Author.

ON FRIENDSHIP. M.

How sweet is life, when pass'd with those
Whom our own hearts approving chose ;
When on some few surrounding friends
Our all of happiness depends !

It is not life, to drag, alone,
A miserable being on,
Without one kindred soul to share
Our pleasure, or relieve our care :
But welcome falls the stroke of Fate,
That frees us from so sad a state.

Another.

AGAINST MELANCHOLY. M.

HENCE, Melancholy, soul-subduing source
Of woes unnumber'd in our mortal course !
Oft gloomy madness seizes on thy slave,
And pale diseases crowd him to the grave ;
Diseases, that admit no cure nor stay,
But eat with silent tooth our souls away.
Thy wretched victim oft, in manhood's pride,
Cuts short the bloom of life by suicide,
When Hope has fled affrighted from thy face
And giant Sorrow fills the empty space.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MORAL, DRAMATIC.

“ Hadst only thou, of all mankind, been born.” p. 217.

SOCIETY in misfortune, (let us not scruple to confess it,) is its greatest alleviation. The world wears a holiday face ; but to smile, and be happy, are widely different. But why should I take out of the hands of Metastasio, what nobody else can express so well ?

“ Se a ciascun l’ interno affanno
Si leggesse in fronte scritto,
Quanti mai che invidia fanno,
Ci farebbero pietà !

Si vedria che i lor nemici
Hanno in seno, e si riduce
Nel parere a noi felici
Ogni lor felicità.”

Oh, could we read on every brow
 The inward grief in silence bred,
 How many whom we envy now
 Would claim our pity while we read !

Then would appear what hidden foes
 Are lodged in every human breast,
 That all our smiles but mask our woes,
 That all our bliss is seeming blest. B.

" The meanest animals that creep the earth." p. 219.

Cornelius Agrippa, in his discourse of the Vanitie of Sciences, dedicates one whole chapter to a digression in praise of the ass, a beast, he says, " whose influence dependeth on Sephiroth, which is called Hochma, that is to say, Wisedome." It is very edifying, as Bayle observes, to put mankind to shame by comparing their conduct to that of the brutes : " C'est un des plus beaux lieux communs de la morale, que de faire voir à l'homme ses desordres, en comparant sa conduite dereglee avec la regularité des Lêtes." But then, unfortunately, it is so easy to turn the tables on philosophical declaimers of this sort ! The Empress Barbara of Cilley (who plays a considerable part in the interesting romance of Herman of Unna,) was one who " ne croioit ni Paradis ni Enfer, et se moquoit des religieuses qui renoncent aux plaisirs de la vie, et qui mortifient leurs corps." Her first hus-

band being dead, she very soon began to think of taking to herself a second ; when some of the sage moralists above alluded to represented to her the example of the turtle, which remains a widow all its life after the loss of its mate, “ Si vous avez,” repondit-elle, “ à me proposer l'exemple des bêtes, proposez moi celui des pigeons et des moineaux.” Bayle, Art. Barbe.

“ *Abundance is a blessing to the wise.*” p. 220.

There are a few Greek Epigrams illustrative of the passion of avarice that do not seem to me worthy of translation—let me substitute one or two from the French, which may make amends for this omission.

Epitaph on a Miser.

Here lies a miser, who, beside
Ten hundred other niggard shifts,
On new-year's eve expressly died
For fear of making new-year's gifts. B.

Advice to a Miser how to keep venison sweet.

This morning I received some game,
But, in this monstrous heat,
I know not where to keep the same.—
Of all thine house I recommend
The kitchen, as a spot, my friend,
Most cold, and fittest far, to keep it sweet. B.

Next to the desire of amassing, is the dislike to parting with, money.

The Debtor.

My debtor Paul looks pale and harass'd ;
 Thinks he on means to pay his bill ?
 Oh no—he only is embarrass'd
 For means to be my debtor still. B.

“ If tears could med'cine human ills.” p. 220.

Compare this and the succeeding fragment with those beautiful lines in the fifteenth Satire of Juvenal :

“ Nature, who fills with tears the pitying eye,
 Confesses her own gift of sympathy.
 That gentle gift, mankind's exclusive boast,
 Makes him the happiest, who enjoys it most.”

HODGSON.

On these verses of Philemon depends a curious literary anecdote. Scaliger, with all his profundity of critical judgment, was credulous to a degree that made him a fair butt for imposture. At the age of eighteen, he piqued himself on his faculty of distinguishing the characteristic styles of writers of every age. Muretus brought him, one day, some verses which he pretended to have received from Germany, as copied from an ancient manuscript.

Scaliger, having examined them, gave his opinion that they were the composition of Quintus Trabea, the comic poet whom Cicero quotes in his *Tusculan Disputations*. Not satisfied with this imprudent declaration, he even published them as Trabea's, in the first edition of his *Commentary on Varro*. Shortly after this, Muretus shewed him some other verses, to which he affixed the name of Accius, and pronounced them to be a most impudent plagiarism from Trabea. Scaliger was again taken in, and, in the next edition of his work, published those verses also by the side of the former. Muretus only laughed in his sleeve, and said nothing at that time, but two years afterwards, published a volume of his own poems, and, among them, both copies of verses which he had thus palmed upon Scaliger for undoubted antiques, together with a provoking note, in which the whole history of his imposture was fully stated, concluding thus ; “ Nemo repertus est qui non ea pro veteribus acceperit. Unus etiam, et eruditione et judicio acerrimo præditus, repertus est, qui ea à me accepta pro veteribus publicaret. Ne quis igitur amplius fallatur,” &c. &c. Stung to the quick, Scaliger revenged himself by a most biting Epigram upon his deceiver.

Many further particulars of this curious transaction are related by Bayle (*Art. Trabea*), who has also cited both the pretended verses of Trabea, and the pretended theft of Accius. Both are elegant versions of the fragment of Philemon, which occasioned this note ; and so excellen^t

are they, as imitations of the old comic writers, that it is scarcely possible to wonder at the success of the imposture.

Trabea

“ Here, si querelis, ejulatu, fletibus,
 Medicina fieret miseriis mortalium,
 Auro parandæ lacrumæ contrà forent.
 Nunc hæc ad minuenda mala non magis valent,
 Quam nænia præficæ ad excitandos mortuos.
 Res turbidæ consilium, non fletum expetunt.”

Accius.

“ Nam, si lamentis allevaretur dolor,
 Longoque fletu minueretur miseria,
 Tam turpe lacrumis indulgere non foret,
 Tractâque voce divûm obtestari fidem,
 Tabifica donec pectore excesset lues.
 Nunc hæ neque hilum de dolore detrahunt,
 Potiusque cumulum miseriis adjiciunt mali,
 Et indecoram mentis mollitiam arguunt.”

“ *The proudest once in glory, mind, and race.*” p. 223.

Of Moschion, who is supposed to have been one of the earliest comic poets of Greece, nothing is known except the names of two of his plays. One of these is “Themistocles,” and it seems not improbable that this

fragment, preserved by Stobæus, may refer to the exile of that great man, when a suppliant at the court of Admetus.—“To see what solitariness is about dying princes ! As heretofore they have unpeopled towns, divorced friends, and made great houses inhospitable, so now—(oh justice !)—where are their flatterers now ? Flatterers are but the shadows of princes’ bodies. The least thick cloud makes them invisible !” *Webster’s White Devil*.

“ *When those whom love and blood endear.*” p. 222.

Every joy that passes from us, every friend who dies before us, must be considered as a new dissolution of some hold that attached us to life.—By such losses we become reconciled to lose it. What is dear to us might have remained with our duration, and have gone with us at the same moment :

“ But heaven, that calls us from the world away,
 Wills that our joy should last but for a day ;
 And lest on things below we fix our eyes,
 Charm’d with existence, and forget the skies,
 Freedom from ill is happiness at best,
 And e’en the very summit is but rest.
 For not in youth we pluck a thornless rose,
 And all our after way is dark with woes :
 A bosom husband, parent, child, and friend,
 Before our summons to the grave descend,

That, sadly robb'd on every coming year
 Of something loved, that chain'd our wishes here,
 Life-weary grown, we loath our dark sojourn,
 And wish to follow whence is no return. B.

Four Slaves of Cythera, Canto 9.

In the Asiatic Researches is a translation of an Indian grant of land which was made about A. D. 1018. So strongly did the warmth of their poetical imaginations incorporate itself with every production of the Oriental writers, that, even in this simple legal transaction, we meet with a string of moral sentiments clothed in elevated metaphorical language, and worthy of being compared with the melancholy complaints of Menander or the philosophical strains of Simonides and Theognis. I will here present a few of these sentences rendered into English verse, in order to illustrate the comparison I have made :

Unthinking youth, life's first impetuous stage,
 Too oft provokes the swift approach of age,
 Woos to his arms the tyrant of his race,
 And dies, empoison'd by the foul embrace.

This frame of man three unrelenting foes
 Besiege with sure variety of woes.
 Death and old-age their blasting force unite
 Against the peasant's toil and monarch's might
 The third, ordain'd by hostile powers above,
 Is separation from the friends we love.

That pang strikes deepest in the human heart,
That bitter anguish when we say "We part."
The moment when our lips pronounce "Farewell,"
Is as the fall from upper heaven to hell.

The life of man, and all his glittering joys,
Are the most frail of Nature's frailest toys;
Like rain-drops, trembling on the leafy spray,
The gale scarce breathes, and scatters them away. M.

While I am on this subject of comparison between the Oriental and Grecian systems of poetical morality, I cannot avoid referring to my former observations on Minnermus, in order to illustrate the voluptuous precepts of that peculiar sect of philosophy by a sublime passage in the Book of the Wisdom of Solomon, which seems in a most direct manner levelled against the Asiatic professors of similar doctrines.

Thus said the Heathen, reasoning but in vain—
"Man's life is short; but lengthen'd out by pain;
In death no remedy, no comfort, lies,
And from the grave we never more shall rise.
Born to all chance, on all adventures driven,
The sport of Fortune or capricious Heaven,
We pass away and are no longer seen,
And leave no record that we once have been.
Our breath is smoke; our heart's warm pulse a spark,
Soon kindled, soon extinct—then all is dark;

Consumed to ashes our weak house of clay,
Our spirit vanish'd like soft air away ;
Our name erased from Time's uncertain page ;
Our works unnoticed by the rising age.
We die, alas ! and leave no trace behind,
Like airy vapours driv'n before the wind,
Like mists that gather at the close of night,
Soon scatter'd by the day's increasing light.
And when this vision is dissolved at last,
This empty, trifling, fleeting, shadow past,
A seal is fix'd upon the funeral urn,
And fate itself prohibits our return.

Come, then, enjoy the hours that yet are thine,
Give thy full soul to perfumes, baths, and wine,
Let youth enhance the moments as they fly,
And let no flower of painted Spring pass by !
With early rosebuds crown thy festive head,
Ere yet their full-blown leaves are torn and shed ;
Omit no untried joy, no new delight,
The jovial day, the soft voluptuous night ;
Leave, thro' the world, the signs of parted bliss—
—This is our portion, and our lot is this." M

This is enough for the illustration of the subject before us ; but we must not forget to notice what follows. With a wonderful mixture of force and ingenuity, the sacred poet proceeds (still in the character, though no

longer in the language, of the heathen) to the consequential doctrines of this sect of voluptuaries, to those secondary precepts which are not expressed, but are necessarily implied, in their false and selfish philosophy.

“ Let us oppress the poor righteous man ; let us not spare the widow, nor reverence the gray hairs of the aged ; let our strength be the law of Justice,” &c. &c.

To this succeeds a sudden turn of language, in the highest degree noble, solemn, and impressive.

“ Such things they did imagine, and were deceived—For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity—The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God—In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction—But they are in peace.

“ For, though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.”

Notwithstanding the success with which Potter's faithful and animated translations of the great fathers of the Grecian Drama, have deservedly been attended, it has always appeared to me, that the true spirit of their poetry might be more nearly attained, by adopting the sonorous and majestic couplet, which Dryden wished to introduce on the English stage, in imitation of Corneille and Racine; and which, however unsuitable to the purpose of representing violent and sudden emotions, is peculiarly well adapted as the vehicle both of declamatory passion, and of pathetic sweetness.

The few detached scenes and single speeches which I have at different times amused myself by translating under this impression, will both afford a more accurate explanation of my meaning, and in some measure tend either to establish or controvert my doctrine. Their general affinity in point of style and subject with those of the preceding division will, I hope, be a sufficient apology for their intrusion in this place. I have added to the rest, two or three specimens of the Grecian Chorus; of which the last, namely, that from the Clouds of Aristophanes, has been communicated to me by a friend, who wishes to avoid any comparison with the translation of the same piece by Cumberland, except on the ground of greater closeness to the original.

EXTRACTS FROM THE GRECIAN DRAMA.

From the Alcestis of Euripides.

THE FAREWELL OF ADMETUS TO ALCESTIS. B.

I GRANT thee all—distrust not, gentle wife—
Dead thou art mine, thou only, as in life !
No bride of all Thessalia's blooming race
Shall call me husband second in thy place,
Not tho' she mate thy high nobility,
Nor yield in angel loveliness to thee.
Enough of children ; guard them, Heaven, I pray !
For her ye only lent, and tore away.
Not for a year, but while my pulses beat,
In this poor heart while memory holds a seat,
So long I'll mourn thee on this hateful earth,
Curse my grey sire, and her who gave me birth,
Who fear'd to die, tho' bow'd by grief and time,
But sent thee drest in smiles, and in thy prime,
Torn from the joys of youth and nuptial bed,
A ransom for thy lord, to join the dead.

Farewell to revel and the festive throng,
To wanton garlands, dance, and social song,
Henceforth to me, sweet instruments, be mute !
The harp's wild raptures, and the Lydian flute,

All that was pleasure once, my thoughts resign,
For all my joys are buried in thy shrine.

I'll have thee moulded as in life, and bear
To my lone couch thy image sadly dear ;
Fall on the semblance, clasp it in my arms,
Name it from thee, and circling fancied charms,
Gaze on the fair deceit, nor e'er forsake
The death-cold statue, till it seems to wake.
Poor comfort ! but in trifles light as these
My aching heart shall idly ask for ease.
Yet in the dead still hour of night arise,
When troubled phantoms flit before my eyes !
Thou shalt not fright me, but my senses close
In dreams of gentleness and lost repose.
Oh, had I voice and power of song to melt
The prince of night, who once for Orpheus felt,
Pleased would I journey o'er these dreary coasts,
And bear thee, dearest, from the land of ghosts ;
Ne'er should I tremble at that fearful way,
But wake thy eyes to smile upon the day.
Vain, idle thoughts ! In those sad realms await
Thy husband's coming when released by fate ;
One common mansion for our shades prepare,
That our rent loves may join eternal there :
And when I die, to friendship I entrust
In one small urn to mix our kindred dust ;
For as we loved on earth, the grave shall be
Dearer than life in thy society."

From the same.

ADDRESS OF THE CHORUS TO ALCESTIS. M.

DAUGHTER of Pelias ! peaceful sleep
In Pluto's mansions cold and deep,
Where the bright sun can enter never !
And may the gloomy monarch know,
And he, the steersman old and slow,
By whom the ghosts are wafted o'er ;
To that uncomfortable shore,
No spirit half so lovely ever,
Nor half so pure, his boat did take
On the dark bosom of the Stygian lake.

Thy name preserved in sweetest lays,
The sacred bards of future days
The seven-string'd lyre shall tune to thee,
Waking its mountain-melody ;
Or in harmonious notes shall sing,
What time the rosy-bosom'd spring
Bedews with April-showers
Fair Sparta's walls, and, all the night,
The full moon pours her silver light
On Athens' heav'n-loved towers.

Oh ! could the power of verse recall
Thy ghost from Pluto's dreary hall,
And dark Cocytus' spectred wave !
Oh ! could it bid thy spirit stray
Back to the cheerful light of day,
And break the darkness of the grave !

Most-loved, most honour'd shade, farewell !
We know not what the Gods below
Will measure out of bliss or woe ;
Yet may thy gentle spirit dwell,
In those dark realms to which it fled,
Most blest among the peaceful dead !

Nor thou, afflicted husband, mourn
That voyage whence is no return,
And which we all are doom'd to try :
The Gods' great offspring, battle-slain,
'Mid common heroes press the plain,
And undistinguish'd die.

But she who nobly died, to save
A husband from the cheerless grave,
Though seen no more by mortal eye,
Shines, a bright power, above the sky.
Hail, lovely light of Pheræ's vale !
Blest guardian of the wand'ring stranger, hail !

From the Electra of Sophocles.

ELECTRA TAKING THE URN OF ORESTES. B.

MOURNFUL remembrancer, whose orb contains
Whate'er of dear Orestes now remains,
How dead my hopes in thee, but lately sent
A blooming boy to happy banishment ;
For now I bear whatever lived of thee
In this small record of mortality !
Oh had I died, before to foreign lands
I sent thee, rescued from the murderer's hands !
Then had we shared one melancholy doom,
And peaceful slumber'd in thy father's tomb.
Afar from home beneath another sky
Thou diest—and ah ! no sister then was nigh
To bathe thy corse, and from the greedy fire
Collect thy ashes, as the dead require ;
But strangers paid the debt ; who now return
Thy cherish'd dust within this little urn.
And have I watch'd thine infancy in vain
With lengthen'd hope, and love that sweeten'd pain ?
Shielded thine innocence from dangers rude
With more than parents' fond solicitude ?
Ta'en thee from menial hands, myself thy slave,
And rear'd thee, brother—only for the grave ?

Now barren all my hopeful cares are made,
Lost with thy life, unfruitful as thy shade.
Oh thou hast gone, and like the whirlwind's force
Swept all away together in thy course.
Dead is my sire, and I, who lived alone
In thee, no longer live since thou art gone.
Our foes exult ; our mother, wild with joy,
(Alas, no mother) hails her lifeless boy ;
For whom I waited as my sorrow's friend,
Avenger of his father's timeless end,
But now instead, o'er this sad urn I weep,
Where his poor ashes cold and silent sleep.

Oh piteous corse ! oh brother, sent to tread,
Before this wretch, the regions of the dead !
How hast thou left me to my foes a prey,
How has thy funeral swept my hopes away ?
Yet take me, gentle brother ! give me room
To rest beside thee in this narrow tomb !
That, as we shared affliction when alive,
Our boundless love may in the shades survive,
While our dust slumbers, mix'd by friendly fate,
Dull and unconscious of a mother's hate.

From the Philoctetes of Sophocles.

PHILOCTETES ROBBED OF HIS BOW. B.

DESTROYER of my life, thou flinty heart,
Thou damned compound of each fraudulent art,
How hast thou wrong'd me, and with fix'd disdain
Repulsed my prayer, and gloried in my pain !
Yet hear me, son ! Oh, gentle stranger, give
To my weak hands the arms by which I live.
Alas ! he heeds me not—nor aught returns,
But from his feet a kneeling suppliant spurns.
Oh harbours, promontories, rocks, that show
Your lengthen'd shadows o'er the flood below,
And herds of mountain beasts ! to you alone
I call, for man attends not to my moan.
Oh wilds accustom'd to my voice ! to you
I tell the baseness of this traitor crew ;
Who, for the home I love, would bear me far,
Infirm and sickening, to the fields of war,
Forced by this stripling, who shall boast ere long
He fought the valiant, and disarm'd the strong,
In me the remnant of a man, a ghost
That haunts unlaid this solitary coast.
How had I once the hellish deed withstood
In my green age, and proud in youthful blood !
Since at my very feebleness dismay'd,
The plunderer stripp'd me first by wiles betray'd.

Where shall I turn ?—to pity, youth, incline !
The voice of nature, pleading still with mine,
Condemns the theft. Art silent to my pray'r ?
Then am I lost, and sentenced to despair.
Oh, my poor cell ! beneath thy covert grant
A death-bed to thine old inhabitant,
Condemn'd to starve unfriended and alone,
Since with my bow my hopes of life are gone.
Ne'er shall my arrow pierce the bird or beast,
Ne'er shall this hand prepare the lonely feast ;
But, mangled by the wolves that howl around
My pinching cave, these limbs shall strew the ground.
Thy deeds are cruel : yet I fain would trace
A nobleness of virtue in thy face ;
Be happy, if thy nature prompts to save !
If stern, my curse pursue thee to the grave.

From the Medea of Euripides.

MEDEA TO HER CHILDREN. B.

OH children, children of your mother 'rest !
One home is yours, one country yet is left,
Where ye shall ever dwell, while I remain
A sleepless wanderer o'er this world of pain.
Before I saw you flourish by my side,
And in your glory felt a parent's pride ;

Before I saw you blest in love's delights,
And bore the torches at your nuptial rites.
Ah me ! in vain a mother's throes I knew,
In vain a lovely offspring round me grew.
Yes—I had hopes your duty might assuage
My future sorrows and the weight of age,
That filial hands (oh, envied fate,) might close
My eyelids sunk in death, my limbs compose.
Farewell, sweet tendance ! from my children torn,
This dreary sojourn upon earth I mourn.
To splendid slavery raised you ne'er shall see
Your parent weak in years and poverty.
Ah me ! those looks why hither will ye cast ?
Why smile ye thus ?—a smile that is your last !
Alas ! I fail—my boasted courage dies,
Subdued and melted by my children's eyes ;
I cannot do the deed—my thoughts relent—
Come rather, partners of my banishment !
To work you harm would break your father's rest ;
That harm would stab like death your mother's breast.
I turn to pity, and relent in tears ;
—But oh ! what ills await my future years !
And unrevenged shall I endure them all ?
Shall those who hate me triumph in my fall ?
Unsex me, vengeance ! and my soul forsake
Ye natural thoughts, that all the mother wake !
Go, boys, within—if there some stranger rest,
Who fears to look upon a deed unblest,

Let him away—Yet oh ! my hand forbear !
Unhappy wretch, thy smiling offspring spare !
Spare them to shield thee in thy feeble age,
And tend thy steps thro' life's lone pilgrimage !

No ! by the powers of night, they were not born
To bear the oppressor's wrong, the tyrant's scorn ;
Death claims my darling sons ; and she who gave
A being, now devotes them to the grave.

And hark ! my rival shrieks in agonies,
Drest in my spell-wrought gifts, and now she dies !
Poor queen ! thou diest—the same sad dreary road
Must by my children and myself be trod.

Come, blooming boys, and to your mother give
Your litle hands ; caress her while ye live !

Oh dearest hand ! oh dearest form and face !

And mien, that speaks you of a noble race !

Be happy !—but below.—Your sire denies

All happiness beneath these upper skies.

Oh sweet embrace ! soft bosoms ! fragrant breath

That warms your hearts, how soon to ebb in death !

Away, away !—your look, your fond caress

Melts me to all a mother's tenderness ;

Until I brood upon my life accurst,

Then stern and pitiless I dare the worst ;

My softer nature vengeance puts to shame,

And Furies guide my dagger to its aim.

From the same.

A CHORUS.

TRANSLATED BY JOHNSON.

THE rites derived from ancient days
With thoughtless reverence we praise,
The rites that taught us to combine
The joys of music and of wine ;
That bad the feast, the song, the bowl,
O'erfill the saturated soul,
But ne'er the lute nor lyre applied
To soothe despair or soften pride,
Nor call'd them to the gloomy cells
Where Madness raves and Vengeance swells,
Where Hate sits musing to betray,
And Murder meditates his prey.
To dens of guilt and shades of care
Ye sons of melody repair,
Nor deign the festive hour to cloy
With superfluity of joy !
Ah, little needs the minstrel's power
To speed the light convivial hour ;
The board with varied plenty crown'd
May spare the luxury of sound.

From the Ajax of Sophocles.

TECMESSA TO AJAX, DISSUADING HIM FROM
PUTTING AN END TO HIS LIFE. B.

OH, my loved lord ! in vain we strive to force
The will of Fortune, and arrest her course.
I too was free : a little season bow'd
My head, and mix'd me with the menial crowd.
The daughter of a prince, by thee subdued,
I changed my titled rank for servitude.
But yet I boast, as worthy of my line,
A noble heart ; and all that heart is thine !
Oh ! then I pray thee by the Powers above,
By every past endearment of our love,
Forsake me not to live a life of pain,
And unrevenged drag the galling chain :
For that sad day, when thou shalt cease to be,
Beholds me led in base captivity,
By some stern lord dishonour'd and reviled,
To eat the bread of slavery with thy child.
Then shall some foe exclaim, with bitter hate,
Wounding a heart deserted by its mate,
“ Our champion is no more ; behold his bride
Sunk to a servant from her former pride ! ”
Such foul abuse when thou, my prince, art gone,
Awaits thy consort and unfriended son.

Relent, in pity to thy father's years !
Be merciful, and spare thy mother's tears,
Who waits to greet her child with anxious eyes,
And listen to his voice before she dies !
But most of all, this infant boy to save,
Blot out thy fatal longing for the grave,
Whom ruin waits upon the world's wide stage,
Beneath some mean betrayer of his age !
These are the blessings, noble chieftain, left
To him, to me, of thy protection 'reft.
Where shall I turn ? where seek a friend's redress ?
Where fly from foes, and shield my feebleness ?
I have no country now ; my mother bled
Beneath thy sword, my sire is with the dead ;
Thou only dost remain ; and oh ! I see
Friends, parents, riches, country, all, in thee.
Live ! I command thee, live, and bring to mind
All that for thee a loving wife resign'd ;
All that for thee I have endured recall,
And only live, and thou repay'st me all !

From the same.

AJAX TO TECMESSA. B.

TIME steals unheard away, and brings to light
Things dark, and hides whate'er was known in night.
All things *may* be—a future day shall break
Our sacred oaths, and make the strongest weak.
I, who but late had steel'd my heart, am bent
E'en by this woman's voice, and now relent
In pity to my child, and gentle bride,
Here left to insult, and my rival's pride.
But now I hasten to the steepy shore,
To cleanse these tell-tale hands, and then implore
The power that stirs me thus 'gainst human kind,
To calm with reason my disorder'd mind ;
And in some spot from public haunt remote
Bury this sword, where never eye shall note,
Deep in the ground ; and may the powers of night
Keep it for ever hid from mortal sight !
And be that day accursed in my life
When this dire token of eternal strife
Came from the hand of him I hated most,
And brought dishonour on our Grecian host !
Well had I never worn it ; for the wise
Suspect a bane in gifts from enemies :
Rest, rest my heart ! submit, thou princely soul,
To heaven's high will, and mightier man's control !

Bow to the chiefs who hold superior sway !
Attend their sovereign mandate, and obey !
As things, that shew the most unbending, force
Their stubborn wills, and yield to nature's course.
For see how churlish winter quits his reign
When summer comes, and clothes the fruitful plain ;
How the black circle of the sullen night
Flies the grey freshness of Aurora's light ;
How the loud storm that lately swell'd the deep,
Quell'd by a softer breath, is hush'd to sleep ;
How all-subduing slumber flies at last,
Bursting the chains that held our senses fast :
Man, only man, yet stubborn and untaught,
Breaks nature's laws, and sets her power at nought.
In youth (e'er yet my wayward fits began,
Ere yet by heav'n deserted and by man,)
If any friend had play'd the torturer's part,
I raged, but soon restored him to my heart ;
Yet so restored him, that his changing will
Should lose the opportunity of ill ;
For even in strictest friendship we shall find
A faithless haven from a world unkind.
But wherefore talk I thus ? within thy tent
Haste, my Tecmessa, pray that heaven relent !
Its aid for blessings on my head implore,
To clear my mind, and wandering sense restore !
And you, the comrades of my dangers, tend
This gentle lady, mindful of your friend ;

And tell my brother, since I haste alone,
In quest of calmness, to a place unknown,
To love whom best I loved, (a brother's part,)
And wear my image ever in his heart !
And so farewell ! my woes will shortly cease,
And ye shall hear that all with me is peace.

From the Hecuba of Euripides.

CASSANDRA, INFURIATE AT HER MARRIAGE
WITH AGAMEMNON, TO HECUBA. B.

CROWN me with garlands, mother ; and with pride
Greet thy loved child, become a royal bride !
And if she loiter on this joyous night,
Fill her with longings for the nuptial rite !
E'en now I wait impatient to be led,
Worse than a Fury, to my husband's bed ;
In his own blood to quench his lawless fire,
And thus avenge my brothers and my sire.
But hush ! my soul, let mystic night conceal,
When on his neck shall fall the avenging steel ;
The son, slain mother, murders, foul disgrace,
That from this marriage light on all the race.
Fall'n is my native land, her sons no more—
Yet e'en these tumbling towers, this ravaged shore,

Shall (or misguided phrenzy fires my brains)
Bloom like a garden to their Grecian plains ;
For this reward (one traitress foul to save)
They peopled tombs with myriads young and brave :
For this exchanging all domestic ties,
The sweets of friendship for stern enmities,
O'er wintry seas their frantic leader came,
To hear one female back, her country's shame.
Peace was their own—by wild ambition led,
War they preferr'd, and hither sail'd and bled.
No children smiled beneath these hostile skies,
No wife assuaged their dying agonies,
Or veil'd each warrior corse ; but wide around
Their dead lie festering o'er the unhappy ground.

Nor happier are their homes : their widow'd wives
Sleep in their tombs, and scarce a son survives,
Who shall return, of all the martial line,
To pour libations on his father's shrine :
These are the triumphs of that mighty host,
Who scatter'd havoc, and appall'd our coast ;
Their deeds of black impurity to speak
Would freeze thy soul, and flush thy modest cheek.

More envied in their fate, our warrior band
Bled for the freedom of their native land,
Borne to their homes, and by their kindred dear
Graced with due honours, and the decent bier ;
Wept by their brides, and by their country blest,
Beneath the land that gave them birth they rest ;

While some from fight return'd to peaceful joys,
To wives who loved them, and their smiling boys.

Oh, mighty Hector ! happy was thy state,
Loved in thy life, and glorious in thy fate,
Who, had our foes ne'er braved the ocean tide,
Hadst lived unhonour'd, undistinguish'd died :
Great was my brother Paris, doom'd to die,
Ennobled, for a proud adultery.
Dreadful is war ! but when the danger falls,
The brave man courts it on his country's walls ;
Then weep not, mother, for thy captive child,
Torn hence to loath'd endearments and defiled ;
This night my husband learns how near allied
Are death and marriage, from his hostile bride.

* * * * * Herald, lead the way !—
Thou vaunting leader, to the marriage cheer
Join mournful rituals, and prepare thy bier
For thine own burial ! See the wintry wave
Dashes my body near my husband's grave :
Naked, and thrown to savage beasts, I lie,
Whom heaven has loved, and bless'd with prophecy.
Prophetic garlands, symbols of the power
Whom I have served until this fatal hour,
Be gone !—your spotless honours to ensure,
I tear ye thus from limbs no longer pure.
Lead me to climb the royal bark—the gales
Shall at my potent bidding fill your sails ;

For o'er your ship a Fury's self presides,
Whose breath shall blow to rage the sleeping tides.
My native land, and thou who gavest me birth,
Farewell! my brothers, father, low in earth,
Soon will ye greet me, when this hand has shed,
The blood of those who laid ye with the dead.

From the Andromache of Euripides.

ANDROMACHE. M.

To have been never born, oh mother! ne'er
Tasted the freshness of this upper air,
Is but the same with death—to die! to be
A cypher blotted from mortality—
Death is far better than a life of pain,
Who feel not, grieve not, and our fears are vain.
Oh, rather for the living let them flow,
Those wretched victims of perpetual woe,
Who still, in bitterness of soul, possess
The memory of departed happiness.
—My sister is at peace—the cheerful light
No longer breaks upon her beamless night.
The sense of present wants and woes to come
Alike lie buried in the silent tomb.
But I—(in mockery of my alter'd life,
Who yet remember I was Hector's wife)

I, the blest partner of connubial joy,
The pride and envy of the dames of Troy,
How can I stoop to slavery's abject lot?
And how, my former glorious state forgot,
Submit to please a victor's wild desires,
And light on Hector's tomb unhallow'd fires?
Her I abhor, whose lawless lust can seek
(Without a blush on her dishonest cheek)
A second partner to her widow'd bed,
When the fond husband of her youth lies dead.
Oh Hector! I am only thine—to thee
I paid the vow of maiden constancy;
To thee my pure, unspotted soul resign'd,
The wisest, noblest, bravest of mankind.
Now thou hast left me—and I must not have
The last poor comfort that the wretched crave.
I cannot sorrow o'er thy urn, but go
A friendless captive to a tyrant foe,
Where no glad home my weeping eyes shall see,
And hope, that comes to all, shall fly from me.

From the Same.

CHORUS. D.

To lofty Ilion when the Spartan dame
Was led, all blooming, by her shepherd boy,
Majestic to the princely couch she came,
No consort, but a curse to him and Troy.
For her, oh Troy ! against thy menaced town
Greece brought her thousand ships, her fire and sword,
Her rapid vengeance mow'd thy bulwarks down,
And slew thy best defence, my dear loved lord.
Yes—round those walls the savage conqueror bore,
Bound to his car, the body of the brave :
Torn from my bride-bed to a hostile shore,
I live to feel what 'tis to be a slave.
While round the awful form the Goddess rears,
Driven by hard threats, my suppliant arms are thrown,
I melt, dissolving in perpetual tears,
Like drops, that tremble from a roof of stone.

From the Œdipus Coloneus of Sophocles.

ŒDIPUS LED BY HIS DAUGHTER ANTIGONE. B.

ŒDIPUS.

TELL me, sweet daughter, whither are we come ?
What land, what city, promises a home ?

Who shall befriend thy father, old and blind,
 Accurst of heav'n, forsaken of mankind ?
 Who asks not much (for nature's wants are few),
 But cruel men deny him nature's due :
 Dull age subdues, and lengthen'd miseries cure
 The pride of man, and teach him to endure.—
 Yet turn thee, gentle daughter, look around
 O'er all the public road, and holy ground,
 And ask, if any native there should stray,
 His kindly aid and guidance on our way.

ANTIGONE.

Unhappy sire, yon goodly ramparts frown
 The brave defence of some far-famed town ;
 These moss-grown trunks, the vine and laurel shade,
 And olive boughs by sweet birds vocal made,
 Bespeak some hallow'd spot—here, father, rest
 Thy limbs, by journeying and old age oppress'd ;
 Recline thee yet awhile on this rude stone,
 Or ere we enter on the path unknown.—
 But hither comes a stranger, who shall tell
 What powers within this grove of mystery dwell.—
 Say, gentle stranger, on what ground we tread !
 What city yonder lifts its towering head ?

STRANGER.

First leave, unhappy both, that fearful seat ;
 Accursed they who pierce yon lone retreat,

Untrod, unvisited by man—for deep
Within its gloom the dreadful Sisters keep
Their sad abode, nor mortals dare intrude
With foot profane upon their solitude.

ŒDIPUS.

Oh stern and venerable Sisters, aid
A wretch by heaven conducted to your shade !
For after many years, and countless woes,
Then was I promised to enjoy repose,
Whene'er to some far distant spot I came,
Sacred to Powers whom mortals fear to name.
“ There,” said a voice prophetic, “ thou shalt have
“ A quiet consummation in the grave ;
“ Curs'd are thine enemies, for ever blest
“ The land, where thou shalt sink unharm'd to rest :
“ Then earth shall tremble, thunders shall attend,
“ And lightnings glare, the signal of thy end.”
Led to this grave by no false augury,
I seek repose, and know my hour is nigh ;
For never had I enter'd on this wild,
Where reign the Sisters stern and undefiled,
Nor, uninstructed by some cause, had thrown
My limbs upon this rude and shapeless stone—
’Tis Heaven directs—ye Deities severe
Grant me to end my days, my sufferings, here !
Unless ye nurse the little that remains
Of this poor fainting strength for future pains.

Daughters of night, who haunt this sacred ground,
And noble Athens, famed the world around,
Pity this man, and grant him where to die,
Worn to a shadow by harsh misery !

From the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides.

IPHIGENIA TO AGAMEMNON.

HAD I the voice of Orpheus, that my song
The unbending strength of rocks might lead along,
Melt the rude soul, and make the stubborn bow,
That voice might Heaven inspire to aid me now.
But now, ungifted as I am, untaught
To pour the plaint of sorrow as I ought,
Tears, the last refuge of the suppliant's prayer,
Tears yet are mine, and those I need not spare.
Father, to thee I bow, and low on earth
Clasp the dear knees of him who gave me birth—
Have mercy on my youth ! Oh, think how sweet
To view the light, and glow with vital heat !
Let me not quit this cheerful scene, to brave
The dark uncertain horrors of the grave !

I was the first on whom you fondly smiled,
And, straining to your bosom, call'd, " My child !"
Canst thou forget how on thy neck I hung,
And lisp'd " My father !" with an infant tongue ?

How, 'midst the interchange of holy bliss,
The child's caresses and the parent's kiss,
"And shall I see my daughter," wouldst thou say,
"Blooming in charms among the fair and gay?
Of some illustrious youth the worthy bride,
The beauty of his palace and the pride?"
"Perhaps," I answer'd with a playful air,
"And dares my father hope admittance there,
Or think his prosperous child will e'er repay
His cares, and wipe the tears of age away?"
Then, round that dearest neck I clung, which yet
I bathe in tears—I never can forget :
—But thou remember'st not how then I smiled—
'Tis vanish'd all—and thou wilt slay thy child.

Oh, slay me not ! respect a mother's throes,
And spare her age unutterable wocs !
Oh, slay me not !—or—if it be decreed—
(Great God avert it !) if thy child must bleed,
At least, look on her, kiss her, let her have
Some record of her father in the grave !
Oh come, my brother ! join with me in prayer !
Lift up thy little hands, and bid him spare !
Thou wouldst not lose thy sister ! e'en in thee,
Poor child, exists some sense of misery—
—Look, father, look ! his silence pleads for me.
We both entreat thee—I, with virgin fears,
He, with the eloquence of infant tears.

Oh, what a dreadful thought it is, to die !
To leave the freshness of this upper sky,
For the cold horrors of the funeral rite,
The land of ghosts, and everlasting night !
Oh, slay me not ! the weariest life that pain,
The fever of disgrace, the lengthen'd chain
Of slavery, can impose on mortal breath,
Is real bliss " to what we fear of death."

From the Clouds of Aristophanes.

INVOCATION OF SOCRATES. N.

OH, sovereign Lord, immeasurable air,
Circling the pendent globe ! oh, holy light !
And ye dread maids, that heaven's loud thunder bear,
Arise ye clouds, and burst upon my sight !
Come, sister goddesses, come, awful Powers
That on Olympus' snow-clad brow recline,
Or in old father Ocean's secret bowers,
With sea-born nymphs the mystic dance combine,
Or fill your golden urns from distant Nile,
Or on Mæotis' placid breast repose,
Oh ! hear my prayer, upon your suppliant smile,
And to my gaze your heavenly forms disclose !

CHORUS.

APPEAR, immortal Clouds appear !

Light shadows haste away !

From father Ocean's echoing tide,

And groves that shade the mountain side,

Our watch-towers high that far and wide,

The outstretch'd globe survey,

The fruits and fields that drink the dew,

And fountains gushing to the view,

And the wild waste of waters blue

That break upon the ear.

Throw your dark showery mantles by,

Your sacred forms unfold,

And now while Heaven's unwearied eye

In mid-day lustre flames on high,

The subject world behold !

ANTISTROPHE.

See, virgin rulers of the storm,

'Tis Pallas' holy ground,

Fair region of the brave and wise ;

Behold the mystic domes arise,

Where many a secret sacrifice

And nameless rites abound ;

And glittering altars crowd the plains,

And statues and high towering fanes,

And priests with chaplet-bearing trains,

Their solemn vows perform.

Each hour the wonted feast requires,
And with returning spring,
For Bacchus breathe the living lyres,
And dance, and sweet-contending choirs,
Salute the festive king.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE GRECIAN DRAMA.

“ *Admetus to Alcestis.*”—“ *Chorus.*” p. 241—3.

ADMETUS, a prince of Thessaly, was married to Alcestis, of whom he was passionately enamoured. Their happiness was interrupted by the declining health of Admetus, who was fast approaching to the grave. The infernal Powers, however, grant him a reprieve, on condition of finding a substitute, who would, by a voluntary death, pay the price of his recovery. After the refusal of his aged parents, who are unfeelingly represented to have outlived the sense of those pleasures, which among barbarous nations can alone make life acceptable, his wife Alcestis prepares to devote herself, that the husband might survive to be the protector of their children. To reconcile the seeming cowardice of Admetus with the noble affection displayed for his wife, and the generosity of his disposition, we must suppose him forbidden by the Fates from preventing the sacrifice of his wife by his own devotion.

A parting scene of the most exquisite tenderness ensues.

Alcestis exhorts her husband to live, and be guardian of their offspring ; but requests him to bear her in his memory, and never to surrender that place in his heart to another, which was once her's alone. He promises never to forget her, to pass his days in mourning for her loss, and to devote the remnant of his life to the contemplation of her virtues and her last act of heroic affection.

The Chorus laments the death of this affectionate and unhappy wife in two dirges, which I have reduced to one, by extracting those thoughts which are most expressive of the gloomy and solemn occasion.

“ *Electra holding the urn of Orestes.*” p. 245.

During the absence of Agamemnon, Ægysthus was left regent of his country, and protector of his wife and children. Faithless to his trust, he intrigues with Clytæmnestra ; she revolts from her allegiance to her husband, whom she murders on his return, marries Ægysthus, and admits him as partner of her throne.

To secure their ill-gotten power, they are bent on the murder of Orestes, heir to the crown, who would have fallen a sacrifice in his infancy, but for the affection of his sister Electra, who rescues him from death by privately sending him to Phocis, under the guardianship of a trusty friend.

Meanwhile she hears frequent accounts of him, and cherishes a hope that when he has arrived at manhood he

will return home and be the avenger of his father's murder. After the lapse of twenty years he arrives for that purpose, in company with his protector.

To lull Clytæmnestra into a fatal security, his companion relates to her that Orestes has been killed in a chariot-race. A meeting between the brother and sister takes place, without any remembrance on either side. Orestes, mistaking Electra for one of the domestics, and desirous to keep his arrival secret until the hour for vengeance should arrive, carries on the delusion by producing an urn in which his ashes are supposed to rest.

Electra believing him to be really dead, takes the urn in despair, and discovers herself in this passionate and beautiful address. There is no incident in ancient or modern tragedy more affecting in itself, or more heightened by the delicate and chaste colouring of the poet.

“ *Philoctetes robbed of his bow.*” p. 247.

Philoctetes being rendered unfit for the toils of warfare by infirmity, was landed by his comrades on a wild and uninhabited island. His home was a cavern, and his food was procured by his bow and arrows.

A superstition was attached to these arms, that the Greeks would be unsuccessful in their warfare until they were procured from their possessor. Neoptolemus sails to the island where Philoctetes lived solitary, and enfeebled by a lingering malady. The exile is transported

with joy at the sight of human beings, and at the offer made by them of restoring him to his country. Neoptolemus having surprised him when asleep, gets possession of the fatal quiver. Philoctetes, bursting from his slumber, discovers the treachery of his pretended friend, upbraids him for cruelty, and conjures him to restore those arms, without which he must either perish from hunger, or fall a prey to the wild beasts of the place.

Despair has not frequently found a painter who could pourtray it. The picture of Philoctetes is finished. But I scruple not to place beside it two sketches by Metastasio, which leave nothing to be added. The first, describes that unhappy man who seems to be set apart by his misfortunes, as by a deadly contagion, from all the regard, from all the society, from all the notice of his fellow creatures; whose endeavours to save himself are all abortive, whose very virtues are against him.

“ Vo solcando un mar crudele

Senza vele,

E senza sarte;

Freme l'onda, il ciel s' imbruna,

Cresce il vento, e manca l' arte;

E il voler della Fortuna

Son costretto a seguitar.

Infelice ! in questo stato

Son da tutti abbandonato :

Meco sola è l' innocenza

Che mi porta a naufragar.” Artaserse.

A vast and cruel sea I plough,
 Without or cordage true, or sails ;
 The surges roll, the winds resound,
 The heaven above me is embrown'd,
 Rocks threat beneath—my steerage fails,
 Deaf ears are turn'd to every vow,
 And Fortune's will impells me now.
 All, all I loved and cherish'd most
 In this my hour of need are gone ;
 With me is innocence alone,
 That bears me onward to be lost. B.

The second piece, is from the second act of *Adriano*.—
 The first wildness has yielded to a state of settled hope-
 lessness. Many wish for death, but few meet it from
 grief ; were it otherwise, the world would be a desert—

“ È falso il dir, che uccida,
 Se dura, un gran dolore,
 E che, se non si muore,
 Sia facile a soffrir.
 Questa, ch' io provo, è pena,
 Che avanza
 Ogni costanza :
 Che il viver m' avvilena,
 Ma non mi fa morir.”

Metastasio. *Adrian*. Att. ii.

'Tis idly said, that mighty woe
Kills, where it lingers, from despair ;
That he who can survive the blow
With ease, may steel his mind to bear.
For, oh ! I suffer in a strife
That far exceeds my constancy,
Against a pain that poisons life,
But yet refuses me to die. B.

Let it be remembered by those who inconsiderately revile Italian songs, that these two finished and energetic pieces are of that class. If examined with candour, the Italian song has as great an ascendancy over that of all other nations in thought and expression, as in the incomparable and heavenly strains by which the Cimarosas and Paesiellos have enchanted the ear, and gained a mastery over the heart.

“ Medea to her Children.” p. 248.

Jason, whose life had been saved by Medea, married his benefactress, and arrived with her at Corinth, where he became enamoured of Glauca, daughter of Creon, the reigning prince.

The nuptials of Jason and Glauca are celebrated, and Medea, with difficulty, gains permission from her faithless husband to remain in the city for one day. Having at length obtained this favour, she employs the allotted time in meditating and perfecting schemes of revenge on the royal pair.

Under pretence of gratitude for the lenity of her rival, in granting her a day's residence in the city, she presents her, by the hands of her children, with a charmed robe and mitre of the richest texture, both wrought by her art to consume the wearer.

She permits Jason to live, but determines to avenge her injuries on him by the murder of their common children. The feelings of a mother revolt from the horrid suggestion; and her speech paints the fluctuation between parental tenderness and the rage of an injured wife.

The desperation of this infuriate sorceress forms a striking contrast to the delicacy and gentleness of Alcestis, and the tender farewell of Admetus.

“ *Chorus in the Medea.*” p. 251.

In this play is a striking passage on the power and application of music, which the poet commends, not as the companion of the banquet, but as the soother of despair, madness, and sorrow. The English version of this animated and beautiful extract is the noblest effort of poetry which Dr. Johnson has bequeathed us.

To this day England cannot boast one great and impassioned poet in music. The mechanism of the art remains with the Germans. They have a Mozart, who, when the fever of fashion shall have subsided in this country, which extols and decries with equal levity, will descend to an honourable, secure, and permanent rank,

after the two great Italian poets of vocal melody. In the orchestra he will possibly remain unrivalled. But the music of Germany tells no story to the heart. Despair finds in it no hope, Melancholy finds no consolation. These secrets are exclusively with the Italians. The same bright sun, the same unclouded sky, the same delightful scenery which impressed their images on that sweet, harmonious, and sonorous language, made the language of their music another symbol of their enchantment.

“ Tecmessa to Ajax.”—“ Ajax to Tecmessa.”

p. 252 254.

This play represents the madness of a hero jealous of his honour, and smarting from an indignity at the refusal of his claim to the armour of Achilles, and the preference given by his countrymen to a hated rival.

The effects of opposition on a mind obstinate, fierce, and ungovernable, like that of Ajax, are portrayed to the life in the “method of his madness,” and the dark and mysterious portent of his words in intervals of serenity. He had been presented with a sword by Hector, his mortal enemy. With this weapon he slaughtered a herd of cattle which his feverish imagination pictured as his enemies. On returning to his senses he is bent on self-destruction, from which Tecmessa, a Lycian princess, whom he had led into captivity, and afterwards married, endeavours to dissuade him, in a speech over-

flowing with tenderness, and melancholy presages of the misfortunes that will befall his surviving wife and child, when deprived of their protector. The expostulations of a female in a barbarous age met with but little attention ; and the poet required all the impassioned eloquence of which he was master, to make the impression described on the resolution of Ajax probable or agreeable to a Grecian audience. But the genius of Sophocles courted difficulties which it could so easily surmount. The point of time and circumstances which give rise to the speeches of Tecmessa, Ajax, Electra, and Philoctetes, are so momentous and unexpected, that most poets would have withdrawn from sight those scenes which he ventures to represent. The gentle appeal of Tecmessa in behalf of herself and infant, for some time reconciles her husband to life. He answers by shewing how vain are the predeterminations and even oaths of man, which are subject to the control of time, or the over-ruling sway of superior eloquence ; and thus, ungraciously indeed, implies his resolution to live, and to protect his family. In doing this he resolves to bury the sword yet reeking with blood. At the mention of this ominous weapon his reason again becomes clouded, and in language dreary and unsettled, he hints to all but his wife his resolution to commit suicide. He hastens to the shore, where his body is discovered after the perpetration of the deed.

“ Cassandra, infuriate at her marriage with Agamemnon.” p. 256.

A mighty and flourishing city has been conquered, and its martial inhabitants are sent away into captivity or put to the sword.—Agreeably to the customs of a barbarous age, the females submit to accept strangers, enemies, and the murderers of their rightful lords and children, for husbands.—Cassandra, the prophetess, is allotted to Agamemnon; and previously to being led away to the tent of her master, vents her indignation against him, and foretells the violent death which awaits him and herself.

This speech is singular for the violence of passion, which subsides at the names of persons endeared to her by relationship. As the hour for embarkation approaches, her phrenzy comes on again—her desire of revenge becomes more desperate—and her grief for parting from her country more violent. By the spirit of prophecy, with which she is unhappily gifted, she foresees the murder of her husband. The same spirit paints to her eyes her own corpse thrown into the waves, and tossed on shore near his grave.

The contrast between the violence of Cassandra and the gentle resignation of Andromache, is finely preserved in the original speeches.

“ *Chorus in the Andromache.*” p. 261.

To the Chorus succeeds the simple and beautiful complaint of a bride, whose husband has been slaughtered by the enemy; and who is torn from her country, and debased from her royalty, to become an exile, and a slave to the passions of a brutal conqueror.

“ *Œdipus led by his Daughter Antigone.*” p. 261.

The wretched Œdipus, now old and blind, after a series of misfortunes and wanderings, is led by his daughter Antigone to the grove of the Furies, where it was foredoomed that he should die. As they are ignorant of the place, they make enquiries of a stranger, who bids them leave the spot sacred to Powers whom mortals dreaded even to call by name. Œdipus rejoices at the information, and hails the day of his arrival there as that of his release from the world.

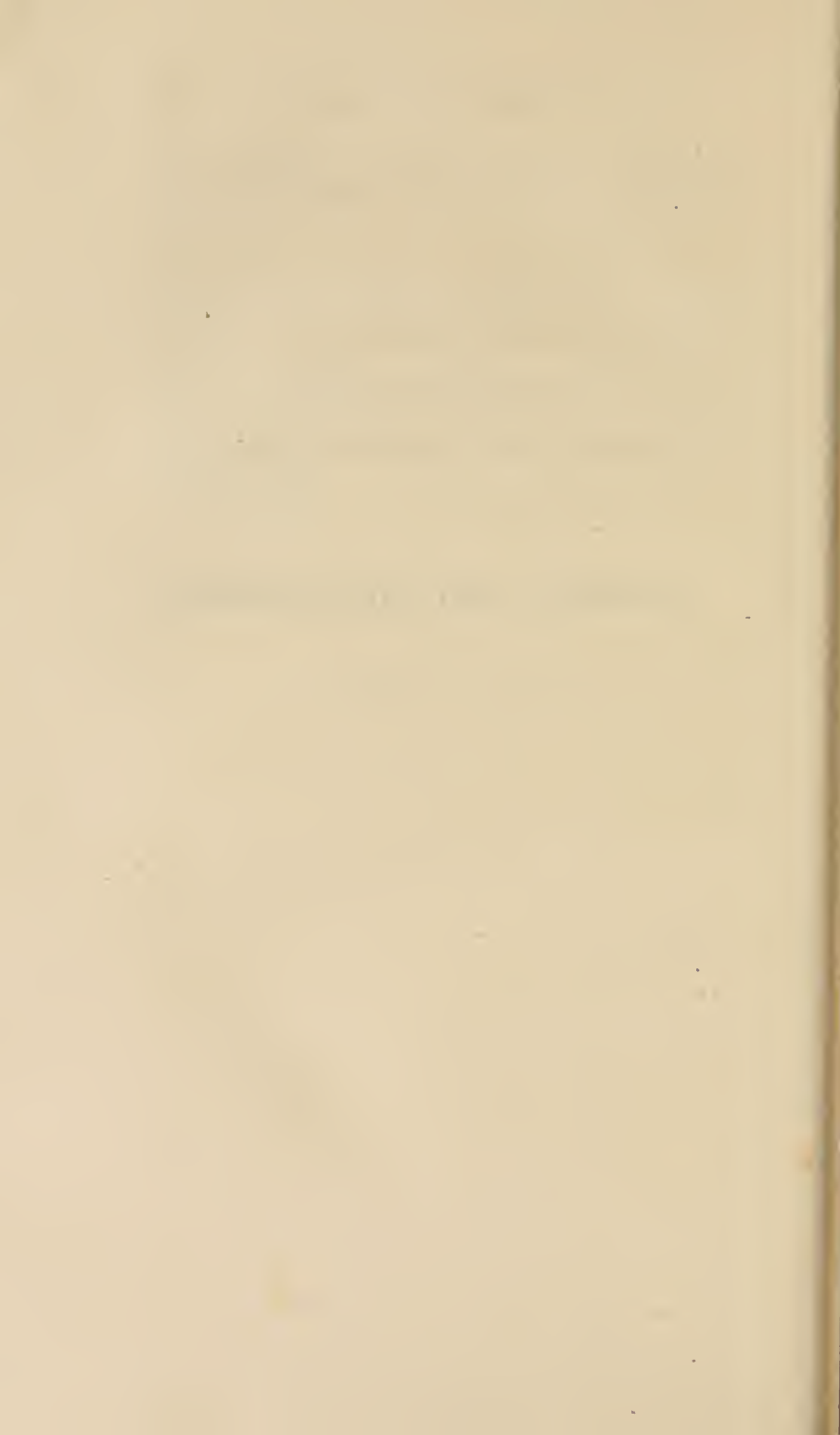
The structure of the English couplet obliged the translator to join the detached parts of the dialogues, that the verse might not be impeded.

“ *Iphigenia to Agamemnon.*” p. 264.

The circumstances which gave rise to this address of a daughter to her father, inducing him to spare her life,

are too well known to admit of repetition. The terrors inspired by death in a young, beautiful, and gentle female, who is summoned from life at an age the most disposed for its enjoyments, and unacquainted with its sorrows, are here finely pourtrayed.—The animated cowardice of Claudio forcibly occurred to the translator; and he has ventured to enlist into his service a few of those happy expressions, for which our great dramatist was remarkable, as illustrative of the impressions made by the Grecian.

FUNERAL AND MONUMENTAL.



SEPULCHRAL.

ON PRIVATE PERSONS.

Meleager, 109, i. 30.

ON THE WIFE OF MELEAGER. B.

TEARS o'er my Heliodora's grave I shed,
Affection's fondest tribute to the dead.
Oh, flow, my bitter sorrows, o'er her shrine,
Pledge of the love that bound her soul to mine !
Break, break my heart, o'ercharged with bursting woe,
An empty offering to the shades below !
Ah, plant regretted ! Death's remorseless power
With dust unfruitful choaked thy full-blown flower.
Take, earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,
And, soft entomb'd, bid Heliodora rest.

Meleager, 125, i. 36.

ON A BRIDE, WHO DIED ON THE DAY OF HER MARRIAGE. M.

CLARISSA, when she loosed her virgin zone,
Found in the nuptial bed an early grave ;
Death claim'd the bridegroom's right ; to death alone
The treasure, promised to her spouse, she gave.

To sweetest sounds the happy evening fled,
The flute's soft strain and hymeneal choir ;
At morn sad howlings echo round the bed,
And the glad hymns on quivering lips expire.

The very torches that, at fall of night,
Shed their bright radiance o'er the bridal room,
Those very torches, with the morning's light,
Conduct the lovely sufferer to her tomb.

Erinna, 3. i. 58.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT. M.

I MARK the spot where Ida's ashes lie :
Whoe'er thou art that passest silent by
This simple column, graced with many a tear,
Call the fierce monarch of the shades severe.
These mystic ornaments too plainly shew
The cruel fate of her who lies below :
With the same torch that Hymen gladly led
The expecting virgin to the nuptial bed,
Her weeping husband lit the funeral pyre,
And saw the dreary flames of Death aspire.
Thou too, oh Hymen, bad'st the jocund lay
That hail'd thy festive season, die away,
Changed for the sighs of woe, and groans of deep dismay.

Erinna, 2. i. 58.

ANOTHER. B.

SAY, ye cold pillars, and thou weeping urn,
And sculptured Syrens, that appear to mourn;
And guard, within, my poor and senseless dust,
Consign'd by fondest memory to your trust,—
Say to the stranger, as he muses nigh,
That Ida's ashes here lamented lie,
Of noble lineage,—that *Erinna's* love
Thus mourns the partner of her joys above.

Anyte, 22. i. 200.

ON A YOUNG VIRGIN. M.

UNHAPPY *Delia*, when the hand of Death
Choak'd the faint struggles of her lingering breath,
And parting life scarce glimmer'd in her face,
Strain'd her fond father in a last embrace.
“ Oh father, I'm no more ! dark clouds arise :
“ The mists of death hang heavy o'er my eyes.”

Anyte, 19. i. 201.

ANOTHER. M.

IN this sad tomb where *Phillida* is laid,
Her mother oft invokes the gentle shade,
And calls, in hopeless grief, on her who died
In the full bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
Who left, a virgin, the bright realms of day,
On gloomy *Acheron's* pale coasts to stray.

Anyte. 22. i. 201.

ANOTHER. M.

UNBLEST Antibia calls this mournful strain,
The noblest virgin of Diana's train :
Gay gallant youths adored her as their God,
And lordly suitors waited on her nod.
But, to resist the power of Fate, how vain
Is beauty ! Flow afresh, my mournful strain.

Leonidas, 99. i. 247.

A MOTHER ON HER SON. B.

UNHAPPY child ! unhappy I, who shed
A mother's sorrows o'er thy funeral bed !
Thou'rt gone in youth, Amyntas ; I, in age,
Must wander thro' a lonely pilgrimage,
And sigh for regions of unchanging night,
And sicken at the day's repeated light.
Oh guide me hence, sweet spirit, to that bourn
Where in thy presence I shall cease to mourn.

Paulus. 83. iii. 102.

ON A DAUGHTER WHO DIED YOUNG. B.

SWEET maid, thy parents fondly thought
To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier ;
But thou hast left a being fraught
With wiles and toils and anxious fear.

For us remains a journey drear,
For thee a blest eternal prime,
Uniting, in thy short career,
Youth's blossom, with the fruit of time.

Xenocritus, ii. 256.

ON A DAUGHTER DROWNED AT SEA. B.

COLD on the wild wave floats thy virgin form,
Drench'd are thine auburn tresses by the storm,
Poor lost Eliza! in the raging sea,
Gone was my every joy and hope with thee!
These sad recording stones thy fate deplore,
Thy bones are wafted to some distant shore;
What bitter sorrows did thy father prove,
Who brought thee destined for a bridegroom's love!
Sorrowing he came—nor to the youth forlorn
Consign'd a maid to love, nor corpse to mourn.

Callimachus, i. 474.

ON A FRIEND DROWNED AT SEA. B.

OH! had no venturous keel defied the deep,
Then had not Lycid floated on the brine!
For him, the youth beloved, we pass and weep,
A name lamented, and an empty shrine.

Uncertain, 642. iii. 287.

ON A FRIEND. M.

How often, Lycid, shall I bathe with tears
This little stone, which our great love endears
Thou too, in memory of the vows we made,
Drink not of Lethe in the realm of shade !

Philodemus, 30. ii. 91.

ANOTHER. H.

STILL bloom my roses—still my garden bears
Its ripening load of plums and juicy pears ;
Herbs and young shrubs put forth their vigorous shoots,
And mingled fragrance breathes from flowers and fruits.
But in yon much-loved bower I sit no more,
Yon bower of myrtles that o'erlooks the shore—
There sat my friend, and drank his cares away
But yesternight—a senseless corse to day !

Callimachus.

ANOTHER. H.

I HEARD thy fate, Athenio, not unmoved :
A bitter tear my recollection proved,
How oft conversing with my parted friend,
I scarce have seen the summer sun descend.

And thou, dear Guest, cold ashes art become,
 In an unknown, a last, eternal home,
 But, like sad Philomel's, thy tuneful breath
 Survives, triumphant o'er the robber Death.

(*La Rochette. Melanges de Critique, &c. i. 124.*)

ON A YOUNG MARINER. M.

STAY, Traveller! nor pass unheeding by—
 The loved of Heav'n, and now immortal, I,
 Radiant in youth, like those twin gods, who guide
 The prosperous vessel o'er th' obedient tide,
 Myself, a willing wanderer o'er the wave,
 Here, for my father's virtues, found my grave,
 Here bid-farewell to sickness, labour, care,
 And all the misery to which flesh is heir.
 Know thou, of souls from mortal bondage freed,
 Some walk this earth again, but others lead
 The starry choirs in endless harmony,
 A blessed host,—and of that host am I.

Diodorus Zonas, 9. ii. 82.

ON A SHIPWRECKED MARINER. B.

ACCEPT a grave in these deserted sands,
 That on thy head I strew with pious hands;
 For to these wintry crags no mother bears
 The decent rites, or mourns thee with her tears.

U

Yet, on the frowning promontory laid,
Some pious dues, Alexis, please thy shade ;
A little sand beside the sounding wave,
Moisten'd with flowing tears, shall be thy grave.

St. Gregory Nazianzen.

ON A YOUTH OF FAIR PROMISE. H. B.

EUPHEMIUS slumbers in this hallow'd ground,
Son of Amphiloehus, by all renown'd :
He whom the Graces to the Muses gave,
Tuneful no more, lies mouldering in the grave :
The minstrels came to chaunt the bridal lay,
But swifter Envy bore the prize away.

The Same.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME. H. B.

EUPHEMIUS flash'd, then veil'd his dazzling beam,
As bright and transient as the lightning's gleam.
Illumed with wisdom's fire, with beauty's glow,
He bade our joy, now bids our sorrow, flow.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME. H. B.

YE fountains, streams, and groves ; ye choral throng,
Who pour from every bough melodious song,
Light-fanning winds that whisper balmy rest,
And smiling gardens by the Graces drest,
Mourn, lovely land ! in death his honour'd name
Euphemius gave thee, and immortal fame.
Fair was Euphemius 'mid the blooming swains,
And fair art thou, Elysium of the plains.
As thine his beauty, his renown is thine,
Bloom, ever bloom, Euphemia, realm divine.

Tymneus, 5. i. 506.

ON ONE WHO DIED IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY. M.

GRIEVE not, Philænis, tho' condemn'd to die
Far from thy parent soil and native sky ;
Tho' strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile,
And lay thy ashes in a foreign isle:
To all on Death's last dreary journey bound
The road is equal and alike the ground.

Antipater, 84. ii. 29.

ON A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER,

WHO KILLED THEMSELVES AT THE SIEGE OF CORINTH, IN ORDER
TO AVOID CAPTIVITY. B.

HERE sleeps a Daughter by her Mother's side ;
Nor slow disease nor war our fates allied :
When hostile banners over Corinth waved,
Preferring death, we left a land enslaved ;
Pierced by a Mother's steel, in youth I bled,
She nobly join'd me in my gory bed :
In vain ye forge your fetters for the brave,
Who fly for sacred freedom to the grave.

Uncertain, 679. iii. 296.

ON A MISERABLE OLD MAN. B.

By years and misery worn, no hand to save
With some poor pittance from a desperate grave,
With the small strength my wretched age supplied,
I crawl'd beneath this lonely pile, and died.
Screen'd from the scoff of pride, and grandeur's frown,
In this sad spot I laid my sufferings down,
Reversed the laws of Death, the common doom,
And, while my life-blood flow'd, suborn'd my tomb.

Carphylides, 2. ii. 401.

ON A HAPPY OLD MAN. B.

THINK not, whoe'er thou art, my fate severe;
Nor o'er my marble stop to shed a tear!
One tender partner shared my happy state,
And all that life imposes, but its weight.
Three lovely girls in nuptial ties I bound,
And children's children smiled my board around,
And, often pillow'd on their grandsire's breast,
Their darling offspring sunk to sweetest rest.
Disease and death were strangers to my door,
Nor from my arms one blooming infant tore.
All, all survived, my dying eyes to close,
And hymn my spirit to a blest repose.

Uncertain, 650. iii. 288.

ANOTHER. H. & B.

TAKE old Amyntor to thy breast, dear soil,
In kind remembrance of his former toil,
Who first enrich'd and ornamented thee
With many a lovely shrub and branching tree,
And lured the stream to fall in artful showers
Upon thy thirsting herbs and fainting flowers.
First in the spring he knew the rose to rear,
First in the autumn cull the ripen'd pear;

His vines were envied all the village round,
 And favouring Heaven shower'd plenty on his ground.
 Therefore, kind Earth, reward him in thy breast
 With a green covering and an easy rest.

Callimachus, 49. i. 472.

ON A VIRTUOUS MAN. M.

HERE Saon, wrapp'd in holy slumber, lies :
 Thou canst not say, the just and virtuous dies.

Meleager, 121. i. 35.

ANOTHER. M.

HAIL, universal Mother ! Lightly rest
 On that dead form,
 Which, when with life invested, ne'er oppress'd
 Its fellow worm.

Ammianus, 13. ii. 387.

ON A BAD MAN. M.

LIGHT lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay,
 —That so the dogs may easier find their prey.

Uncertain, 78. iii. 165.

FUNERAL HONOURS. M.

SEEK not to glad these senseless stones
With fragrant ointments, rosy wreathes ;
No warmth can reach my mouldering bones
From lustral fire that vainly breathes.

Now let me revel while I may,
The wine that o'er my grave is shed
Mixes with earth and turns to clay :
No honours can delight the dead.

From Stobæus.

THE SAME SUBJECT. B.

Oh, think not that, with garlands crown'd,
Inhuman near thy grave we tread,
Or blushing roses scatter round
To mock the paleness of the dead !

What though we drain the fragrant bowl,
In flowers adorn'd, and silken vest,
Oh think not, brave departed soul,
We revel to disturb thy rest !

Feign'd is the pleasure that appears,
 And false the triumph of our eyes;
 Our draughts of joy are dash'd with tears,
 Our songs imperfect end in sighs.

We inly mourn; o'er flowery plains
 To roam in joyous trance is thine:
 And pleasures unallied to pains,
 Unfading sweets, immortal wine.

Uncertain, 738. iii. 312.

THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY. M.

THOU art not dead, my Rosa, tho' no more
 Inhabitant of this tempestuous shore,
 Fled to the peaceful Islands of the Blest,
 Where Youth and Love, for ever blooming, rest,
 Or joyful wandering o'er Elysian ground,
 Among soft flowers where not a thorn is found.
 No winter freezes there, no summer fires,
 No sickness weakens, and no labour tires;
 No longer poverty nor thirst oppress,
 Nor envy of man's boasted happiness;
 But spring for ever glows serenely bright,
 And bliss immortal hails the heavenly light.

ON

POETS, AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS.

Antipater, 67. ii. 24.

ON ORPHEUS. B.

No more, sweet Orpheus, shalt thou lead along
Oaks, rocks, and savage monsters, with thy song,
Fetter the winds, the struggling hail-storm chain,
The snowy desert soothe, and sounding main;
For thou art dead; the Muses o'er thy bier,
Sad as thy Parent, pour the tuneful tear.
Weep we a child? Not e'en the Gods can save
Their glorious offspring from the hated grave.

Antipater, 72. ii. 25.

ON ANACREON. B.

Grow, clustering Ivy, where Anacreon lies;
There may soft buds from purple meadows rise:
Gush, milky springs, the poet's turf to lave,
And, fragrant wine, flow joyous from his grave:
Thus charm'd, his bones shall press their narrow bed,
If aught of pleasure ever reach the dead.
In these delights he soothed his age above,
His life devoting to the lyre and love.

Simmias, 2. i. 168.

ON SOPHOCLES.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid ;
Sweet ivy lend thine aid, and intertwine
With blushing roses, and the clustering vine :
Thus shall thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

Alcæus Mess. 18. i. 490.

ON HIPPONAX THE SATIRIST. B.

THY grave no purple clusters rise to grace,
But thorns and briars choak the fearful place ;
These herbs malign, and bitter fruits, supply
Unwholesome juices to the passer-by ;
And as, Hipponax, near thy tomb he goes,
Shuddering he turns, and prays for thy repose.

Theocritus, 20. i. 382.

ON THE SAME. M.

BENEATH this stone Hipponax' ashes lie ;
Traveller, if guilt alarm, turn back and fly ;
If conscious worth your soul uninjured keep,
Here boldly sit, and if you choose it, sleep.

Julianus Ægyptius, 67. ii. 510.

ON DEMOCRITUS. M.

PLUTO, receive the Sage, whose ghost
Is wafted to thy gloomy shore.
One laughing spirit seeks the coast,
Where never smile was seen before.

Antipater, 47. ii. 19.

ON ERINNA. M.

FEW were thy notes, Erinna, short thy lay,
But thy short lay the Muse herself has given ;
Thus never shall thy memory decay,
Nor night obscure thy fame, which lives in heaven :

While we, the unnumber'd bards of after times,
Sick in the melancholy grave unseen,
Unhonour'd reach Avernus' fabled climes,
And leave no record that we once have been.

Sweet are the graceful swan's melodious lays,
Tho' but an instant heard, and then they die ;
But the long chattering of discordant jays
The winds of April scatter thro' the sky.

Fragment in Athenæus.

ON THE SAME. M.

SCARCE nineteen summer suns had shed
Youth's roses o'er the virgin's head,
While by a guardian mother's side
Her customary tasks she plied,
Bad her rich silks the loom prepare,
Or watch'd the distaff's humble care ;
Her modest worth the Muses knew,
Brought her rich talents forth to view,
With their own fires they fill'd her soul,
Bad her young eye in transport roll,
And (ah ! too soon from human eyes !
Bore her, their handmaid, to the skies.

Leonidas, 100. i. 247.

ON HIMSELF. M.

FAR from Tarentum's native soil I lie,
Far from the dear land of my infancy.
'Tis dreadful to resign this mortal breath,
But in a stranger-land is worse than death !
It is not life to pass our fever'd age
In ceaseless wanderings on the world's wide stage

But me the Muse has ever loved, and given
 Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of Heaven,
 Nor lets my memory decay, but long
 To distant times preserves my deathless song.

Simonides, 31. i. 131.

ON MEGISTIAS THE SOOTHSAYER, WHO FELL AT
 THERMOPYLÆ. M.

THIS tomb records Megistias' honour'd name,
 Who, boldly fighting in the ranks of Fame,
 Fell by the Persians near Sperchius' tide.
 Both past and future well the Prophet knew,
 And yet, tho' death was open to his view,
 He chose to perish at his general's side.

Simonides, 53. i. 136.

ON ARCHEDICE THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPIAS. M.

DAUGHTER of him who ruled the Athenian plains,
 This honour'd dust Archedice contains;
 Of tyrants mother, daughter, sister, wife,
 Her soul was humble, and unstain'd her life.

Simonides, 32. i. 131.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ. B.

GREATLY to die—if this be Glory's height,
For the fair meed, we own our fortune kind.
For Greece and Liberty we plunged to night,
And left a never-dying name behind.

Tullius Geminus, 10. ii. 281.

ON THEMISTOCLES. M.

GREECE be the monument : around her throw
The broken trophies of the Persian fleet;
Inscribe the gods that led th' insulting foe,
And mighty Xerxes at the tablet's feet.
There lay Themistocles—to spread his fame
A lasting column Salamis shall be,
Raise not, weak man, to that immortal name
The little records of mortality !

ON THE SAME.

CUMBERLAND.

By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand.
By this directed to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted store,
And, when our fleets are summon'd to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy bones in sight.

Leonidas Alex. 38. ii. 198:

ON TIMON OF ATHENS. M.

IF, this inscriptive pillar passing by,
Stranger, thou greet mine ashes with a sigh,
Invoke my name, or search my funeral urn,
May all the gods prohibit thy return.
But if in silence by my tomb thou go,
(Silence, unworthy him who rests below,)
Still shall my angry ghost thy steps attend,
And Furies haunt thee to thy journey's end.

Huschke, Analecta Critica, 189.

ON THE FIGURE OF A FURY,

PLACED ON THE TOMB OF PSAMATHE AT TRIPODISCUS. M.

PLACED by the sons of Inachus I stand,
And those who plough the Megarensian land;
Avenger of the slaughter'd maiden's doom,
And guardian Fury of her hallow'd tomb.
Corœbus reft me of my life—he lies,
Low at my feet, a heav'n-mark'd sacrifice.
The power that speaks from Delphi's shrine, e'en he,
Decreed me, of his best-loved bride to be
At once the monument and history.

Joannes Lascaris.

ON MARCESIUS RHALLES,

A NOBLE BYZANTINE, WHO DIED SHORTLY BEFORE THE CAPTURE
OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE TURKS. M.

“ OH thou, who sleep’st in brazen slumber, tell,
—(Thy high descent and noble name full well
I know—Byzantium claims thy birth—) but say,
How didst thou perish in thy youthful day?”
“ A death, unworthy of my high estate—
This thought is keener than the stroke of Fate
I bled not in the ranks of those who fell
For glorious, falling Greece—no more—Farewell !”

ILLUSTRATIONS.

FUNERAL AND MONUMENTAL.

“Tears o’er my Heliodora’s grave I shed” p. 283.

I have, in common with many others, supposed this epitaph to be inscribed to the memory of Meleager’s wife, Heliodora. Valcknaer attributes it to his daughter, others to his mistress—some read Heliodorus. “Profectò nonnullæ vocularum extincto puero magis convenire videntur.” (Reiske. Præfat.)—sc. θαλος. ακμαιον ανδρος, &c. It is not worth while to enter into the dispute; and, as all is conjecture, that reading, and that interpretation, is to be preferred, which attaches the strongest interest to the poem.

“Clarissa, when she loosed her virgin zone.” p. 283.

This turn of thought continually occurs in the ancient writers. “The tomb, my child, is thy bridal bed, Death is thy bridegroom, grief thy Hymen, and these groans

thy song of marriage, I hoped, my Love, to have kindled a flame far different from this ; but malignant Destiny has extinguished the torch of Hymen, and now lights up that of thy funeral." Achilles Tatius. So Cydippe, in Ovid :

" Nostraque plorantes video super ora parentes,
Et face pro thalami fax mihi mortis adest."

Capulet, relating the supposed death of Juliet, makes use of similar expressions :

" Oh son, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death lain with thy wife : see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered now by him,
Death is my son in law, Death is my heir,
My daughter he hath wedded—I will die
And leave him all—————
All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral
Our instruments to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
And bridal flowers serve for a buried corse."

The zone, or girdle of a bride, was fastened round her waist with a peculiar knot, which is said to have borne some mystic signification of constancy or purity. This knot, says Brown, in his *Vulgar Errors*, resembled "the snaky complication in the Caduceus, or rod of Hermes."

Our “ True lovers’ knot,” which was very illustrious a century ago, but is now hardly known to have possessed any distinguishing quality, is derived by him, with a great deal of fancy, but some probability, from the knot of the bride’s girdle.

This deeply affecting subject, a young and beautiful female torn away from the brightest hopes by death, has been once the successful theme of a French poet.

The following lines will bear a comparison with the most tender strains of Grecian sorrow.

Inscription on an Urn placed at the entrance of a little wood, which bordered a meadow, where the young girls of a neighbouring village were accustomed to assemble.

It is spoken by the shepherdess to whom this monument is consecrated.

“ Jeunes beautés, qui venez dans ces lieux
Fouler d’un pied léger l’herbe tendre et fleurie,
Comme vous j’ai connu les plaisirs de la vie,
Vos fêtes, vos transports, et vos aimables jeux.

LAmour berçoit mon cœur de ses douces chimères,
Et l’Hymen me flattoit du destin le plus beau ;
Un instant détruisit ces erreurs mensongères—

Que me reste-il ? le tombeau.”

Young beauties tempted here in spring,
 To press the herbage green within these bowers ;
 Like your's, my May of life was strew'd with flowers,
 My sports like your's, that knew no hidden sting.
 Love lull'd my heart with visions bright and fair,
 And Hymen seem'd to claim me in my bloom ;
 An instant gave my gilded hope to air—

What now is mine? the tomb. B.

“ *I mark the spot where Ida's ashes lie.*” p. 284.

This and the succeeding poem recommend themselves by their pathetic simplicity, and still more by the resemblance which they bear to the circumstances attending the death of their author.

The last of the two is valuable for the picture it gives of a Grecian tomb, and of the ornaments that accompanied it.

The *Στηλαι*, or pillars on which the names and families of the deceased were inscribed, together with the tributary effusions of friends or relatives, were common to every monument of distinction.

The *Σειρηνες*, or images of Sirens, were ornaments by no means singular, nor were they appropriated to any particular class of persons. They distinguished the tomb of Isocrates, and conveyed, by a metaphor in sculpture, a representation of the harmony and copiousness of his eloquence. They were conspicuous ornaments on the monument of Sophocles, the charms of whose poetry

they denoted by a still juster figure. On the tombs of newly married persons, as in the present instance, the application was more general; yet, as the mournful melody of the Siren's song has been celebrated by poets ever since the days of Homer, the sorrowful bridegroom would find them natural and soothing emblems of his own affliction.

The *Kpwpσoσ* was a particular species of those funeral urns, the various names and purposes of which cannot now be distinctly ascertained. The ashes of the deceased were preserved in them; and they were, in general, placed in some conspicuous situation, as at the top of the inscriptive pillar, which was the case with the famous column of Trajan at Rome, till the piety of a monkish age removed the emperor's urn to make room for St. Peter's statue.

The urns of virgins, or youthful brides, were often decorated with flowers and garlands, which the affection of survivors continually renewed, and may sometimes have preserved alive and flourishing, during a period as lasting as the grief which consecrated them.

“ Unhappy Delia, when the hand of Death.” p. 285.

It will doubtless strike every reader, as a remarkable circumstance, that the subject of this, and the three succeeding poems by the same Author (which, though in itself peculiarly mournful and poetical, is not capable of

great variety or amplification), should have been so general a favourite among the female bards of Greece. Out of the very few pieces preserved of Sapphó and Erinna, no less than four are Elegies on the premature fate of some fair companion of their youth ; and those which are here inserted, comprise almost all that remains of the works of Anyte. Simple as they are (and their simplicity is their only recommendation,) it must be confessed that they yield, even in that quality, to the celebrated distich, said to have been composed for herself, by Margaret of Austria, when in imminent danger of shipwreck :

“ Cy gist Margôt, noble demoiselle,
Deux fois mariée, et morte pucelle.”

“ *Unhappy child ! unhappy I, who shed.*” p. 286.

This little poem, like almost every production of the same author, is full of real nature and sensibility. It is the complaint of a mother, whose child has been ravished from her by a premature death. Among the innumerable obscure epitaphs which crowd the Anthologies, are several on the tombs of infants ; and this is almost the only one at all superior in sentiment or pathos to the unfeeling jeu d'esprit of a Frenchman ; who, when entreated by an afflicted mother to celebrate the death of

an only child, whose recent loss she lamented, produced the following lines :

“ Colas est mort de maladie—
 Tu veux que j'en plaigne le sort.
 Que Diable veux-tu que je die ?
 Colas vivoit, Colas est mort.” (Menagiana.)

Colin sicken'd, and died t'other day—
 You would wish me his fate to deplore.
 What the deuce would you have me to say ?
 Colin lived—Colin now lives no more. B.

“ *Sweet maid, thy parents fondly thought.*” p. 286.

The name of the virgin, on whom this epitaph was composed, is in the original Macedonia ; and in the usual spirit of Greek simplicity, we are informed, that her age was only twelve years at the time of her death. The words of an ancient scholiast leave some doubt whether she was not the daughter of Macedonius the consul ; but I cannot acquiesce in one of the reasons assigned for this conjecture, namely, that “ hoc carmen quod ceteroqui non invenustum est, nil habet paterni affectus.”

" Cold on the wild wave floats thy virgin form."

p. 287.

A father embarks with his daughter, to bear her over the sea, for the purpose of celebrating her nuptials. They are overtaken by a storm, and the intended bride is drowned before she arrives near the shore, where the bridegroom is expecting her. The father piles a cenotaph to her memory on the sea-coast, and laments that the waves have not even spared her corse for the accustomed honours due to the dead. The disconsolate parent addresses the image of his daughter, which he fancies to be floating before him, with her hair drenched and torn. The same picture is presented by Propertius :

" I saw thee, loveliest, imaged in my sleep,
Wave thy faint hand above the dreary deep,
Confess thy cruelties, and strive in vain
To raise thy swelling locks, that sunk again." B.

" How often, Lycid, shall I bathe with tears." p. 288.

It is probable that Jortin alluded to these lines in the conclusion of his inscription :

" Quæ te sub tenerâ rapuerunt, Poeta, juventâ
O, utinam me crudelia Fata vocent :

Ut linquam terras, invisæque lumina solis ;
 Utque tuus rursum corpore sim posito.
 Te sequar ; obscurum per iter dux ibit eunti
 Fidus Amor, tenebras lampade discutiens ;
 Tu cave Lethæo continguas ora liquore ;
 Et cito venturi sis memor, oro, Viri."

Oh ! had the Fate that cut thy tender age,
 Made me companion of thy pilgrimage,
 That I might say, Farewell to earth and sky,
 And once again beside my Poeta lie !
 Thee will I follow—on the darksome road
 Love lights me onward to thy calm abode :
 Refrain thy lip from that oblivious wave,
 And think of him who hastens to thy grave. B.

In the same spirit the ghost of Julia addresses Pompey.

"Non me Lethææ, conjux, oblivia vitæ
 Immemorem fecêre tui."

"Still bloom my roses,—still my garden bears." p.288.

If Jacobs's interpretation be right, this Epigram of Philodemus has not been sufficiently understood in the translation here given of it ; but the sentiment with which it concludes I cannot persuade myself to alter in conformity with his opinion. That the poet laments the

sudden death of two of his companions, not of one only, since we know nothing about those companions, appears to be a variation of very little importance. But the sense is more materially altered, by finding that the flowers, fruits, and herbs, which are described as growing in the poet's garden, imply, in fact, only the preparations made for a banquet, which, he says, he is unable to enjoy from the remembrance of so sad a misfortune. It has been conjectured by some, but without any sufficient foundation, that the two friends had just been drowned by the shore giving way; and that, in the words ἡμεῖς δ' οὐτ' ἀκτῆς ἐπιβαίνομεν, the poet means to dissuade the remaining guests from venturing too near the edge of the sea, by their example. Defend us from so chilling an interpretation! The words do not imply the slightest necessity for it. The ancients were accustomed to repair to the sea-shore, for the purposes of conviviality and luxurious festivity. As an illustration of this custom, Jacobs refers us to a passage in the orations against Verres. "Ac primo ad illa æstiva prætoris accedunt, ipsam illam ad partem littoris, ubi iste per eos dies tabernaculis positis, castra luxuriæ collocarat;"—and in other parts of the works of Cicero, a similar testimony not unfrequently occurs. The sense of the poem then is, shortly, this, "The season of the year invites us to renew our accustomed pleasures. Yet we do not hasten to the sea-shore, and feast and rejoice ourselves as formerly; for, only yesterday, those dear friends and com-

panions were with us, whom we follow to their graves to day."

This is all that I can discover in the original, and is much more simple and touching than what Brodæus, and, after him, Jacobs, imagine that they have found in it. "Quid est igitur, quod non ad actam properemus, ibique in locis amœnis epulemur, ut antea? Non cessare debet, si quis vita frui capiat. Ipsa vitæ brevitæ rerum vicissitudines nos admonent, ut ne fruendi opportunitatem nobis patiamur elabi," &c. &c. Surely, the text does not afford the least room for introducing this hackneyed turn of sentiment; and we should rather rejoice in finding a poem on the subject of the shortness and uncertainty of life, without that familiar application, than take pains to make it for ourselves, where it has evidently been avoided by the author.

"Stay, Traveller! nor pass unheeding by." p. 289.

This inscription was found at Aix, about the end of the seventeenth century, on a table of stone, in the cellar of a house, formerly inhabited by the celebrated Peireskios. Being considerably defaced, and the task of copying it committed to some ignorant person, it was first published in a very corrupt form. M. Chardon de la Rochette undertook the task of conjecturally supplying the defects of the original inscription; and from his amended copy the above translation was made.

The last verses, he observes, evidently prove that the author was “ou Pythagoricien ou Neoplatonicien.” “Ces ames qui viennent errer de nouveau sur la terre, ces danses des corps celestes, ne laissent sur cela aucun doute.” Among the passages cited by Villoison, in illustration of “the Dance of the Stars,” he points out the following from the Hymns of Synesius :

‘Ο ἔδωκεν ἀστρα νυκτι
Περικοσμιαν χορείαν.

“Dieu donna des astres à la nuit, pour former des danses autour du monde.” Hymn ii. v. 8.

And another, from the 9th Hymn, in which (as he remarks) the return of Christ from Hell is celebrated with a magnificence of style worthy of Pindar.

Ανιόντα σε κοίρανε, &c.

When, triumphant from the abyss,
Rose the King of Heaven to bliss,
Countless nations of the air
Heard the sound, and trembled there ;
And, with sacred awe, the choirs
Immortal veil'd their purer fires.
Then the Sire of Harmony,
Ancient Æther, smiled around,
And bade his seven-toned lyre resound
The glad peal of victory. M.

“Accept a grave in these deserted sands.” p. 289.

A mariner has found a corse, cast upon a wild and savage coast. He laments that he is unable to bestow on it the decencies of a funeral; but hopes to appease the ghost of the departed, by rudely strewing over him the sand of the shore. The Greek, though short, is highly expressive of this gloomy solemnity, and deserves to be closely compared with Horace's affecting ode,

“Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ,” &c.

Ausonius has some pleasing lines on a similar subject, which I have thus paraphrased :

If, mouldering far o'er distant seas,
The unburied corse is doom'd to lie,
Yet may some pious rites appease
The spirit sadly wandering by.

Call'd by a friend's or brother's voice,
And honour'd with an empty pile,
Yet may the weary ghost rejoice,
And grace our orgies with a smile.

Tho' to the funeral urn denied,
Thus shall his ashes rest in peace ;
“And every sad complaint subside,
And every mournful murmur cease.” M.

Thus also Æneas addresses the unhappy spirit of his friend Deiphobus :

I heard the fame that, on Troy's fatal night,
Tired with the labours of a glorious fight,
Some honourable wound thy corse had laid
Prone on the bleeding heaps thy hand had made ;
An empty tomb on the Rhætëan coast
I raised, and loudly thrice invoked thy ghost.
Thy name and arms those regions yet retain—
But thee among the dead I sought in vain,
Till, every rite perform'd, I left the fatal plain. M.

And thus Ulysses, when flying from the Ciconians, who had slain many of his followers :

Yet, as we fled, our fellows' rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.

On the subject of lamentations, used at the funerals of the Greeks, our old traveller, Sandys, has a curious passage relative to the modern descendants of that people : “ They retain,” says he, “ in their funeralls, not a little of their ancient and heathen ceremonies. Of old, the nearest in love, or kindred, laid their mouths to theirs to catch ther last breath, and closed the eyes of the dying.

“ His body her's embraced, and, all dismaied,
Between his lips her cleaving soul convaied,
And with his deare hand closed her dying eyes.”

“ Being dead, they washed the bodies with sweet oyles, crowned them with garlands of flowers, and clothed them, as they now do, in the richest apparel. The manner of their lamentations, of old, may appear from this ludicrous threne of a father, following the exequies of his son, in Lucian, ‘ Oh, my sweet son ! thou art lost, thou art dead before thy day, and has left me behind, of men most miserable ! not experienced in the pleasures of a wife, the comfort of children, warfare, husbandry ; not attained to maturity. Henceforth, oh my son ! thou shalt not eate, nor love, nor get drunke among thine equals.’ And, although these ethnicke lamentations, reproved in Scripture, were prohibited by the Athenian law-givers, the civil law, and, lastly by the Venetians, yet still the Grecians doe use them.”

“ Euphemius slumbers in this hallow’d ground.”

p. 290.

For this, and the two succeeding translations, I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Hugh Stuart Boyd, who has published the first of them in his Selections from the Works of Chrysostom, Gregory, and Basil, already referred to. He there informs us that, “ these epigrams or inscriptions were, with many others, discovered by the learned Muratori, and published by him in his Anecdota. They are the more interesting, because they evince the versatility, as well as the elegance, of Nazianzen’s genius.” Third edition, p. 321.

“ Grieve not, Philænis, though condemn’d to die.”

p. 291.

“ In mulierem Ægyptiam,” says Jacobs, “ a fato in Cretâ oppressam. Poeta eam consolatur quod non in patriâ sepulturam nacta sit.”

“ Of what importance is it,” asks Aristippus, (Stob. Flor. 38.) “ where you die, seeing that every where the road to Hades is the same ?” Many similar passages may be collected with little pains.

“ Here sleeps a Daughter by the Mother’s side.”

p. 292.

So Polyxena is made by Euripides to say,

“ You give me to the Gods—then give me free !

Free let me die ; nor let a royal maid

Blush, ’mongst the dead, to hear the name of slave.”

Potter, Hecuba, 550.

It is probable, (observes Jacobs) that many parallel actions to that which is here recorded, were performed at this celebrated destruction of Corinth ; Pausanias and Aurelius Victor relate the exploit of Diæus, prætor of the Achæan league, who, after a victory obtained by the Romans over his army, returned to his house, set fire to it with his own hands, and destroyed his wife, together with himself, in the conflagration.

— “ *By years and misery worn.*” p. 291.

This Epigram has been differently ascribed, to Callimachus, and to Simonides ; but without sufficient foundation in either case. It seems to have been composed on a poor old man, who, when perishing with cold and hunger, laid himself down in a ditch, or in a cave, and died. There is not reason enough to imagine that he prepared his grave with his own hands, in any other sense than this.

“ *Think not, whoe’er thou art, my fate severe.*” p. 292.

Webster, in “The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona,” has finely contrasted the easy and happy death here described, with the last pangs of a murdered tyrant:

“ Oh, thou soft natural Death ! that art joint-twin
To sweetest slumber ! No rough-bearded comet
Glares on thy mild departure : the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement : the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion : pity winds thy corse,
While horror waits on princes.”

This Epigram of Carphylides has been conjectured to relate to the happy death of Q. Metellus, recorded by Patereulus. But Jacobs, with laudable industry, has collected the circumstances which render this supposition improbable, or rather (in his opinion) set it entirely out of the question.

"Hail, universal Mother ! Lightly rest." p. 293.

The request, contained in this little Epigram, that the earth might lie light upon the bones of the deceased, is of very remote origin, and so often occurs, both among ancient and modern poets, that it would be absurd to think of collecting all the instances in which the sentiment recurs.

Martial is thought to have had Meleager in view when he writes on a young maiden who died in the prime of life.

*"Mollia nec rigidus cespes tegat ossa, nec illi,
Terra, gravis fueris ; non fuit illa tibi."*

This is the reverse of the well known English Epigram on Sir John Vanbrugh, the builder of Blenheim :

*"Lie heavy on him, Earth ! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."*

Martial again plays on the same sentiment, in his epitaph on a boy, who exercised, with great skill and dexterity, the profession of a barber :

*"Sic licet inde sibi tellus placata levisque ;
Artificis levior non potes esse manu."*

The satirical parody, contained in the succeeding Epigram of Ammianus, would more properly have

belonged to a future division of my work ; but its connexion, both with the former poem and with these remarks, determined me to place it where it is.

“ Oh, think not that, with garlands crown’d.” p. 295.

There may appear, at first sight, some contradiction in the half weeping, half smiling, eyes of those who celebrated the funeral of a hero. The immediate relatives might have been wholly absorbed in sorrow for a private loss ; but his countrymen, to whom he was known only as their champion, wept not for the man, but for the patriot: their sorrow, therefore, was forgotten, or alleviated by their pride. His death was glorious, and his funeral a pageant. The parents of those Spartan heroes who had died in fight, were congratulated by their intimates, and returned thanks in their temples to the God of Battles. By this it is not implied that they were destitute of the feelings of parents. The funeral solemnities were grand and gloomy. The real feelings were suppressed, and smothered in the sound of instruments, and the apparatus of banquetting. Similar rites were observed among barbarous nations ; after the battle of Châlons, which terminated in the retreat of Attila and his Huns, Gibbon writes, “ The body of Theodoric, pierced with honourable wounds, was discovered under a heap of slain ; his subjects bewailed the death of their

king and father; but their tears were mingled with songs and acclamations, and his funeral rites were performed in the face of the enemy." The funeral of Attila is strongly coloured. "His body was solemnly exposed in the midst of the plain, under a silken pavillion, and the chosen squadrons of the Huns, wheeling round in measured evolutions, chanted a funeral song to the memory of a hero, glorious in his life, invincible in his death; the father of his people, the scourge of his enemies, and the terror of the world: the spoils of nations were thrown into his grave; the captives who had opened the ground were inhumanly massacred; and the same Huns, who had indulged such excessive grief, feasted with dissolute and intemperate mirth about the recent sepulchre of their king."

The extravagant expressions of sorrow and of joy are usual, at this day, among the wild Irish, on the death of relatives.

Without departing from the sense of the original fragment, as preserved by Stobæus, I have endeavoured to make of it a song or hymn, supposed to be sung over the body of a hero who has been slain in fight. It is quoted by Potter, together with the preceding Epigram by Leonidas, as illustrative of the funeral and honours paid to the dead by the Greeks. "The next ceremony to that of anointing and perfuming the dead body, was the bedecking it with chaplets of flowers and green boughs. Plutarch reports that Philopœmen's relics

were attended by captives in chains, and his urn so covered with ribands and chaplets, that scarce any part of it was to be seen. This ceremony was designed to express the unmixed and never-fading pleasures the dead were to enjoy upon the removal out of this painful and troublesome world; for garlands were an emblem of mirth and pleasantness, and therefore usually worn at banquets and festivals." Notwithstanding the melancholy gloom which the ancients cast over all their ideas of death and the grave, both in their moral and poetical writings, they appear, in reality, to have endeavoured as much as possible to lighten those impressions, and place at a distance those dark phantoms of the imagination. Accordingly, the deep and solemn sadness attending our Gothic burials, the black shades of yews and cypresses, the dreary charnel house, and the vaulted sepulchre, the terrific appendages of mouldering bones and winding sheets,

" The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm,"

which, from custom, form so great a part of the horror we feel at the thoughts of death, were to them unknown. The corse consumed by funeral fires, and the ashes inclosed in urns and deposited in the earth, presented no offensive object or idea. Besides, to dissipate the sorrows of the living, or perhaps with a desire to gratify the spirit of the dead, wines were poured, and flowers

scattered over the grave. These last pious offices were called *Epwtres*, the grateful tributes of love and veneration. The manes of the deceased, still wandering about the place of interment, might perhaps partake of the libation or enjoy the odour. At least, his memory would be honoured, and his ghost delighted.

Whatever may have been the original purpose of these ceremonies, we find repeated allusions to them in the poets. Anacreon mentions the rose as being particularly grateful. "The rose (he says) is pleasant to the sick, and delightful to the dead."

The tomb of Achilles was adorned with the amaranth. Electra complains that her father's grave had never been decked with myrtle boughs. Anacreon, in another passage, alludes still more forcibly and beautifully to the same custom :

"Why do we precious ointments shower,
 Nobler wines why do we pour,
 Beauteous flowers why do we shed,
 Upon the monuments of the dead ?
 Nothing they but dust can shew,
 Or bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with roses while I live,
 Now your wines and ointments give ;
 After death I nothing crave :
 Let me alive my pleasures have ;
 All are stoics in the grave."

Cowley.

Banquets were sometimes offered on the tombs of the departed. Mercury is highly indignant, in Lucian, at the idea that he should be obliged to conduct back the ghosts to supper—"I should have nothing else to do but go backwards and forwards." *Contemplantes.*

Hence we may collect that offerings of this nature were made with a view of gratifying the deceased; and it seems to have been a very prevailing notion among many people besides the Greeks, that men after death retain the same passions and appetites that distinguished them when living.

"Quæ gratia currûs

Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos."

They who, alive, delighted in the car,
Or loved to train the glossy steed to war,
When now transported to a happier plain,
Their former pleasures after death retain. M.

The truth is, that, in their thoughts and reflections on the grave, mankind have ever had in view some idea of a consciousness that remains and lingers yet around the "pleasing anxious" solitudes and scenes of the existence that is past. They have ever imagined to themselves a spirit after death, that busied itself in protecting the fame and character of their lives, that was yet sensible of slights or honours paid to the grosser mass from

which it had escaped; and the delicate Tibullus suffers himself to be so far led away by these ideas, that he has prescribed the very mode of burial, and the persons whom he wishes to appear as mourners at his funeral pile.

And when, a slender shade, I shall aspire
 From smouldering embers and the funeral fire,
 May sad Neæra to my pile repair,
 With tears (how precious !) and unbraided hair,
 Mix'd with a mother's sighs her sorrows pour,
 And one a husband, one a child deplore ;
 With words of fond regret and broken sigh
 Please the poor shade that hovering lingers nigh,
 With pious rites my cherish'd bones adorn,
 (The last sad remnant of the man they mourn),
 Nor spare my thirsting ashes to enshrine,
 With purest milk bedew'd and purple wine ;
 And dry the shower by soft affection shed,
 Or ere they place them in their marble bed.
 In that sad house may every fragrance stored,
 That warm Assyria's perfumed meads afford,
 And grief, from memory's tearful fount that flows,
 Soothe my charm'd spirit, and my bones compose. B.
Tib. lib. iii. el. 2.

From this supposition, that a consciousness of delight and pain from the things in the world remained after death, arose two opposite customs. The first, of refusing

the usual obsequies to those who were hated in life; which was considered not merely as a slight to the memory of the dead, but as an actual revenge inflicted on him for his crimes, which his spirit was yet capable of feeling deeply. To lie unburied, *αθάπτος ἐκπύττειν χθονος*, was the bitterest imprecation that could be pronounced. Of such importance was the rite of burial, that the Antigone, one of the most deeply interesting of Grecian Dramas, is founded entirely on the piety of a sister, who interred her brother contrary to a decree of his enemies. The second is the ancient usage, in many countries, of gratifying those who had been esteemed, by burying with them the arms and horses in which they delighted; and in some places, the very friends and relatives, in whose society they found enjoyment, were sent down to the grave to bear them company. It is curious to trace the same habits among people so remote from each other as Persia and the new world; yet the sun, which is the object of adoration to the Persian, is equally the god of the Peruvian; and the dreadful solemnity of burying with the princes their relatives and friends, was common to the two extremes of the east and west. On a plot originating from this rite, Diphilus is said to have written a comedy called *Συναποθνησκοντες*, “The Comrades in Death.” To be witty on such a subject, must have required no ordinary degree of talent.

The Grecian custom of making offerings of fruit and wine on the tombs of the deceased, or the supper of

Hecate (as it is called), is mentioned, in the history of the Buccaneers, to have been religiously observed by the islanders of Gracias de Dios ; and is described, by the rude author, to have been common to all the Caribbee tribes. " It is usual that when the man dieth, his wife burieth him with all his azagayas, aprons, and jewels, that he used to wear at his ears. Her next obligation is to come every day to her husband's grave, bringing him meat and drink for a whole year together."

The heroes of Ossian, " if we may indulge the pleasing delusion that Fingal fought and that Ossian sung," have no access to the abodes of happiness until their deeds be celebrated by a bard. Until that rite be performed, they are doomed to hover about gloomy and discontented, to haunt the caves and halls which they inhabited in life, to cross the journeyer in his way by night, and breathe horror wherever they appear.

Many of the customs above alluded to remained modes of expression to the English, even after the customs themselves were lost. They are to be found in scattered passages throughout Shakspeare. Arviragus, in Cymbeline, when mourning over the supposed corse of Fidele, makes a beautiful allusion to those rites :

" With fairest flowers

While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave—thou shalt not lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor

The azured harebell like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath," &c.

And Belarius, before they take leave of her for ever, promises to return at midnight, and strew the body afresh.

" Here's a few flowers, but about midnight more ;
The herbs that have on them cold dews o'the night
Are strewings fit'st for graves."

Gray has not forgotten these strewings on the grave of his rustic. Few stanzas in his *Elegy* will vie with that which he persuaded himself to reject :

" There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are show'rs of violets found,
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Annexed to this custom, it is natural to expect a superstition that attached certain virtues to particular plants. Thus the amaranth was held in great esteem for its supposed power of frequently recalling the wandering thought to one beloved object. Rosemary had the character, among our forefathers, of preserving the memory of those whom they esteemed, whether divided from them by great distances or different pursuits in life, or torn away by death. " Here's rosemary," says Ophelia, " that's for remembrance."

Anacreon, as it has been shewn, recommends roses to the sick. They are the emblems of sweetness, gaiety, and life ; and were, of course, intended by the voluptuous bard to divert the mind drooping and enfeebled by a lingering illness. By a strange, and certainly casual coincidence, Rousseau has actually decorated the chamber of his dying Heloise with these symbols of pleasure : she is surrounded by pots of flowers and garden shrubs, and declines, and dies, encircled by their fragrance.

“ Thou art not dead, my Rosa, tho’ no more.” p. 296.

Most of the reliques of Grecian poetry, which we possess, are (as has been before observed,) to the highest degree gloomy and melancholy, whenever they touch on the mournful subjects of death and the grave. There are, nevertheless, a few (and this poem is among the number), which present us with brighter prospects, and bring us nearer to the Elysium described by the more cheerful poets of Italy ; particularly by Virgil, in his 6th book, and by Tibullus, in that exquisitely beautiful passage, which our old traveller Sandys has thus, not unpoetically, rendered :

“ Love shall conduct me to the Elysian fields.

There songs and dances revel ; choice birds fly

From tree to tree, warbling sweet melody.

The wild shrubs bring forth cassia ; every where

The bounteous soyle doth fragrant roses bear ;

Youths intermixt with maydes disport at ease,
 Encountering still in love's sweet skirmishes."

But the peculiar turn of expression reminds us more closely of a passage in Shakspeare's "Titus Andronicus."

"In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !
 Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
 Here lurks no treason ; here no envy swells ;
 Here grow no damned grudges ; here no storms,
 No noise ; but silence and eternal sleep.
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !"

"No more, sweet Orpheus, shalt thou lead along."

p. 297.

"What could the muse herself, that Orpheus bore,
 The muse herself for her enchanted son ?"

Milton's Lycidas.

The expression, "tuneful tear," may be defended by the "melodious tear" of Milton, which occurs in the same poem.

To Orpheus was attributed the power of averting or counteracting the influence of wind, hail, and snow, probably from the works on the subject of natural philosophy, which he is recorded to have composed.

With reference to the concluding couplet, compare Horace iv. 7.

“Infernis neque enim tenebris,” &c.

Not e'en the huntress of the silver bow,
 Who made the chaste Hippolytus her care,
 Could bring his spirit from the shades below ;
 Nor Theseus, arm'd with force immortal, tear
 His loved Pirithoüs from the triple chain
 That bound his soul to that infernal plain.

So Martial, in his epigram on the mausoleum of Augustus, which, in another place, I have paraphrased :

“Numina cum videas duris obnoxia fatis,
 Invidiâ possis exonerare deos.”

“*Grow, clustering Ivy, where Anacreon lies.*” p. 297.

Let not the reader fastidiously object to the term “purple meadows.” Ovid has “the purple hills of Hymettus.” Purple was, by the ancients, considered as the sovereign of colours, and generally applied to the most beautiful or splendid objects in the creation. Hence, “Ver purpureum.”—Hence also “the purple light of love.” So, as Della Cerda observes, in his notes on Virgil, purple flowers mean the fairest flowers of all colours. Both this, and the succeeding epitaph on Sophocles, may, however, be supposed to refer only to the decorations of sculpture usually placed on the tombs of

poets and philosophers. The author of "Horæ Ionicæ" has happily availed himself of the same idea, in his lines on the supposed tomb of Cicero, in the island of Zante :

"Hail to the sacred spot, whose bosom gave,
Immortal Tully, thine inglorious grave !
Yet why inglorious ? Though no mortal guest
Sigh'd o'er thy turf, or bade thine ashes rest,
While undistinguish'd here thy relics slept,
Beside thine humble grave the Muses wept ;
In heavenly strains thy hallow'd requiem sung,
And o'er thy tomb the votive chaplet flung ;
By fancy wreathed with flowers of brightest hue,
Yet freshly glittering with Castalian dew,
And mingled ivy-buds in clusters brown,
And virtue's palm, and wisdom's olive crown."

"Thy grave no purple clusters rise to grace." p. 298.

The reputation of Hipponax. principally rests on a certain copy of verses, which he is recorded to have composed in revenge of an insult offered him by two unhappy sculptors, who had ridiculed the shortness of his stature, and the deformity of his person. It is further related by some ancient authors, although denied by Pliny, that the severity of his retort so stung the miserable culprits, as to drive them to the commission of suicide ; and Bayle has made this story (Art. Hipponax) the foundation of a long and entertaining note to illus-

trate his position, that "il ne seroit ni le premier, ni le seul qui auroit fait mourir des gens par des invectives." If we were to listen to common report, and the melancholy tales told by some angry booksellers and sentimental authors, the fatal list has been greatly augmented since his days. The "Genus irritabile" is well known to have existed from the very commencement of letters; though the world takes a malignant pleasure in ridiculing rather than condoling with them on their sufferings. A very entertaining instance of this quality of genius, and which may serve as some relief to the tragic turn of the anecdote of Hipponax, occurs in the character given by Grimm, in his correspondence, of the once celebrated chemist Rouelle. Among his other singularities, he entertained the most extreme jealousy of all his contemporaries in science; and conceiving that they made no scruple of borrowing his thoughts and observations without acknowledgment, revenged himself of their ingratitude by pouring forth all manner of invectives against them at his public lectures, always winding up his string of hard names to the acme of vituperation, by the appellation "*des plagiaires*." "At last," continues our amusing writer, "l'indignation des plagiats qu'il avoit soufferts dégénéra en manie." He could actually find no other term sufficiently strong to express his horror at the most atrocious crimes; and one day, speaking in company of the assassination of Louis XV. which had then been recently attempted by

Damien, and meaning to impress his hearers most forcibly with a sense of his loyal execration of the attempt, he said “ que c’était un plagiaire !”

“ *Pluto, receive the Sage, whose ghost.*” p. 227.

The well known epigram on Rabelais is a manifest improvement of this simple thought :

“ Pluton, prince du noir empire
Où les tiens ne rient jamais,
Reçois aujourd’hui Rabelais,
Et les tiens auront de quoi rire.”

The contrary systems of this celebrated laughing philosopher, and of his weeping rival, are happily moralized by Prior :

“ Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten’d mirth !
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn !
Between you both, I unconcern’d stand by ;
Hurt, can I laugh ? and honest, need I cry ?”

“ *Few were thy notes, Erinna, short thy fame.*”

p. 297.

This fair contemporary of Sappho has been usually called her countrywoman, though there are doubts respecting the real place of her birth. It is certain that

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some degree of melancholy always accompanies our admiration of premature genius, or of extraordinary sensibility in early youth. The thread of life seems too finely drawn to last; and we generally anticipate the speedy loss of so much loveliness and sweetness. Such was the fate of the beautiful Erinna. A poetess from her cradle, during the short space of eighteen years she was apparently occupied only in those domestic concerns which, in that age, were the universal employments of the high-born, as well as of the cottage maiden. She courted neither fame nor honour, but the Muses themselves descended upon her, and inspired her soul with raptures unknown to her laborious companions. The concluding thought of this Epigram has been adopted by Lucretius, iv. 182.

“Parvus ut est cycni melior canor, ille gruum quam,
Clamor, in ætheriis dispersus nubibus austri.”

But what have I said? I have supposed a young female inspired with the rapture of poetry. The transition from verse to music is immediate, and one step more leads us to dancing.—“Ay, marry, to profane dancing”—and then where are we? A French author, whom I translate, passes the following comments on a severe but mistaken female moralist of his own country: “For my own part, I very much fear that all these little saints, who are compelled to pass their infancy in devotion, will pass their youth in a far different occupation, and will make

amends, after marriage, for the lost time before it." He even goes so far, as to deny that a young girl should live like her grandmother; and tells the moralist in question, "She has laboured so hard to hinder women from becoming amiable, that she has made husbands indifferent." I forget the title of the French lady's work, and therefore shall leave it in asterisks, in the reflections to which its tenets gave birth.

Lines on reading * * * *

By Madame * * * *

Say, would you learn to keep within,
 To cloak, but not to conquer sin,
 That hidden thus, it may take root,
 Prepared in future day to shoot,
 To govern well a downcast eye
 With arrogant humility,
 To throw away those powerful arms
 That lend to virtue half her charms,
 The harp, the voice, the fairy tread,
 And only learn to cant instead;
 To wear a mask with such a grace
 That all mistake it for your face;
 To make false money pass for gold,
 True coin for counterfeit to hold;
 To be all varnish and disguise?—
 —Read * * * *, Ladies, and be wise. B.

“ *Far from Tarentum’s native soil I lie.* p. 300.

The dread of exile is greater among all nations, in proportion to the sentiments of patriotism which the spirit of laws and government is calculated to excite and encourage. Among the Greeks it was excessive. It aggravated the fear of death, and deepened the horror of the grave. Nor was the impression confined to the idea of dying in a foreign land, in which many among ourselves would sympathize with them, but it extended to many of their rites and ceremonies, and their daily customs. A sacrifice in a foreign city, and an unaccustomed temple, was not attended by half the beneficial consequences, not rewarded with half the divine favour which was bestowed in recompense of those pious cares and attentions at their own homes.

Jocasta, in Euripides, speaks with horror of the marriage of her son at Argos. In a most tender conversation, which afterwards takes place between her and that son, when he has returned in disguise to his native city, she strives to console him under the necessary evil of banishment. She tells him that hope is ever present to the mind of the exile :

Αἱ δ’ ἐλπίδες θοσκούσι φυγάδας ὡς λόγος.

To which he answers, in a tone of most natural pathos,

Καλοῖς ἐλεποῦσιν οἰμασιν· μελλοῦσι δέ.

The present Epigram is supposed to have been written by Leonidas for his own monument. The most affecting lines that Pope ever wrote were suggested by the same idea :

“ No friend’s complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier ;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn’d,
By strangers honour’d, and by strangers mourn’d !”

The mind naturally shrinks from the idea of being attended in those last sacred moments by strangers, who with indifferent and tranquil apathy

“ Wipe the cold dew, and catch the parting sigh.”

It is an idea still more revolting to our souls, than that which I have before remarked, when commenting on some beautiful verses of Solon. Even after our death, we wish that our bodies may inhabit some scene which we have loved in our lives. The romantic request of a late nobleman, that he may be conveyed after his death to Switzerland, and interred in a particular spot, which he pointed out to his executors with the greatest minuteness of description, was made in obedience to a feeling by no means unnatural or uncommon. Sir Thomas Overbury wished that he might lie in some sunny and flowery piece of ground. A similar sentiment is

expressed by Dr. Beattie, in his Minstrel ; and in reading it, I can hardly help supposing that the poet did but put his own wish into the mouth of his hermit.

“ Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrow’n ;
Fast by a brook, or fountain’s murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave !”

I have before dwelt on “ the pleasing belief that Fingal fought, and that Ossian sung,” and would willingly so far indulge it, as to imagine that the beautiful conclusion of the poem of Berrathon, was the genuine inspiration of the Gaelic bard.

“ Bend thy blue course, oh stream ! round the narrow
plain of Lutha !”

Oh flow round Lutha’s narrow plain, sweet stream,
And let the wild woods hanging o’er thee wave,
And let the sun there shed his warmest gleam,
And light winds gently breathe o’er Ossian’s grave !

At early morn the hunter passing by
No more shall hear my harp’s harmonious fall ;
Then shall he drop the tender tear, and cry
“ Where is the tuneful son of great Fingal ?”

'Then come, Malvina, all thy music yield,
Let thy soft song once more delight my breast,
Then raise my tomb in Lutha's narrow field,
And lull my dying spirits into rest.

Where art thou, lovely maid? Where is thy song!
Where are the soft sounds of thy passing feet?
Thou canst not come, nor shall I call thee long,
Till in my father's airy halls we meet.

Oh pleasant be thy rest, thou lovely beam!
Silent and slow thy peaceful light declined :
Like the pale moon upon the trembling stream,
Soon hast thou set, and left us dark behind.

We sit around the rock—but there no more
Thy voice remains to soothe, thy light to cheer :
Soon hast thou set on our deserted shore,
And left us all in gloomy darkness here ! M.

Leonidas lived in the days of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, and appears to have been one of the captives made by that prince in his war on the Tarentines. It was probably during his consequent banishment from his native country, that he composed for himself this pathetic epitaph.

" This stone records Megistias' honour'd name."

p. 301.

There were, at least, three ancient poets called Simonides. It would otherwise be difficult to account for the various styles of the poems preserved to us under that name. The elegiac poet must be carefully distinguished from the satirist (who wrote a long sarcastic poem against women), and perhaps also from the patriotic author of epitaphs, and other inscriptions, who composed this and the following, among a great number of other poems of the same nature. Megistias was a soothsayer in the little army of Leonidas. The Epigram explains his story. The next which follows, on Archedice, the daughter of Hippias, presents a striking picture of the simplicity and severity of manners which distinguished the ancient republics. Both are preserved by Herodotus, who has also transmitted to us the succeeding inscription on those who fell at Thermopylæ."

" If this inscriptive pillar passing by." p. 303.

This imaginary epitaph on Timon the misanthrope, savage as it is, presents not so gloomy, because not so natural, a picture of his mind as that which Plutarch

has transmitted to us in a distich, which he asserts to have been composed by himself :

Ενθαδ' απορρήξας ψυχην βαρυδαιμονα κείμαι·

Τ' ουνομα μη πεισεσθε, κακοί δε κακῶς απολοισθε.

“ Placed by the sons of Inachus, I stand.” p. 303.

Under the reign of Crotopus, king of Argos, it is related that his daughter, Psamathe, was delivered of a male child, whom she had conceived by Apollo ; and that, in order to conceal her fault from her father, she exposed the infant, who was torn in pieces by the royal sheep-dogs. In consequence of this event, Apollo sent among the Argives the fiend named Poena, Ποινή, (one of the Furies, Dea Poenarum exactrix), to tear away young children from the arms of their mothers ; which fiend Corœbus, moved by compassion for the misery of the people, afterwards slew. The anger of the God did not, however, abate ; and a grievous pestilence succeeding to the ravages of the monster, Corœbus consulted the Oracle at Delphi, in what manner he should make amends to the offended deity for the death of his minister. He was here directed not to return to his native country ; but, carrying with him one of the sacred tripods, to build a temple to Apollo on the spot which should be pointed out to him, by the tripod falling from his hands. It fell on Mount Geranius ; and on that

spot the temple was accordingly erected, and a town afterwards founded, with the name Tripodiscus. The tomb of Corœbus is in the public square of Megara; and on it is inscribed, in elegiac verses, the record of the preceding history, The emblem engraved on the monument represents Corœbus in the act of slaying the Fury. Pausanias, Attica, c. 43.

Statius introduces Polynices as visiting Argos at the time of the celebration of games, instituted in remembrance of these events; and Adrastus, king of Argos, relates their origin to the wandering hero. The description of the Fury is very poetical. The following is Pope's version of the passage in which it occurs :

—— “ Touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t'avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by Furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears ;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs :
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night, with sable wing, o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.”

M. Chardon de la Rochette has also given us this Epigram, together with some valuable observations,

which the reader may consult in the *Melanges de Critique*, &c. tom. i. p. 95.

“ Oh thou, who sleep’st in brazen slumber, tell.”

p. 304.

This epitaph is called “anonymous” in the first Aldine edition, was rejected by Henry Stephens, and has been omitted in all the subsequent Anthologies and *Analecta*. It appears, however, among the Epigrams of John Lascaris, annexed to the Bâle edition of Polybius *de re militari* (1557), and the style, as well as the subject, is sufficient, in M. Chardon de la Rochette’s opinion, to vindicate its genuineness. It evidently refers to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. I have used some trifling liberties with the original, principally with a view of rendering its effect more simple. See the “*Melanges de Critique et de Philologie*,” tom. i. p. 244.

DESCRIPTIVE.

DESCRIPTIVE.

Meleager, 110. i. 31.

THE RETURN OF SPRING IN GREECE. B.

HUSH'D is the howl of wintery breezes wild ;
The purple hour of youthful spring has smiled :
A livelier verdure clothes the teeming earth ;
Buds press to life, rejoicing in their birth ;
The laughing meadows drink the dews of night,
And, fresh with opening roses, glad the sight :
In song the joyous swains responsive vie ;
Wild music floats, and mountain melody.

Adventurous seamen spread the embosomed sail
O'er waves light heaving to the western gale ;
While village youths their brows with ivy twine,
And hail with song the promise of the vine.

In curious cells the bees digest their spoil,
When vernal sunshine animates their toil,
And little birds, in warblings sweet and clear,
Salute thee, Maia, loveliest of the year :
Thee, on their deeps, the tuneful haleyns hail,
In streams the swan, in woods the nightingale.

If earth rejoices, with new verdure gay,
And shepherds pipe, and flocks exulting play,
And sailors roam, and Bacchus leads his throng,
And bees to toil, and birds awake to song,
Shall the glad bard be mute in tuneful spring,
And, warm with love and joy, forget to sing?

Leonidas, 57. i. 235.

THE RETURN OF SPRING TO SAILORS. B.

HASTE to the port! the twittering swallow calls
Again return'd; the wintery breezes sleep;
The meadows laugh; and warm the zephyr falls
On ocean's breast, and calms the fearful deep.

Now spring your cables, loiterers; spread your sails;
O'er the smooth surface of the waters roam!
So shall your vessel glide with friendly gales,
And, fraught with foreign treasure, waft you home.

THE SAME SUBJECT ENLARGED. M.

WITH rapid prow the buoyant vessels glide,
And cut the glassy surface of the tide,
The glassy surface, white with foam no more,
But smoothly flowing to the level shore;

Or, settled in a deep and calm repose,
 Unruffled by the breeze, that scarcely blows.
 For now the swallow's voice, heard faintly clear,
 Spring's gracious zephyr, wafts along the air ;
 Beneath the pent-house roofs' embowering shade,
 The amorous bird her clay-built nest has laid,
 Securely guarded for her callow brood ;
 The cricket has his merry song renew'd ;
 And early foliage burst thro' every grove,
 And roses open to the touch of love.
 Now set your anchors free ; spread every sail,
 And loose your cordage to the friendly gale ;
 Quit, quit the port, where the long winter's day
 Has past inglorious, unimproved, away !
 Now tempt afresh the fortune of the wave,
 Seek other shores, and new adventures brave !
 So may the Gods of trade reward your toil
 With every bounty, shower'd on every soil ;
 And guide your barks triumphant o'er the main,
 Laden with plenty, to their homes again.

Ibycus. In Athenæus.

THE INFLUENCE OF SPRING. M.

WHAT time soft zephyrs of the balmy May,
 First o'er the rich Cydonian gardens play,

A a

(Immortal gardens ! where the Cretan fair,
Midst blooming bowers, perpetual fragrance share)
With warmer hues the blushing apples glow,
Fed by the fruitful streams that round them flow;
And new-born clusters swell with future wine
Beneath the shadowy foliage of the vine.
Alas ! to me the vernal season brings
But added torture on his sunny wings !
For Love, the earliest tyrant of my breast,
Impetuous banisher of joy and rest,
Bursts like a torrent from his mother's arms,
And fills my trembling soul with new alarms.
Like Boreas, rushing from his Thracian plains,
Clothed in fierce lightnings and o'erwhelming rains,
So rages in my soul the maddening power ;
His parching fires my withering heart devour :
A burning phrensy comes my senses o'er,
Sweet peace is fled, and reason is no more.

Idyll. 5.

MOSCHUS. M.

O'ER the smooth main, when scarce a zephyr blows
To break the dark-blue ocean's deep repose,
I seek the calmness of the breathing shore,
Delighted with the fields and woods no more.

But when, white-foaming, heave the deeps on high,
Swells the black storm, and mingles sea with sky,
Trembling, I fly the wild tempestuous strand,
And seek the close recesses of the land.

Sweet are the sounds that murmur thro' the wood
While roaring storms upheave the dang'rous flood;
Then, if the winds more fiercely howl, they rouse
But sweeter music in the pine's tall boughs.

Hard is the life the weary fisher finds
Who trusts his floating mansion to the winds,
Whose daily food the fickle sea maintains,
Unchanging labour, and uncertain gains.

Be mine soft sleep, beneath the spreading shade
Of some broad leafy plane inglorious laid,
Lull'd by a fountain's fall, that, murmuring near,
Soothes, not alarms, the toil-worn labourer's ear.

Leonidas, 39. i. 230.

INSCRIPTION ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER. B.

Not here, O thirsty traveller, stoop to drink,
The sun has warm'd, and flocks disturb'd the brink;
But climb yon upland where the heifers play,
Where that tall pine excludes the sultry day;
There will you list a bubbling rill that flows
Down the smooth rock more cold than Thracian snows.

Uncertain, 381. iii. 231.

THE ADDRESS OF THE OLIVE TO THE VINE. M.

I AM Minerva's sacred plant;
Press me no more, intruding vine!
Unwreath your wanton arms! Avaunt!
A modest maiden loves not wine.

Antiphilus, 12. ii. 172.

ON AN ANCIENT OAK. M.

HAIL, venerable boughs, that in mid sky
Spread broad and deep your leafy canopy!
Hail, cool refreshing shade, abode most dear
To the sun-wearied traveller wand'ring near!
Hail, close inwoven bow'rs, fit dwelling place
For insect tribes and man's imperial race!
Me too reclining in your green retreat
Shield from the blazing day's meridian heat.

Antipater. Anthologia inedita.

ON A POPLAR. M.

THIS plant is sacred. Passenger, beware !
From every wound a mortal pang I bear.
My tender limbs support a virgin rind,
Not the rude bark that shields the forest kind ;
And, even in these dark glens and pathless glades
Their parent Sun protects his poplar Maids.

Anyte, 6. i. 198.

ON A GROVE OF LAUREL. M.

WHOE'ER thou art, recline beneath the shade,
By never fading leaves of laurel made ;
And here awhile thy thirst securely slake
With the pure beverage of the crystal lake :
So shall your languid limbs, by toil opprest,
And summer's burning heat, find needful rest,
And renovation from the balmy power
That stirs and breathes within this verdant bower.

Uncertain, 282. iii. 231.

ON A LAUREL, CUT DOWN WITH A HATCHET.

M.

AH! where was Phœbus, when the God of arms
Dared to profane his Daphne's virgin charms?

Paulus, 61. iii. 90.

GARDEN SCENERY. B.

THIS lovely spot old Ocean laves,
And woody coverts fringe the waves :
Happy the art that could dispose
Whate'er in sea or garden grows,
And summon'd to the enchanted land
The Naiads' and the Nereids' band.

Paulus, 62. iii. 90.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT. B.

HERE strive for empire, o'er the happy scene,
The nymphs of fountain, sea, and woodland green ;
The power of grace and beauty holds the prize
Suspended even to her votaries,
And finds amazed, where'er she casts her eye,
Their contest forms the matchless harmony.

Uncertain, 325. iii. 220.

INSCRIPTION ON A BATH. B.

OR from this fount, a joyous birth,
The Queen of Beauty rose to earth,
Or heavenly Venus, bathing, gave
Her own quintessence to the wave.

Marianus, 4. ii. 512.

ANOTHER.

OGLE.

As in this fount, Love wash'd the Cyprian dame,
His touch the water tinged with subtle flame ;
And, while his busy hands his mother lave,
Ambrosial dews enrich the silver wave,
And all the undulating bason fill ;
Such dews as her celestial limbs distill.
Hence how delicious float these tepid streams !
What rosy odours ! what nectareous steams !
So pure the water, and so soft the air,
It seems as if the Goddess still were there.

Antiphanes, 7. ii. 205.

ON A FOUNTAIN

NEAR WHICH A MURDER HAD BEEN COMMITTED. M.

EREWHILE my gentle streams were wont to pour
 Along their banks a pure translucent tide ;
 But now their waves are shrunk, and channel dried,
 And every nymph knows the loved haunt no more ;
 Since that sad moment when my verdant shore
 Was with the crimson hue of murder dyed.
 To cool the sparkling heat of wine we glide,
 But shrink abhorrent from the stain of gore.

Simonides, 7. i. 121.

THE COMPLAINT OF DANAE. D.

WHEN the wind, resounding high,
 Blustered from the northern sky,
 When the waves, in stronger tide,
 Dash'd against the vessel's side,
 Her care-worn cheek with tears bedew'd,
 Her sleeping infant Danaë view'd.
 And trembling still with new alarms,
 Around him cast a mother's arms.
 " My child ! what woes does Danaë weep !

But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.
In that poor nook all sad and dark,
While lightnings play around our bark,
Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose.

The howling wind, the raging sea,
No terror can excite in thee;
The angry surges wake no care
That burst above thy long deep hair,
But could'st thou feel what I deplore,
Then would I bid thee sleep the more !
Sleep on, sweet boy, still be the deep !
Oh could I lull my woes to sleep !
Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
The baffled malice of my foe ;
And may this child, in future years,
Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears !”

ON STATUES AND PICTURES.

Uncertain, iii. 260.

ON THE NINE LYRICAL POETS OF GREECE. M.

O sacred voice of the Pierian choir,
Immortal Pindar ! O enchanting air
Of sweet Bacchylides ! O rapturous lyre,
Majestic graces, of the Lesbian fair.

Muse of Anacreon, the gay, the young,
Stesichorus, thy full Homeric stream !
Soft elegies by Cea's poet sung !
Persuasive Ibycus, thy glowing thème !

Sword of Alcæus, that, with tyrant's gore
Gloriously painted, lift'st thy point so high !
Ye tuneful nightingales that still deplore
Your Aleman, prince of amorous poesy !
Oh yet impart some breath of heav'nly fire
To him who venerates the Grecian lyre !

Leonidas, 49. i. 283.

ON HOMER. II.

DIM grow the planets, when the God of Day
Rolls his swift chariot through the heavenly way.
The moon's immortal round, no longer bright,
Shrinks in pale terror from the glorious light :
Thus, all eclipsed by Homer's wonderous blaze,
The crowd of poets hide their lessen'd rays.

Uncertain, 521. iii. 260.

ON SAPPHO. M.

COME, Lesbian maids, to Juno's royal dome !
With steps that hardly press the pavement, come !
Let your own Sappho lead the lovely choir,
And to the altar bear her golden lyre.
Then first, in graceful order, slow advance,
Weaving light mazes of the joyous dance,
While from on high the heav'n-rapt maid shall pour
Such strains, that men shall wonder and adore.

Democharis, 4. iii. 71.

ON THE PICTURE OF SAPPHO. H.

NATURE herself this magic portrait drew,
And, Painter ! gave thy Lesbian Muse to view.
Light sparkles in her eyes ; and Fancy seems
The radiant fountain of those living beams :
Through the smooth fulness of the unclouded skin
Looks out the clear ingenuous soul within ;
Joy melts to fondness in her glistening face,
And Love and Music breathe a mingled grace.

Antiphilus, 20. ii. 174.

ON THE PICTURE OF MEDEA, BY TIMOMACHUS.

M.

WHEN bold Timomachus essay'd to trace
The soul's emotions in the varying face,
With patient thought, and faithful hand, he strove
To blend with jealous rage maternal love.
Behold Medea ! Envy must confess
In both the passions his complete success.
Tears in each threat—a threat in every tear,
The mind with pity warm, or chill with fear.

The dread suspense I praise, the critic cries ;
Here all the judgment, all the pathos, lies ;
To stain with filial blood the guilty scene
Had marr'd the Artist, but became the Queen.

Uncertain, 562. iii. 269.

ON THE STATUE OF MENANDER. B.

BEHOLD Menander ! Siren of the stage,
Who charm'd, with love allied, a happier age ;
Light wanton wreathes, that never shall be dead,
Are curl'd luxuriant round the poet's head,
Who dress'd the scene in colours bright and gay,
And breathed enchantment o'er the living lay.

Uncertain, 561. iii. 269.

ON THE STATUE OF THE SAME POET,
PLACED BY THE SIDE OF THE FIGURE OF CUPID. B.

MENANDER, sweet Thalia's pride,
Well art thou placed by Cupid's side ;
Priest to the God of soft delights,
Thou spread'st on earth his joyous rites ;

And sure the boy himself we see
 To smile, and please, and breathe in thee
 For, musing o'er yon imaged stone,
 To see thee, and to love, are one.

Leonidas, Alex. 29. ii. 196.

ON AN INFANT

PLAYING ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE. M.

HER infant playing on the verge of fate,
 When but an instant's space had been too late,
 And pointed crags had claim'd his forfeit breath.
 The mother saw; she laid her bosom bare;
 Her child sprang forward the known bliss to share;
 And that which nourish'd life now saved from death.

Emilianus Niceus, 1. ii. 275.

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT

SUCKING AT THE BREAST OF A DYING MOTHER.

TYTLER.

SUCK, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives!
 Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives!
 She dies—her tenderness survives her breath,
 And her fond love is provident in death.

Uncertain, 422. iii. 241.

INGRATITUDE.

ON A FIGURED GEM, REPRESENTING A GOAT GIVING SUCK TO A
YOUNG WOLF. B.

A WOLF, reluctant, with my milk I feed,
Obedient to a cruel master's will;
By him I nourish'd, soon condemn'd to bleed,
For stubborn Nature will be Nature still.

Myrinus, 3. ii. 107.

ON A PICTURE OF CUPID

WATCHING THE FLOCK OF THE NYMPHS. B.

SWAIN of the Nymphs, who drove their flocks along,
Nor fear'd with sylvan Pan to strive in song,
Stretch'd in the sun, who broke the morn with wine,
Young Thyrsis sleeps beneath this shady pine :
Love takes the crook himself, and guards with pride
The flock that Thyrsis tend'd ere he died.
Nymphs, nymphs, reanimate your favourite's clay,
Lest Cupid fall to savage wolves a prey !

Plato, 15. i. 172.

ON THE IMAGE OF A SATYR, AND A CUPID

SLEEPING BY A FOUNTAIN SIDE. B.

FROM mortal hands my being I derive ;
Mute marble once, from man I learn'd to live.
A satyr now, with nymphs I hold resort,
And guard the watery grottos where they sport.
In purple wine refused to revel more,
Sweet draughts of water from my urn I pour ;
But, stranger, softly tread, lest any sound
Awake yon boy, in rosy slumbers bound.

Plato, 29. i. 174.

ON A SLEEPING CUPID IN A GROVE. B.

I PIERCED the grove, and in its deepest gloom
Beheld sweet Love, of heavenly form and bloom ;
Nor bow nor quiver at his back were slung,
But, harmless, on the neighbouring branches hung,
On rosebuds pillow'd lay the little child
In glowing slumbers pleased, and sleeping smiled,
While, all around, the bees delighted sip
The fragrance of his smooth and balmy lip.

Eubulus (Fragm. Com. Poet.)

ON A WINGED CUPID.

CUMBERLAND.

WHY, foolish Painter, give those wings to Love ?
 Love is not light, as my fond heart can prove :
 Love hath no wings, or none that I can see ;
 If he can fly, oh bid him fly from me !

Simonides, 90. i. 143.

ON A STATUE OF CUPID BY PRAXITELES. H.

WELL has the sculptor what he felt express'd ;
 He drew the living model from his breast.
 Will not his Phryne the design approve,
 Me for myself exchanging, Love for Love ?
 Lost is my fabled bow and magic dart ;
 But, only gazed upon, I win the heart.

Plato, 14. i. 157.

ON A RURAL IMAGE OF PAN. M.

SLEEP, ye rude winds ! Be every murmur dead
 On yonder oak-crown'd promontory's head !
 Be still, ye bleating flocks—your shepherd calls.
 Hang silent on your rocks, ye waterfalls !

B b

Pan on his oaten pipe awakes the strain,
 And fills with dulcet sounds the pastoral plain.
 Lured by his notes, the nymphs their bowers forsake,
 From every fountain, running stream, and lake,
 From every hill and ancient grove around,
 And to symphonious measures strike the ground.

Plato Comicus (Fragm. Com. Poet.)

ON A STATUE OF MERCURY.

CUMBERLAND.

“ HOA there ! Who art thou ? Answer me. Art dumb ? ”
 “ Warm from the hand of Dædalus I come,
 My name, Mercurius ; and, as you may prove,
 A statue ; but his statues speak and move.”

Philip. (Huschke Anal. Crit. 205.)

ON A BRONZE STATUE OF THE RIVER EUROTAS.

M.

PLUNGED by the sculptor in a bath of flame,
 Yet in his native bed the God appears :
 The watery veil yet hangs o’er all his frame,
 And every pore distills the crystal tears.
 How great the victory of art, that gave
 To brass the trembling moisture of the wave !

Uncertain, 298. iii. 214.

ON A STATUE OF NIOBE, BY PRAXITELES. B.

THIS female, so the poets sing,
Was changed to stone by Dian's curse.
The painter did a better thing—
He did exactly the reverse.

Anyle, 5. i. 198.

ON A STATUE OF VENUS ON THE SEA COAST. B.

CYTHERA from this craggy steep
Looks downward on the glassy deep,
And hither calls the breathing gale,
Propitious to the venturous sail,
While ocean flows beneath, serene,
Awed by the smile of Beauty's queen.

Leonidas, 41. i. 231.

ON THE VENUS ANADYOMENE OF APELLES. M.

WHEN from the bosom of her parent flood
She rose refulgent with the encircling brine,
Apelles saw Cythera's form divine,
And fix'd her breathing image, where it stood.

Those graceful hands, entwined, that wring the spray
 From her ambrosial hair, proclaim the truth;
 Those speaking eyes, where amorous lightnings play,
 Those swelling heavens, the harbingers of youth.
 The rival Powers behold with fond amaze,
 And yield submission in the conscious gaze.

Uncertain, 247. iii. 200.

EXCLAMATION OF VENUS

ON SEEING HER STATUE BY PRAXITELES. M.

MY naked charms! The Phrygian swain,
 And Dardan boy—to those I've shown them,
 And only those, of mortal strain.
 How should Praxiteles have known them?

Leonidas Alex. 24, ii. 195.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

ON THE ARMED STATUE OF VENUS AT SPARTA. M.

FAIR Queen of Love! those arms you bear
 The God of War is wont to wield.
 Oh shake not thou the sounding spear!
 Oh hold not thou the blazing shield!

Thy naked power taught Mars to yield :
 The mighty Tamer bow'd before thee—
 When Gods before thy charms have kneel'd,
 Must they be arm'd ere men adore thee ?

Uncertain, 249. iii. 201.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT. M.

PALLAS met Beauty's Queen array'd in arms,
 " Dost thou too venture on the listed field?"
 Smiling she answer'd,—“ If my naked charms
 Such victories gain—what with my spear and shield?"

THE SAME SUBJECT,

PARAPHRASED FROM AUSONIUS.

PRIOR

THE Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,
 And Beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit,
 When Venus; loose in all her naked charms,
 Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms ;
 The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
 From head to foot, and tauntingly she said,
 " Yield, sister ; rival, yield ; naked, you see,
 I vanquish ; guess how potent I should be,

If to the field I came in armour drest,
Dreadful like thine my shield, and terrible my crest."

The warrior goddess with disdain replied,
"Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once advise,
And Venus, if 'tis possible, be wise:
Thou, to be strong, must put off every dress;
Thy only armour is thy nakedness;
And, more than once (or thou art much belied)
By Mars himself that armour has been tried."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

DESCRIPTIVE.

"Hush'd is the howl of wintry breezes wild." p. 351.

THE only merit which this short idyl can claim is the condensation of familiar images, rendered pleasing in the original by a more than ordinary harmony of cadences and of whole lines. I question whether any verse can be cited, superior, in this respect, to the second of this idyl:

Πορφύρεη μειδῶσε φερανθεὸς εἰαρος ὥρη.

Jacobs is not awake to the harmony, and therefore discovers no merit at all.

It is extraordinary that the poet should have made no mention of love, which, in this delightful season, is the first and foremost of passions felt and acknowledged by the whole creation. Hence Lucretius makes Love the constant attendant of the spring:

"It Ver et Venus," &c.

Spring comes with Venus join'd, and in her train
The winged Zephyr wantons o'er the plain;
Before their steps delighted Flora strews
Her buds of sweetest breath and liveliest hues. B.

The effect of a May morning is merrily expressed in the following pretty triolet :

“ Le premier jour du mois de Mai
 Fut le plus heureux de ma vie ;
 Le beau dessein que je formai
 Le premier jour du mois de Mai.
 Je vous vis, et je vous aimai.
 Si ce dessein vous plut, Silvie,
 Le premier jour du mois de Mai
 Fut le plus heureux de ma vie.”

The morning of the firs of May
 To me was happier far than any ;
 I thought on that which made me gay,
 The morning of the first of May.
 I saw, and loved thee on that day :
 If what I thought on pleased thee, Fanny,
 The morning of the first of May
 To me was happier far than any. B.

On such a subject it would be labour lost, or endless, to cite the parallels which occur in the poetical remains of all ages and nations. As being less obvious to the recollection of most classical readers, I shall only refer them to the beautiful opening of Gregory Nazianzen's Panegyric on the Martyr Mamas—(See Boyd's "Select Passages," &c. p. 207,) and to those eloquent pieces of

descriptive poetry in the romance of Longus, which Mr. Boyd has mentioned in his notes to that fragment. There are many who will not be surprised to find, in the loves of Daphnis and Chloë, a vein of poetical delight that they little expect to meet with in a father of the Christian church.

“ The return of spring to sailors.” p. 352.

This alluring subject, so natural to the imagination of a Grecian poet, was eagerly seized by many writers subsequent to Leonidas ; each of whom, besides varying the expressions of his predecessor, applied to the same natural objects, added some original image to the collection already presented to his hand. It has been my object, in the second of these two pieces, to throw together all the most striking circumstances in the several successive poems of Antipater, Argentarius, Archias, Paul, and Agathias.

“ What time soft zephyrs of the balmy May.” p. 353.

This fragment, the only portion which we now possess of the writings of Ibycus, corresponds exactly with the impetuous and enthusiastic character which the voice of antiquity has attributed to him. He was a native of Rhegium, and probably the earliest poet that the Grecian colonies in Italy produced. His death was

attended by circumstances so singular, that it may not be unamusing if I detail it from the statement of Ælian.

Travelling in a wild and uninhabited country, he was one day attacked by banditti, and, when mortally wounded, perceived a flight of cranes hovering over the spot. "Those very birds," he exclaimed in the agonies of death, "may hereafter be the avengers of my murder." Some little period had elapsed, when the assassins being together in the public forum, observed some cranes flying over their heads. They could not avoid whispering among one another, either in derision, or from a sudden feeling of remorse for the crime which this circumstance had strongly brought to their remembrance, "Behold the avengers of Ibycus!" The remark was overheard, and communicated to the magistrates. The robbers were summoned to answer the charge now brought against them. Their confused appearance and unsatisfactory defence strengthened the suspicion; the application of tortures compelled a discovery, and the prophecy of the dying poet was accomplished in their execution.

The description of the Cydonian Gardens, as existing at the time when this ancient poet flourished, accords, in many remarkable particulars, with those given by modern travellers of the country about Canea, in the isle of Crete, the undoubted site of the Cydon of antiquity. The richness and variety of the fruits which it produces are particularly celebrated; and the quince, or

Cydonian apple, of course passes not unnoticed among them. These are the fruits which, (according to Pliny, in Dr. Philemon Holland's translation), "are come now a daies to be entertained within the waiting or presence-chambers of our great personages, where men give attendance to salute them as they come forth every morning; and in bed-chambers also they are to garnish the images standing about the bed's head and sides." They were, long previous to the time of Pliny, reckoned among the most acceptable offerings of lovers to their mistresses. Stesichorus speaks of Helen's bed chamber as being full of "Cydonian apples," myrtles, and beautiful garlands of roses and violets. Alcman, the earliest of the amatory poets, talks of a lover playfully throwing the "Cydonian apple" into his mistress's bosom; and this may render it probable that the ladies in Theocritus and Virgil, who are described as pelting their gallants with apples, and Pamphilus, in Aristænetus, who, sitting at table with his mistress,

— an apple broke,

And at her bosom aim'd the stroke,

employed the same species of fruit for their respective purposes. On account of their extraordinary beauty and colour, they obtained also the name of Chrysomela, or the Golden Apple; so that the celebrated prize which caused so serious a contention between three rival goddesses on Mount Ida, was evidently neither more nor

less than a quince. The fable of the judgment of Paris thus explained, has a striking parallel in the Constantinopolitan History of Zonaras. Theodosius the younger sent a quince of extraordinary bigness to his empress, as a present, which she having unfortunately transferred to Paulinus, an officer of the palace, it became, like Othello's handkerchief, the seed of a furious jealousy, and productive of consequences hardly less fatal than the ten years siege of Troy. To conclude, the beauty which procured for them the surname of "golden," recommended them also to the peculiar care and protection of Venus ; and, for this reason perhaps, a lover's throwing them at his mistress was considered as an invitation of similar import to the casting the handkerchief in the Grand Signior's seraglio.

It must not be forgotten that, in the "Cydonian Gardens," poor Palæmon first discovered to Arion the affecting history of his love and of his wrongs. I do not imagine that Falconer had ever read this fragment of Ibycus, when he produced the following picture of that region, which the poet of Rhegium has celebrated :

" But now before them happier scenes arise !

Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes :

Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,

Where light with gay romantic error stray'd ;

The myrtles here with fond caresses twine,

There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine ;

And lo ! the stream, renown'd in classic song,
 Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
 On mossy bank, beneath the citron grove,
 The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove ;
 Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
 And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul."

Shipwreck, c. i.

" *Not here, O thirsty traveller, stoop to drink.*" p.355.

The merit of these lines consists wholly in their descriptive character. We are pleased with any thing in poetry, however trifling in itself, which lays before our eyes any one clear and distinct image in nature. But in a country which, like many parts of Greece, and of the southern states of Italy, was almost destitute of water, a clear and wholesome fountain was an inestimable treasure ; and an inscription, guiding the traveller or wandering shepherd to such a spring, must have been a work of extensive public utility. Among the beneficial and magnificent works ascribed to Nushirvan, or Chosroes, we are told that during his reign this transcendent blessing was dispersed, with careful and liberal hand, over the arid territory of Persia ; an act which alone entitles him to a proud pre-eminence over his rival Justinian ; the importance of which is so great, that one of the first officers of state in those torrid regions, was designated by the title of Prince of the Waters.

“ *I am Minerva’s sacred plant.*” p. 356.

The blended foliage of the vine and olive must be familiar to all who have visited the shores of the Levant, and naturally enough suggested the mythological allusion in this Epigram :

“ The rising hill wide-spreading olives shade,
Skirt the deep ravine, and embower the glade
With sober tints of never-fading green ;
While distant mountains close the varied scene, &c.
—Hence to the left extends a spacious plain,
Nor rich with pastured herds nor waving grain ;
Where bending vines their purple pride display,” &c.

This is the description of the modern state of Alcinous’ garden. So in the neighbouring island of Zante,

“ Where tangled olives form a cool retreat,
Through the green shade where evening breezes play
Oft have I linger’d at the close of day,
To mark the length’ning shadows as they fell,
And listen to the convent’s vesper bell, &c.
—Now, gently stealing on the yielding sense,
Soft breathing gales their gather’d sweets dispense
From thousand aromatic plants, that grow
In wild luxuriance on the mountains’ brow,

From cultured fields, where blooms the early vine,
And embryo blossoms swell with future wine."

(Wright's *Horæ Ionice*.)

This beautiful picture recalls the "Cydonian Gardens" of Ibycus, and bids me remark a casual but striking instance of resemblance of the last line of the passage here quoted, with one which occurs in my translation.

"*Hail, venerable boughs, that in mid sky.*" p. 356.

It is naturally pleasing to the human mind to trace a resemblance in times and countries that can be supposed to have had no connexion with each other, whether in language or manners. We are much gratified when we observe, that the reverence of our ancient Druids for the tree from which they derived their name, and under the shade of which their most sacred offices were performed extended even to Greece. But wherever there is a scarcity of wood, and the art of planting has not become generally practised among the inhabitants, a single tree will be well known to a whole territory, and the landmark of ages will be consecrated to posterity by a kind of prescriptive right. In an epigram by Zonas, it is treated as a point of religion not to cut down an oak-tree. The superior size and magnificence of that most noble plant sufficiently accounts for the preference so universally given to it.

"Oh labourer! Fear to cut down the mother of acorns; spare her! Let the aged pine be destroyed, or

the fir, or yonder paliurus, or the ilex, or the dry arbutus. But let your axe be far from the oak-tree. For our forefathers have told us that our first mothers were oaks."

The singular circumstance which concludes this curious relic of ancient veneration, would lead us, if pursued, into a discussion too voluminous for this little work. It is enough to have shewn this point of resemblance between the superstitions of Gaul and of Greece.

Grand and solemn scenery has at all times been the favoured retirement of religion. The Ode of Gray on the Grande Chartreuse is well known. But the French have a mode of introducing gaiety on every occasion; and my friend, Mr. Parsons, copied out and imitated from the Album of that celebrated and severe retreat, some lines which present it in a light far different from the Latin ode.

*Copied from the Album of the Grande Chartreuse,
near Grenoble.*

"Dévots habitans de ces lieux,
Sans doute votre sort est bien digne d'envie,
Vous êtes, vous serez heureux,
Vous passez une sainte vie,
Sans peine, sans inquiétude:
Mais je trouve que le plaisir
D'entrer dans cette solitude
Ne vaut pas celui d'en sortir."

Imitated by Mr. Parsons.

“ True—here may saints enraptured dwell
 Exempt from worldly care,
 Here human pains and pleasures quell
 By penitence and prayer.
 Wild scenery this for bigot zeal
 In ecstasy devout :
 Great joy in coming in I feel,
 But more in going out.”

Waller's poetical wish,

“ Oh, how I long my weary limbs to lay
 Under the plantain shade,” &c.

must be familiar to all ; but he writes only from a momentary impression ; and how inferior is he in expressing the true ardour with which some men feel this passion for solitude and retirement.

“ Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good !
 Hail, ye plebeian underwood !
 Where the poetic birds rejoice,
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
 Pay with their grateful voice !

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft winds above me flying,
 With all their wanton boughs dispute,
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
 Nor be myself too mute.” Cowley.

The same settled and habitual sentiment is expressed in those exquisite stanzas of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," to which, as the book is in the hands of all the world, I shall content myself with referring the reader.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell," &c.

— "This is not solitude—'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's works, and see her stores unroll'd."

"*This plant is sacred. Passenger, beware !*" p. 357.

The original of this Epigram is published by Jacobs in his *Exercitationes Criticæ* (Tom. ii. p. 81.) It is given in the *Melanges de Critique et de Philologie*, together with a Latin version, as a specimen of several made by the late Abbé de Lurienne, of whose life and character M. Chardon furnishes us with a short but interesting memoir, in the note which occasioned its introduction. The version is that which follows :

"Me violasse cave, cum sim arbor sacra, viator !

Quisquis ades, monco, dilacerata gemam ;

Cortex virgo fuit, nec vili creta, memento,

Stipite. Populidûm quem latet unde genus ?

Quod si me positam semoto tramite cædas,

Non impune feres. Sol colit Heliaden."

"*Whoe'er thou art, recline beneath the shade.*" p. 357.

This simple inscription, on a shady laurel by the water's side, is, in the former editions of the *Anthology*,

announced as the work of an uncertain author. The Vatican MS. ascribes it to Anyte; and it is restored to her by Jacobs upon that authority. The fable of Apollo and Daphne is alluded to in the succeeding Epigram: Fontenelle has given a pleasant turn to this story.—The opening of the following lines is in imitation of Fontenelle; but, as he does not appear to me to carry his idea quite far enough, I have ventured a new conclusion to the story.

Apollo and Daphne.

“ In me,” said Phœbus, as he panted
 On Daphne’s hair, and still pursued
 The timid nymph from field to wood,
 “ In me behold—I speak with pride,—
 More charms than Heaven can boast beside !”
 Then, thinking she would be enchanted
 To hear him, one by one, recite ’em,
 He straight recounted every item,
 As in the sequel will appear :
 “ First, I am God of verse and light,”—
 (She hated verse, and loved the night.)—
 “ Conundrums I can best unriddle,
 And play divinely on the fiddle :”—
 (For music Daphne had no ear ;
 She thought the science dull and hollow :
 And, as for riddles, Daphne knew
 A thing or two,
 Would pose a shrewder than Apollo.)

" I know the use of herbs, my fair,
 Oh stay !"—("Twas talking to the air.)
 " Oh, wherefore, gentle nymph, so hasty ?
 The God of physic owns thy power."
 (This made her run ten knots an hour,
 For senna, Daphne thought, was nasty.)—
 " No God so chaste !" Although fatigue
 Had nearly made a nymph so tender
 From mere exhaustion straight surrender :
 Yet had that last such force supplied,
 That at one brisk and desperate stride
 She bounded nearly half a league :
 And, musing as she best was able,
 Conceived it quite as profitable
 To be a laurel as a bride." B.

Prior also has amused himself by a parody of this celebrated dialogue.

" This lovely spot old Ocean laves. p. 358.

This, and the succeeding Epigram, are supposed (I know not on what foundation) to be descriptive of the gardens of Justinian, at Heræum, of which Gibbon gives us a beautiful picture, (vol. vii. c. 40.) The reader may compare them with the gardens of Vopiscus, and the Sorrentine villa of Pollius Felix, as delineated by Statius.

“ Or from this fount, a joyous birth.” p. 359.

In a collection of figured gems published by Mr. Ogle, there are two preserved which represent Venus bathing, and rising from the bath.—This subject was indeed equally common among their artists and poets. In warm countries the bath has been always held as one of the first luxuries of life, or rather it is in itself necessary to existence ; and luxury, in the more refined ages of society, combined with it all the elegancies and delicacies of art. In Homer’s Hymn to Venus, the bath makes a very principal feature in the description he gives of her preparations for the meeting with Anchises. The Graces attend on her, anoint her with fragrant and immortal oil, and at last enfold her limbs in the loveliest robes ornamented with gold.—The same ceremony occurs in the Odyssey towards the conclusion of the song of Demodocus. Hence the most costly baths had frequently inscriptions upon them alluding to the Goddess of Beauty.

The succeeding translation of Marianus is taken from the work above alluded to.

In a valuable mythological work of M. Millin, lately published at Paris, occur several representations of Roman empresses who chose to be figured in the character of the Goddess of Beauty rising from the bath. This mode of representation was, however, more probably

suggested to them by the Venus Anadyomene. I shall recur to the subject in a future illustration.

“As in this fount, Love wash'd the Cyprian dame.”

p. 359.

The mythological fiction here employed to illustrate the praises of this first of southern luxuries, has been adopted on other occasions of the like nature. Thus in the Anthologia Latina :

“De Baiis.

Ante bonam Venerem gelidæ per litora Bajæ ;
 Illa natare lacus cum lampade jussit Amorem.
 Dum natat, argentes cecidit scintilla per undas.
 Hinc vapor ussit aquas ; quicunque natavit, amavit.”

Pliny also informs us that the delicious odour of a fountain in Mesopotamia was attributed, by the people of that country, to the goddess Juno having once honoured its waters by bathing in them. In another Epigram on the same subject, Marianus shews some variety of invention. He relates, that the nymphs found Love sitting on the brink of the fountain, under the shade of plane trees ; and that dipping his torch into the water, for the purpose of extinguishing it, they, on the contrary, communicated its flame to the water itself. This is also the subject of some figured gem or other sculp

ture. Warton may have had this idea in his mind when he composed the following inscription on a grotto :

“ The Graces sought in yonder stream
To cool the fervid day,
When Love’s malicious godhead came,
And stole their robes away.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bad Delia wear ;
While they, ashamed to stir abroad,
Remain all naked here.”

“ *Erewhile my gentle streams were wont to pour.*”

p. 360.

The turn of thought in this little poem evidently depends on the custom before alluded to, of mixing water with wine. There is an Epigram on the same subject by Apollonides. A fountain, to which, on account of its transparent purity, the nymphs had given the appellation of Catharè, was dried up from the moment that certain robbers washed their hands in it, after murdering a traveller whom they found sleeping on its brink.

Pausanias, speaking of the river Helicon, says that when the women who killed Orpheus came to wash their hands in its water, it suddenly dipped under ground, to avoid giving its expiation to those execrable females.

“ O sacred voice of the Pierian choir. p. 362.

The poet who is last noticed in this Epigram (Aleman) was, as is here implied, the earliest of those who devoted his muse to the service of Love. He introduced the custom, which long maintained itself among the Greeks, of chanting love verses at banquets and assemblies. The name of the beauty in whose honour he sung, and who was herself a poet, is preserved, in a small fragment of his works, by Athenæus. “ Again has the sweet child of Venus entered my soul, and gladdened all within me. These lays a heavenly virgin has inspired, Megalostrata with the golden hair.” The age of this early poet has been fixed to the 27th Olympiad. Of his poems none survive except a few insignificant scraps ; and of his life, the memoirs which have reached our days are equally inconsiderable. His instruments were the cythara and the flute, and he is the reputed inventor of music for choral dances. The different styles of Simonides and Ibycus, of Stesichorus and Bacchylides, are well contrasted in this Epigram ; and of all these several authors (except Stesichorus) sufficient reliques are preserved to enable us to judge of the probable accuracy of the description. The reader will find specimens of each in different parts of this volume. Of names so familiar as those of Pindar and Sappho, of Alcæus and Anacreon, it is unnecessary in this place to say any thing. The nine lyrical poets are celebrated in many

other epigrams besides this which I have selected by way of specimen, but with very little variety. Nine female poets also are held up to immortality by Antipater and others, under the name of "Earthly Muses." These are Sappho, Erinna, Anyte, Nossis, Praxilla, Corinna, Telesilla, Myrtis, and Myro; but of the most part of them the catalogue of names is all that survives.

"Whoe'er he was whose art this picture plann'd."

p. 364.

I know not on what authority, anterior to the days of Ovid, the person of Sappho has been represented under an unfavourable aspect. It would even be difficult to affix any earlier origin to the disrepute in which her character has been held in these latter days. On a point, however, universally believed to be long since settled, it would be the most idle exertion of knight-errantry to endeavour now to alter the established opinion. The Arabian prince running all over the world in search of Solomon's mistress, who had been quietly laid in her grave for at least three thousand years, is a type of sound common sense in comparison with such an adventurer.

The most that can safely be ventured on such an occasion, is to oppose to the discourteous Roman poet, the evidence of a picture which was existing at a much later period, and which, too probably, was only the creature of the imagination. If it proves any thing, therefore, it is no more than that, in the days of Justinian, the autho-

city of Ovid was not held so conclusive as it appears to have been considered in after ages. "There are two kinds of beauty," says the author of the Romance of Clitophon and Leucippe, "the one pure and celestial, the other gross and earthly." The latter adheres to the body in which it resides, is fixed in the form of a face or of a bosom, in the regular arch of an eyebrow, the just symmetry of a nose, or the unfading coral of a lip. The other owes its origin to Heaven, and aspiring to the place of its birth, seems ever anxious to break its prison-house of mortality. Hence the "eloquent blood," that mounts into the face, and animates the countenance with colours perpetually varying but always lovely; hence the glistening moisture of the lips and eyes, that look as if the soul were always on the wing to escape, and fluttering between the speech and the sight.

I have seen a portrait, now many years ago, which immediately brought to my imagination this description of Democharis; and I have been told that its resemblance to the original was exact in every particular, but most of all in the expression which it conveyed. It was a picture, by Laurence, of a young lady, whose high birth and beauty were only equalled by her talents and accomplishments; but who has since resigned that beauty, and those talents to Heaven.

This subject naturally leads to mournful recollections; and I trust in the kindness of experienced friendship to forgive the insertion in this place of the following

*Inscription, for a Monument intended to be erected in
the Church at Hafod.*

When at the holy altar's foot is given
The blushing maiden to the enamour'd youth
Whose long tried honour, constancy, and truth,
Yield the fair promise of an earthly heaven,
Though to far distant friends and country led,
Fond parents triumph 'mid the tears they shed.

Shall we then grieve, that a celestial spouse
Hath borne this virgin treasure from our sight,
To share the glories of the eternal light,
The end of all our prayers and all our vows?
We should rejoice—but cannot as we ought—
Great God! Forgive the involuntary fault. M.

“ *When bold Timomachus essay'd to trace.*” p. 364.

In this Epigram, Antiphilus has paid a very natural and pleasing tribute to the merits of an ingenious countryman. Timomachus lived at Byzantium in the time of Julius Cæsar, who did not fail to acknowledge and reward his genius; for Pliny tells us, that he bought two of his pictures (one of which was this celebrated painting of Medea) for a sum equal to about £10,000. sterling. Bayle (in Art. Timomachus) cites a passage from Pliny respecting this picture, which is curious as a memorial of Roman connoisseurship. “It is a very extraordinary thing that the last works, and unfinished pictures of artists, such as the Iris of Aristides, the Tyn-

daridæ of Timomachus, the Medea of the same painter, the Venus of Apelles, are more admired than their finished pictures." "Does pity enter into the case?" proceeds Bayle, (arguing on what he terms this caprice of mankind,) "do men think it their duty to cherish things on account of their misfortune in losing their author before they were finished?" Something of this may, perhaps, be attributed to caprice; but there may also exist other reasons for the preference besides those visionary motives which the philosopher supposes. To a painter's eye, or a student's comprehension, the different stages of progressive labour, exemplified in works which have been brought by eminent artists to different states short of perfection, may afford a fund of pleasure or of instruction beyond what even the most finished models of the art can produce, and much beyond what an unlearned observer, or a mere amateur, can imagine. At any rate, we ought not to be too hasty in giving the title of caprice to a feeling, not confined to one age or country, but which seems natural to a state of peculiar refinement.

This Epigram has been imitated by Ausonius; and the same subject is treated in other poems in the Anthology. The praise assigned to the painter at the conclusion, for avoiding the representation of the horrors which Medea acted, is also bestowed, for a similar reason, by Lucian, on a picture of the murder of Clytæmnestra.

“ *Behold Menander ! Siren of the stage.*” p. 365.

This, and the following inscription, have been already referred to in the Preface, and may, with the greatest propriety, be understood solely as allusive to the “ *Veneres Cupidinesque*” of his comic muse. They have also been conjectured, but with far less probability, to allude to the love of the poet for Glycera the courtesan, of which Athenæus (in his thirteenth book), but more particularly Alciphron (in three several epistles) make mention. Such love, however, was common to Menander with almost all, not of the poets only, but the philosophers of Greece ; nor was it very ardent in its kind, if we may credit the grave Johnsonian reply which he is recorded to have made to Philemon, who having once complimented him on the virtues of his mistress, he answered, “ *Sir, no man’s mistress was ever virtuous.*”

“ *Her infant playing on the verge of fate.*” p. 366.

These lines I have ventured to suppose relating to a picture on the subject which they commemorate, from their similarity, in point of expression, to the Epigram immediately following, which was certainly composed on a celebrated painting by Aristides, representing a mother bleeding to death, and her child yet sucking at her breast. The criticism of Pliny on the last mentioned picture is well known : “ *Pietura est, oppido capto, ad matris morientis e vulnere mammam adrepens infans : intelligiturque sentire mater, et timere ne emortuo lacte*

sanguinem infans lambat." "This," (says Mr. Shee, in his *Elements of Art*, observing on the passage) "must certainly be considered as the most extraordinary achievement, in the way of expression, that is to be found in the records of criticism. The political significance of Burleigh's nod, fails on a comparison with such a prodigy of prospective emotion—cause and effect—existing circumstances and contingent consequences—all contained in one point of pathetic pungepey—mixed up in a physiological melange for the gratification of refined feeling and pure taste." Mr. Shee's hatred to the Dilettanti appears to me in this, as in other instances, to have driven him a little too far. If I have understood Pliny rightly, the picture of Aristides expressed no more than the subject imperiously demanded; and if it had expressed less, his performance would have been worth nothing. If horror, affection, and pity, can be felt at one moment, the human countenance will at the same moment express those feelings, and the expression becomes a fit subject for the painter's skill. The meaning of it, indeed, cannot be written down in characters plain enough for vulgar comprehension, but it is to be collected by the penetration of taste and genius.

"*A wolf, reluctant, with my milk I feed.*" p. 367.

"*Gratia parit gratiam.*" "One good turn begets another." This Epigram is the very reverse of the common proverb.

From the statue of a wolf, the transition does not seem very abrupt to that of a house dog :

“ Latratu fures excepi, mutus amantes.

Sic placui domino : sic placui dominæ.”

“ Rude aux voleurs, doux à l’amant,

J’aboyois, ou faisois caresse ;

Ainsi j’ai su diversement

Servir mon maitre et ma maitrresse.”

I bark’d at thieves ; to lovers mute I grew ;

I pleased my master thus, and mistrèss too. B.

“Swain of the Nymphs who drove their flocks along.”

p. 367.

“ I imagine that this Epigram is descriptive of a picture. Thyrsis, who enjoyed the office of shepherd of the flocks belonging to the nymphs, is asleep under the shade of a pine. Love standing by, takes his crook, and begins to act the shepherd’s part. The poet, trembling for the safety of the little deity, invokes the nymphs to awaken their servant, lest Love become a prey to the wild beasts of the forest. The gods are not unfrequently represented as attending on shepherds, and now and then relieving them while on duty.”

So far Jacobs.—In this respect the gods of the ancients appear to have acted in a manner much resembling our

modern fairies, who are well known to amuse themselves frequently in the night by relieving the good housewife of her next morning's labour, and even dropping a tester in her shoe, as a recompense for the occupation of which they have so good-humouredly defrauded her.

“ From mortal hands my being I derive.” p. 368.

This poem represents a scene in the interior of a Grecian garden; many are to be found on the same model. They are to be considered as exact descriptions of some spot equally favoured by art and nature, like those of Shenstone on his Leasowes. The following is beautifully depictive of the silence and sacredness of a retired place, and is very successfully imitated from those impressions inspired by the Greek,

*“ Hujus nymphe loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ,
Parce meum quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere; sive bibas, sive lavere, tace.”*

Which Pope thus translated for an inscription on the statue of a water-nymph, at Stour Head, in Wiltshire :

*“ Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmurs of these waters sleep;
Ah, spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave!
Or drink in silence, or in silence lave.”*

Did our old English poet know any thing of this or the succeeding epigram of Plato, when he gave utterance to the following extremely poetical fancy ?

“ Come shepherds, follow me !
 Run up apace the mountaine !
 See, loc beside the fountaine
 Love laid to rest : how sweetly sleepeth he !
 O take heed ! Come not nigh him ?
 But haste we hence, and fly him.
 And, lovers, dance with gladness ;
 For while Love sleepes is truce with care and sadness.”
 England’s Helicon.

The following elegant couplet was inscribed on a statue of Cupid, in the garden of M. le Marq. de Pézay.

“ D’aucun Dieu l’on n’a dit tant de mal et de bien.
 Le plus grand des malheurs est de n’en dire rien.”

Of all the deities that shed
 On earth their influence from above,
 So much has never yet been said,
 Both good and evil, as of Love.

Yet, for whatever joy we bless,
 Or for whatever pain we flout him,
 His is the worst unhappiness
 Who knows not what to say about him. M.

Compare with this Lord Lansdown's couplet on a similar subject :

“ Whoe'er thou art, thy lord and master see.
Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.”

This M. le Marq. de Pézay seems to have been a great amateur of inscriptions ; and the reputation which he enjoyed among the wits of Paris may be inferred from the following pair :

POUR LE CABINET.

Inscription on the Door of his Study, by the Marquis himself.

“ Here dreamer, poet, lover, farmer, every thing in turn,
Sometimes I think, sometimes I sing, sometimes with
passion burn,
Or frame wise projects for the court,
Or sing gay songs of Love's disport,
Or guide the plough-share, or the lute's string sweep :
Here, if the great forget me, will
Sit at my ease and laugh my fill.
Here, if by Love abandon'd, sit and weep.” M.

Parody of the above Inscription, by a Court Poet.

“ Here statesman, rhymers, ploughman, ideot, every
 thing by fits,
 In each successive part I prove the laughing stock of
 wits,
 Here wise state projects sit and write,
 Here by my songs put Love to flight,
 Here hold the plough, having no lute to sweep ;
Here, by the court unknown, will rhyme my fill ;
 And *there*, by Love abandon’d, will
 For all my friends a wife or mistress keep.”

The originals, from which these lame imitations are made, may be found in the *Correspond. litt. de Grimm.* tom. iii. p. 285.

“ I pierced the grove, and in its deepest gloom.”

p. 368.

These lines may have been suggested either by the casual circumstance of finding a child carelessly stretched after the fatigue of archery under a tree, and sleeping, or by a statue placed in a retired spot, to surprise those who might happen to pass that way. I have preferred that interpretation which seems to me most consonant to

the general spirit of the Greek Epigram; and I may appear to be justified by the occurrence of a similar image in the Latin Anthology :

“ Forte jacebat Amor, victus puer alite Somno,
Myrti inter frutices, pallentis roris in herbâ.”

The God of Sleep was also represented by the ancients under the form of a beautiful boy.

“ Among the antique figures,” says Addison, speaking of the Grand Duke’s Gallery at Florence, “ There is a fine one of Morpheus in touchstone. I have always observed that this god is represented by the ancient statuaries under the figure of a boy asleep, with a bundle of poppies in his hand. I at first took it for a Cupid, till I had taken notice that it had neither a bow nor a quiver. I suppose Dr. Lister has been guilty of the same mistake on what he calls the sleeping Cupid with a poppy in his hand

“ Qualia namque

Corpora nudorum tabulâ pinguntur Amorum,
Talis erat ; sed ne faciat discrimina cultus,
Aut huic adde leves, aut illi deme pharetras.”

“ Such are the Cupids that in paint we view ;
But that the likeness may be justly true,
A loaded quiver to his shoulders tie,
Or bid the Cupids lay their arrows by.”

“ ’Tis probable they chose to represent the God of Sleep under the figure of a boy, contrary to all our modern designers, because it is that age which hath its repose the least broken by cares and anxieties.”

Addison’s Travels in Italy.

Whatever mistake Dr. Lister may have fallen under, it is certain that Addison has been guilty of one error, at least, from which his own reference to Statius ought to have secured him.

“ Crimine quo merui, *Juvenis* placidissime divûm,
Quove errore, miser, donis ut solus egerem,
Somme, tuis?”

It is true that the god *Somnus* was represented by the ancients under the form of a boy, or rather of a beautiful youth ; but for a different reason from that which Addison has imagined. Hear the account given of him by M. Millin, in the “ Galerie Mythologique,” a work of great industry and research, which appears to have been compiled after the closest investigation of those exquisite monuments of ancient art which it presents to our admiration.

“ Les artistes ont ensuite figuré *Thanatos* (la mort,) comme un *jeune adolescent* ayant les jambes croisées, et appuyé sur un flambeau renversé ; portant un papillon, emblème de l’ame qui s’échappe. Cette image de la mort a été nommé *Somnus*, parceque la mort n’est en

effet qu'un sommeil éternel : et on a représenté de même *Somnus*, comme une image du sommeil ou de la mort."

So, on a bas-relief in the Museo Pio-Clementino, of which a representation is given in the plates, Pluto and Proserpine appear seated, and before them *Somnus* (le Sommeil éternel) and *Psyche* (symbole de l'ame); the former represented as a youth, (not asleep, but in an erect posture,) bearing a torch. *Psyche* rests on an urn, the emblem of death; and lays her finger on her mouth, to indicate the profound silence which reigns in the chambers of the grave.

Morpheus, on the other hand, who is alone the proper image of the sleep of the living, and whom Addison evidently confounds with the former, is always represented as an old man, bearing wings on his temples, and sometimes on his back, and crowned with asphodel, the lily of the shades.

It is after all very possible, (the more so if Addison composed his *Travels* only from the hearsay of other travellers) that the figure he alludes to is that of Night, which accompanies the Aurora, both by Michael Angelo, at the foot of the statues of Julian and Lorenzo de Medici. The waking of the one, contrasted with the slumber of the other of these celebrated sculptures, conveys an inimitable expression.

Michael Angelo once found the following delicate compliment written on the pedestal of the sleeping deity :

“ La Notte, che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
 Dormire, fu da un Angelo scolpita
 In questo sasso ; e perchè dorme ha vita ;
 Destala se no 'l credi, e parleratti.”

The yet more elegant answer of the goddess was immediately conceived by the poetical artist :

“ Grato m' è il sonno, ma più l' esser di sasso,
 Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura ;
 Non veder e non sentir m' è gran ventura,
 Però non mi destar—deh ! parla basso.”

Inscription on the Statue of Night.

“ Night in this lovely posture you behold.
 An Angel's art to rugged marble gives
 This slumbering form. Because she sleeps, she lives.
 Doubt you ? Then wake her ; by herself be told.” B.

The Answer.

Grateful is sleep—but more to be of stone,
 While guilt and shame upon the earth appear.
 My lot is happy nor to see nor hear :
 Then wake me not—I fain would slumber on. B.

I have mentioned the poem of Statius, and must gratify myself by recalling to the reader some beautiful

lines which occur in a translation of it, among Mr. Hodgson's Miscellaneous poems. He has, if possible, added to the calm repose and sweetness of the original description :

“ Now every field and every herd is thine,
And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine ;
Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar,
And the smooth wave lies pillow'd on the shore.”

The verses of Plato breathe the same cool tranquillity, so grateful to the contemplative mind. The image of the bee sipping sweetness from the lip is not uncommon in ancient poetry :

“ *Læta cohors apium subito per rura jacentis
Labra favis texit, suaves fusura loquelas.*”

(Anth. Lat.)

Nearly all the remaining poems of this philosopher are inscriptions on the images of the rural deities, or descriptive of scenery and places favourable to those pursuits which constituted his pride and solace.

“ *Well has the sculptor what he felt express'd.*”

p. 369.

Every body is acquainted with the character of the illustrious Phryne. Praxiteles was one of her most

devoted admirers. Before his time, the Goddess of Beauty had always been represented, whether in painting or sculpture, as veiling at least half her charms in a decent drapery. The statue which he executed at the order of the inhabitants of Cnidos, was the first in which all those charms were displayed without any concealment; and the two most beautiful courtezans of Greece, of whom Phryne was one, are recorded, on this occasion, to have jointly inspired the imagination, and guided the chissel of the artist.

The statue, to which this inscription refers, was chosen by Phryne herself, in preference to all the other works of her lover, of which he offered her the selection; and the Epigram itself, distinguished for an elegance of thought and expression, which St. Evremond would not have despised, was composed by Simonides, and engraved by Praxiteles himself upon the pedestal. We are informed by Pausanias (i. 20.) that Praxiteles considered the image in question as a *chef d'œuvre* of his art.

For more particulars of the lady here mentioned, the reader may consult the 13th book of Athenæus.

“ This female, so the poets sing.” p. 371.

The statue to which this inscription relates was also by Praxiteles. The imitation of Ausonius is less servile than most of his copies from the Greek:

“Vivebam: sum facta silex, quæ deinde polita
 Praxitelis manibus, vivo iterum Niobe.
 Reddidit artificis manus omnia, sed sine sensu.
 Hunc ego, cum læsi numina, non habui.”

The following is by Voltaire :

“Le fatal courroux des Dieux
 Changea cette femme en pierre.
 Le sculpteur a fait bien mieux.
 Il a fait tout le contraire.”

“*Cythera from this craggy steep.*” p. 371.

From an Epigram by Posidippus, we learn that to Venus Zephyritis, whose temple stood on the promontory of Zephyrion, near Alexandria, was ascribed the power of calming the sea, and giving a prosperous navigation to sailors. This divine influence was, however, far from being confined to the Egyptian goddess. The powers of Love and Beauty universally enjoy the same attribute. The former is termed by Plato, “The giver of peace to man, of serenity to the ocean ; who bids the winds to cease, and confers repose and sleep upon the miserable.”

He sets the mind of man at peace,
 He smooths the billows of the main,
 He bids the raging tempest cease,
 And gives delicious rest to pain.

This is also among the most prominent features of the
 “Alma Venus” of Lucretius :

“Te Dea, te fugiunt venti, &c.
 ——— tibi rident æquora ponti.”

In an imperfect Epigram of Apollonides, we find a couplet, which (as corrected by Jacobs) may be suspected of being the original from which Lucretius borrowed the latter circumstance of his exquisite picture.

Χαιρε δ' αμφι σε ποντος, ὑπο ζεφυροιο πνοησιν
 Ἀβρον ὑπερ νωτου κυανεου γελασας.

There is no end of quotation : yet, let us notice the
 Ποντιων δε κυματων ανηριθμον γελασμα of Æschylus, if it
 were only for the sake of Potter's admirable translation :

“Ye waves,
 That o'er the interminable ocean wreathe
 Your crisped smiles !” Æsch. Prometheus.

Monerif supposes the lovers who enter the temple of
 Venus to be consoled by repeating the thought or the
 name nearest to their heart.

In former time a temple rose,
 (Its honours now are lost ;)
 Where lovers hasten'd to disclose
 The thought that charm'd them most.

If now this temple could be found
That flourish'd long before thee,
How often should we hear it sound
“ Sweet Helen, I adore thee !” B.

Many of the early reformers have amused themselves with particularising the resemblances, both real and fancied, to be found between the objects of Pagan worship and those of the Romish church. Among others, a remarkable affinity has been observed, however incredible it may appear, between the Holy Virgin of the one, and the “ Mother of warm desires” of the other religion. The statue of the former now occupies the same situation at the port of Savona, as that of the latter in the marine temple celebrated in the Epigram ; and the inscription which it bears, and which are the words of a hymn sung by the Mediterranean seamen when in apprehension of danger from tempests, might have been addressed, in the very same words too, by an ancient Roman to the Goddess of beauty :

“ In mare irato, in subita procella,
Invoco te, nostra benigna stella !”

This little distich is at once good Latin and good Italian. See Forsyth's Remarks on Italy.

“ When from the bosom of her parent flood.” p. 371.

I have already mentioned Phryne, and the elevation of her beauty into an object of adoration to the inhabitants of Cnidos. What Praxiteles did for them, Apelles performed for the people of Cos. He is said to have accidentally seen her as, in celebration of the festival of Neptune at Eleusis, she was bathing among other females in the sea; and his imagination was so impressed with her perfections, as to have shortly after produced his picture of the Venus Anadyomene. This picture was painted for the temple of the Coan goddess, and soon became famous all over Greece and Asia. Leonidas is one only, out of many poets, whose tributes of admiration to this exquisite performance, are preserved in the Anthology.

The works of Apelles and Praxiteles have become the models of imitation for all subsequent artists who have undertaken to represent the Goddess in the bath or at the toilet. The Medicean statue, that of the Capitol, and that discovered at Arles (all now deposited in the Musée Napoleon) were formed after their example. The work of Praxiteles also survives to us in some medals, struck by the people of Cnidos, unquestionably in commemoration of their favourite statue. Many Roman ladies, of the highest distinction, chose to be represented in a character which displayed their personal perfections in so captivating a point of view, For instance, Julia

Soemias, the mother of Heliogabalus. See the work of M. Millin already referred to.

The exclamation in the following Epigram, (My naked charms! &c.) has been happily rendered by Ausonius, and has attracted the imitative powers of several French epigrammatists. The first of these that I shall mention is M. Cocquard, an advocate of Dijon, who translated thirty-nine Epigrams out of the Anthology, and published them in a volume of *Poésies Diverses* in 1754. Most of them are reported by M. Chardon de la Rochette to be very paltry; but the following is laughable for its oddity of expression;

“ A Gnide, un jour, sur sa statue
 Venus ayant jeté les yeux,
 Oh, oh! dit-elle; et dans quels lieux
 Praxitèle m’a-t-il donc vue ?”

The next is by Voltaire, or at least published by him as his own, in the *Questions sur l’Encyclopédie*.

“ Oui—je me montrai toute nue
 Au Dieu Mars, au bel Adonis;
 A Vulcain même—et j’en rougis—
 Mais—Praxitèle où m’a-t-il vue ?”

By the way, Voltaire’s plagiarisms are not much adverted to by English readers; and it is worth while, therefore, to mention what M. de la Rochette says on this subject, in speaking of the half dozen of Epigrams which he has given as his own in the paper already

referred to. (Quest. sur l'Encycl. Art. Epigramme.) One M. Longespierre gave a translation of several pieces from the Anthology, in his remarks on Anacreon, Theocritus, &c. published in 1684-8. Their execution is in general very indifferent, but some few are so happy, that the finest, the most accomplished, and the most fortunate genius of our days, did not disdain to borrow them without acknowledgment.

In the article to which I have already referred, Voltaire gives us, as a translation from the Greek, what is nowhere to be met with except in Martial. It is, however, much the prettiest of all the pieces here mentioned :

“ Léandre, conduit par l'Amour,
 En nageant disoit aux orages,
 “ Laissez moi gager les rivages—
 Ne me noyez qu'à mon retour.”

As bold Leander stemm'd the tide
 With fainter arm, and sinking force,
 “ Grant me to reach the shore !” he cried,
 “ I care not for my backward course.” M.

“ Parcite dum propero—mergite dum redeo.”

“ *Fair Queen of Love ! those arms you bear.*”

p. 372.

The goddess appears, in this and the succeeding Epigrams, under a very different form from that which is

celebrated in those which I have last noticed. It is singular enough that the Spartans should have so transformed the gentlest of their deities to meet the severity of their own amatory discipline ; and, not the less so, as although they clothed their goddess in armour, they stripped their women naked. Natalis Comes has imitated this Epigram of Leonidas, and that which follows has been twice copied by Ausonius. Prior has very much enlarged upon all his models, and adds the well known compliment of Anacreon :

Καλλος

Αντ' ασπιδων ασμασων

Αντ' εγχεων απαντων.

The same thought has been prettily expressed by one of the old bards of “ England’s Helicon.”

“ Sweet (alass !) why say you thus ?
Concord better fitteth us,
Leave to Mars the force of hands.
Your power in your beauty stands.”

The ancient dispute between these rival goddesses has been happily enough imagined to be settled in the following Latin Epigram :

“ Hesperie lateri redimicula nectit eburno,
Facta suis manibus, pectore digna suo.
Jam veteres iras Venus et Tritonia ponit :
Pectora nam Veneris Palladis ambit opus.”

Hesperia o'er her fair and virgin breast

Has cast the veil her virgin fingers wove :

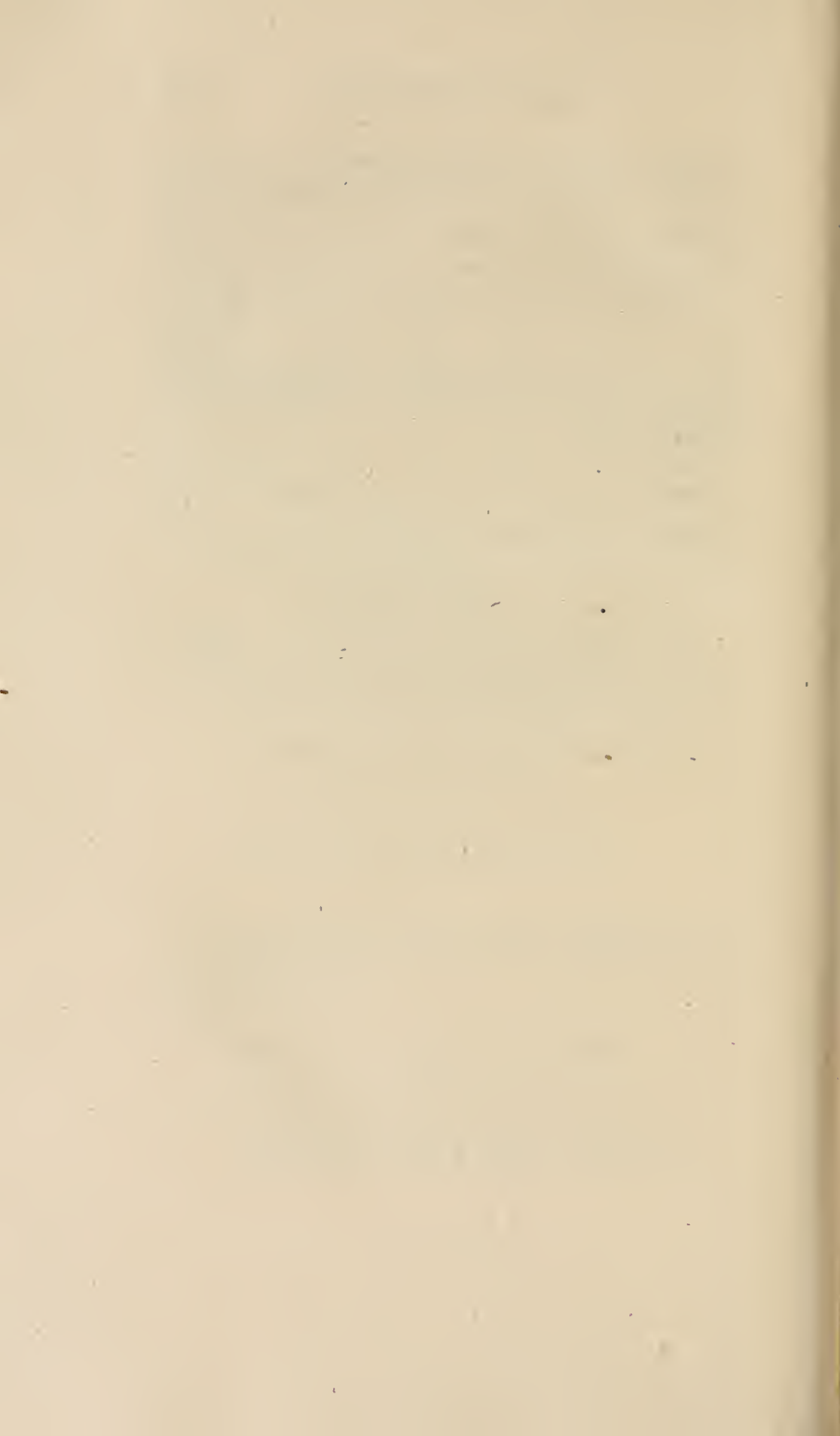
Here, mighty rivals, let your discord rest:

The web by great Tritonia's art imprest

Adorns the bosom of the Queen of Love! M.

The compliment paid by Prior to the charms of his mistress, is framed upon the model of these Epigrams of the Grecian poets :

“ When Chloe's picture was to Venus shown,
Surprised, the goddess took it for her own ;
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean ?
When was I bathing thus and naked seen?
Pleased Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride
And who's blind now, mamma ? the urchin cried.
'Tis Chloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast :
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest.”



DEDICATORY.

DEDICATORY.

Leonidas Alexandrinus, 12. ii. 192.

ON THE VOTIVE IMAGE OF A LION. M.

IN the dark winter's night, while all around
The furious hail-storm clatters on the ground,
While every field is deep in drifted snow,
And Boreas bids his bitterest tempests blow,
A solitary lion, gaunt and grim,
Ravenous with cold, and numb'd in every limb,
Stalks to the goat-herd's miserable shed,
From the rude air to shield his storm-beat head.
The astonish'd natives of this lonely spot
With cries of stifled horror fill the cot;
No more their numerous herds demand their care,
While for themselves they pour the broken prayer,
And call the Saviour Jove, as fix'd they stand
Together press'd, a trembling shuddering band.
Meanwhile the lordly savage, safe and warm,
Stays through the pelting of the wintry storm,
Then calmly quits the whole affrighted horde,
And leaves their meal untouch'd upon the board.

In grateful memory of so rare a fate,
The swains to Jove this offering consecrate,
And still suspended from the oak-tree shew
This faithful image of their generous foe.

Leonidas, 40. i. 228.

AN OFFERING TO THE RURAL DEITIES. M.

To Pan, the master of the woodland plain,
To young Lyæus, and the azure train
Of nymphs who make the pastoral life their care,
With offerings due old Arcas pours his prayer.
To Pan a playful kid, in wars untried,
He vows, yet sporting by the mother's side ;
Luxuriant on the green entangled vine,
This blushing cluster to the God of wine ;
And to the gentler Deities, who guide
Their winding streamlets o'er the mountain's side,
Each fruit that swells in autumn's sunny bowers,
Mix'd with the purple fragrance of its flowers.
Therefore, ye Nymphs, enrich my narrow field
With the full stores your bounteous fountains yield ;
Pan, bid my luscious pails with milk o'erflow,
And, Bacchus, teach my mellow vines to glow !

Uncertain, 177. iii. 186.

THE GARDENER'S OFFERING. B.

To Pan, the guardian of my narrow soil,
Who gave my fruits to grow, and blest my toil,
Pure water and a votive fig I bear,
A scant oblation from the teeming year :
The fruit ambrosial in thy garden blush'd,
And from thy rock the living water gush'd :
Receive the tribute from my niggard urn,
Nor with thy bounty weigh my poor return.

Bacchylides, 20. i. 153.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S OFFERING.

To Zephyr, kindest wind that swells the grain,
Eudemus consecrates this humble fane ;
For that he listen'd to his vows, and bore
On his soft wings the rich autumnal store.

Julian, 8. ii. 495.

THE FISHERMAN'S OFFERING. M.

To Ocean's Nymphs old Cynaras gives o'er
This useless net, which he can cast no more.
Now sport, ye fish, securely on the sea ;
For he no longer threatens your liberty.

Leonidas, 19. i. 225.

THE OFFERING OF THREE BROTHER SPORTSMEN.

M.

THREE brothers dedicate, oh Pan! to thee,
 Their nets, the various emblems of their toil;
 Pigres, who brings from realms of air his spoil,
 Damis from woods, and Clitor from the sea:
 So may the treasures of the deep be given
 To this, to those the fruits of earth and heaven.

Macedonius, 24. iii. 117.

THE POET'S OFFERING. B.

THERE hang, my lyre! This aged hand no more
 Shall wake the strings to rapture known before.
 Farewell, ye chords! Ye verse-inspiring powers,
 Accept the solace of my former hours!
 Be gone to youths, ye instruments of song!
 For crutches only to the old belong.

Callimachus, 31, i. 468.

THE VIRGIN'S OFFERING TO VENUS. M.

QUEEN of the Zephyr's breezy cape! to thee
 This polish'd shell, the treasure of the sea,

Her earliest offering, young Selena bears,
 Join'd with the incense of her maiden prayers.
 Erewhile with motion, power, and sense endued,
 Alive it floated on the parent flood ;
 When, if the gale more rudely breathed, it gave
 Its natural sail expanded to the wave.
 But while the billows slept upon the shore,
 And the tempestuous winds forgot to roar,
 Like some proud galley, floated on the tide,
 And busy feet the want of oars supplied.
 Shipwreck'd at last upon the Iulian strand,
 It now, Arsinoë, asks thy favouring hand ;
 No more its vows the plaintive Haleyon hail
 For the soft breathings of a western gale,
 But that, oh mighty Queen ! thy genial power
 On young Selena every gift may shower
 That love with beauteous innocence can share :
 For these, and only these, accept the prayer !

Agathias, 32. iii. 45.

THE MOTHER'S OFFERING. M.

VENUS, this chaplet take ! Callirhoe pray'd,
 The youth I loved, thy power hath made him mine ;
 This lock to thee I vow, Athenian maid !
 By thee, I holy kept my virgin shrine ;
 To Artemis my zone ; a mother's joy
 She gave me to possess, my beauteous boy.

Antipater, 9. ii. 8.

THE WIDOW'S OFFERING. M.

To Pallas Lysistrata offer'd her thimble,
Her distaff, of matronly prudence the symbol :
Take this too, she said, then adieu mighty Queen !
I'm a widow, and only eight lustres I've seen.
So thy yoke I renounce ; and henceforward decree
To live with Love's goddess, and prove that I'm free.

Simonides, 63. i. 138.

THE OFFERING OF THE COURTEZANS. M.

COELIA and Lyce, once to lovers known,
To Venus vow the portrait and the zone :
Oh, wandering God of trade ! Thy purse can tell
Both whence the zone, and whence the portrait fell.

Plato, 7. i. 170.

THE OFFERING OF LAIS TO VENUS. B.

I, who erewhile, in fame and beauty proud,
Before my lattice drew an amorous crowd,

Laïs the fair, my hateful glass resign,
 An offering, heavenly Venus, at thy shrine ;
 For what I am 'tis piteous to behold,
 And time has ruin'd what I was of old.

Julianus, 4. ii. 494.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

OGLE.

Laïs, when time had spoil'd her wonted grace,
 Abhorr'd the look of age that plough'd her face ;
 Her glass, sad monitor of charms decay'd,
 Before the queen of lasting bloom she laid :
 The sweet companion of my youthful years
 Be thine (she said), no change thy beauty fears !

THE SAME SUBJECT ;

IMITATED FROM AUSONIUS.

PRIOR.

VENUS, take my votive glass !
 Since I am not what I was,
 What from this day I shall be,
 Venus ! let me never see.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

DEDICATORY.

“ In the dark winter's night, when all around.”

p. 421.

THE little incidents and varieties of the pastoral life were neither unfrequent nor uninteresting subjects for a Grecian poet. The pictures or statues which were offered up in commemoration of any signal deliverance, were usually accompanied with an inscription, detailing the circumstances which attended it. In this poem, the images appear to be very picturesque and poetical. Brunck ascribes it to the Tarentine, not the Alexandrian Leonidas; and Jacobs would render the dedication Παν, to Pan, instead of Ζην, to Jupiter.

“ To Pan, the guardian of the woodland plain.”

p. 422.

The offerings to the rural deities appear to have been of the same pure and primitive simplicity as those which, according to the Institutes of Menu, are supposed to be

peculiarly grateful to the spirits of departed Hindoos.
 “ The divine manes are always pleased with an oblation
 in empty glades, naturally clean, on the banks of rivers,
 and in solitary spots.”

“ And here did Kailyal, each returning day,
 Pour forth libations from the brook, to pay
 The spirits of her sires the grateful rite :
 In such libations, pour'd in open glades,
 Beside clear streams, in solitary shades,
 The spirits of the virtuous dead delight.”
 Southey's Kehama.

“ *To Zephyr, kindest wind that swells the grain.*”

p. 423.

There seems to be some doubt on what account Eudemus consecrated the temple here mentioned to the western wind ; and commentators are not wanting who will have it, that it was not so much by reason of his fertilizing powers, as of his peculiar talent in separating the grain from the chaff during the operation of thrashing. If so, I beg pardon of Bacchylides for giving him a different meaning.

“ *Three brothers dedicate, oh Pan ! to thee.*” p. 424.

What there is in the subject of this Epigram to have attracted so much rivalry, I know not ; but, as

Jacobs says, for some reason or other, “ hoc argumentum Anthologiæ poetæ usque ad fastidium repetiverunt.” It might be curious to trace the different inducements to so many imitations, and imitations of imitations, as are to be found in various parts of these Collections, often where they would be least expected. There are few pieces of Leonidas, however insignificant the subject, that have not experienced the fate of repeated plagiarism.

“ There hang, my lyre! this aged hand no more.”

p. 424.

In the original, the name of the poet is Eumolpus ; but I would rather imagine that this, in common with most of the dedicatory Epigrams, was founded on some real subject, than suppose, with Jacobs, that it is a mere exercise of the fancy on the name of the mythological son of Musæus.

“Queen of the Zephyr’s breezy cape ! to thee.” p. 324.

It was a general custom among the Greeks (and from them, as we learn from a passage in Persius, derived to the Romans) for girls, when arrived at a marriageable age, to consecrate to Venus the favourite toys of their childish years. To form collections of shells and marine curiosities was a very fashionable pursuit of the Grecian ladies ; and some rare and valuable specimen of the

treasures of their cabinet, was considered as the most acceptable offering that could be made upon so important an occasion. This solemn consecration often took place on the eve of marriage ; and happy might the bride esteem herself if, like our Selena, the daughter of Clinias, she had it in her power to present a tribute so magnificent as that of the shining conch of the Nautilus. In the original Epigram the Nautilus itself is the speaker. —“ I do not now ask of thee, O Venus ! that which when alive I was accustomed to implore, that the mournful Halcyon might build her nest in the ocean for me, but only that thou wouldst shower down blessings on the daughter of Clinias, who is accustomed to all good works, and was born in the Æolian Smyrna.” The “ Venus Zephyritis,” to whom this Epigram was inscribed, and whom I have had occasion to mention in a former note, was also called Chloris and Arsinoë. The latter appellation betrays at once her earthly origin. She was, in fact, no other than the deified wife of Ptolomy Philadelphus.

Jacobs, in his commentary on this poem, describes the Nautilus in the following terms, after Aristotle and others of the ancients. “ *Nautilum tenuem membranam, tanquam velum, inter duo brachia ventis obtendere, omnes qui hanc concham describunt veteres tradunt.*” But, to my surprise he adds, “ *Inter recentiores sunt qui de veritate hujus traditionis dubitent.*” Who these “ recentiores” (who so doubt the existence of this most

beautiful animal,) may be, I cannot take upon me to conjecture; but in case any of my readers should incline to be sceptical about it, I shall refer them to the exquisite engraving of the "Paper Nautilus," in Daniell's "Views of Animated Nature," a representation which so exactly answers to the description conveyed by the verses of Callimachus, that I was equally astonished and delighted at the resemblance. The "natural sail," and "oars" are particularly observable; and the apparent delicacy of its beautiful texture is precisely what we should expect to find from the poetical picture which has been set before us. In the short account of the animal annexed, it is said, that they are frequently seen in large numbers on the sea, near the coast of Egypt, when the weather is perfectly fair and serene; but that their slender forms are unable to endure the motion even of a moderate breeze, which often destroys, or strands them on the beach. This is the true meaning, then, of the expression which I have rendered

"No more its vows the plaintive Halcyon hail
For the soft breathings of the western gale,"

in the original, "No more shall the Halcyon lay its eggs for me as heretofore;" which Jacobs rightly discerns to need a figurative, not a literal, interpretation.

“ To Pallas Lysistrata offer’d her thimble.” p. 426.

It will be evident enough that the names of modern implements are here substituted in the room of those, the use and meaning of which it might have been difficult to render intelligible, without an accompanying explanation of the terms. Jacobs quarrels with the word *χίρην*, and insists upon it that there is no necessity for making this fair dedicatrix a widow. What may be the commentator’s private reason for this tenderness on behalf of widows, it is not for me to conjecture; but I cannot, for my own part, see any objection to the common reading. The composition itself is satirical; and it probably originated in the conduct of some individual lady now forgotten, who happened to be both forty years of age, and lately freed from the dominion of a husband.

“ Cælia and Lyce, once to lovers known.” p. 424.

Mercury was the god of trade; and the particular species of commerce in which the ladies mentioned in this Epigram were engaged, was only a branch of his business. This subject is well illustrated by the figures of an antique gem, in which Mercury is represented with his purse, in the act of presenting it to Venus. The gallantry of the speech which is attributed to him in the Odyssey, by the bard who sings the loves of Mars and Venus, proves his partiality to that goddess.

Anacreon accused the lovers of his time of being swayed more by interest than passion, *μονον αργυρον βλεπουσιν*. In the days of George Brossin they were not more disinterested.

“ Aux tēms heureux où régnoit l’innocence
 On goutait en aimant mille et mille douceurs ;
 Et les amans ne faisoient de dépense
 Qu’en soins et qu’en tendres ardeurs ;
 Mais aujourd’hui sans l’opulence,
 Il faut renoncer aux plaisirs :
 Un amant qui ne peut dépenser qu’en soupirs,
 N’est plus payé qu’en espérance.”

George Brossin, Chevalier de Méré.

In the ages when innocence reign’d, ’twas a pleasure
 To listen to love, and encourage his fires ;
 No splendor persuaded, they lavish’d no treasure
 But of cares, and attentions, and tender desires.

But now without fortune, ’twere surely more wise
 To renounce the delight that must lead to delusion,
 For the lover, whose only expense is in sighs,
 Will be paid but with hope for a life of profusion. B.

“ *Muneribus capiuntur corda puellæ,*” sings that veteran of the Roman school.—Dufresnoy attempts to caution the fair from trying to over-reach their admirers, by the following awful example :

“ Phillis, plus avare que tendre,
Ne gagnant rien à refuser,
Un jour exigea de Silvandre
Trente moutons pour un baiser.

Le lendemain nouvelle affaire !
Pour le berger le troc fut bon :
Car il obtint de sa bergère
Trente baisers pour un mouton.

Le lendemain Phillis plus tendre,
Craignant de déplaire au berger,
Fut trop heureuse de lui rendre
Trente moutons pour un baiser.

Le lendemain Phillis plus sage
Auroit donné moutons et chien
Pour un baiser que le volage
Donnoit à Lisette pour rien.”

The bad Bargain.

Phyllis, more covetous than tender,
Demanded, ere she gave the bliss,
That Lubin should forthwith surrender
A score of sheep to have a kiss.

Next day the avaricious maid

Such monstrous gain refused to reap,
But offer'd fair, and fairly paid
A score of kisses for a sheep.

Next day the simple girl, for fear

Her lad might take the change amiss,
To make the balance almost clear,
Return'd his twenty for a kiss.

Next day she thought, reflecting more,

Her sheep and dog were not too many
For but one kiss of all the score
That Lubin gave away to Fanny. B.

Horace joins his voice to the chorus of complaints
which gallants, and more especially poetical gallants,
have at all times made against the selfish fair :

“ Seu vocat institor,
Seu navis Hispanæ magister
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.”

Lord Albemarle, when advanced in years, was the
lover and protector of Mademoiselle Gaucher. Her
name of infancy, and that by which she was more en-
deared to her admirer, was Lolotte. One evening as
they were walking together, perceiving her eyes fixed on
a star, he said to her, “ Do not look at it so earnestly”

my dear, I cannot give it you." Never, says Marmontel, did love express itself more delicately.

Love looks not to interest; its resemblance may do so; but to a heart really devoted the veriest trifle is of inestimable value. How delightfully is this feeling couched in the following fugitive thought! I know not whence it fell into my hand, nor who gave birth to it; but its delicacy and tenderness struck me at first sight, although the subject on which it turns is perhaps not sufficiently obvious :

" Je ne changerais pas pour la coupe des rois
 Le petit verre que tu vois :
 Ami, c'est qu'il est fait de la même fougère,
 Sur laquelle cent fois
 Reposa ma bergère"

Why it should have inspired the following trifling song I know not :

I would not change for cups of gold
 This little cup that you behold :
 'Tis from the beech that gave a shade
 At noon-day to my village maid.

I would not change for Persian loom
 The humble matting of my room ;
 'Tis of those very rushes twined
 Oft pressed by charming Rosalinde.

I would not change my lowly wicket
That opens on her favourite thicket,
For portal proud, or towers that frown,
The monuments of old renown.

I would not change this foolish heart,
That learns from her to joy or smart,
For his that burns with love of glory,
And loses life to live in story.

Yet, in themselves, my heart, my cot,
My mat, my bowl, I value not ;
But only as they, one and all,
My lovely Rosalinde recall. B.

As love should be kept alive, so should it be known
by trifles. The following piece of simplicity is not so
simple as it seems :

“ L'autre jour sur l'herbette
Mon chien vint te flatter,
D'un coup de ta houlette
Tu sus bien l'écarter.

Mais quand le sien, cruelle,
Par hazard suit tes pas,
Par son nom tu l'appelles,
Non—tu ne m'aimes pas.”

“ Love me, love my dog.”

My faithful Tray the other day
 Came fawning to your feet,
 You raised your crook with angry look
 And made him quick retreat.

Should Lubin's Tray fall in your way,
 No angry looks, I wot ;
 You coax and play with Lubin's Tray—
 No, no—you love me not. B.

The French, says Sterne, make love by talking of it—
 Moncrif recommends the method of his countrymen
 by some stanzas, which appear to me natural and pretty.

Stanzas imitated from Moncrif.

A lass may scorn each amorous art,
 But his who knows to write and read.
 I knew not Colin sought my heart,
 Until, surprised, I felt it bleed.

'Gainst love for ever he declaim'd,
 In all he sang, in all he proved ;
 But in such tender accent blamed,
 I could not hear him blame unmoved.

I sang—and in the hazel wood
 I caught him listening to the lay,
 Another sang—no more he stood,
 But turn'd his back, and strode away.

In yonder copse, one day to prove
 That love to madness was allied,
 He managed, in condemning love,
 For hours to talk of nought beside.

"I, who erewhile in fame and beauty proud." p. 423.

Notwithstanding the insensibility which has been ascribed to the followers of Plato, with respect to the influence of female charms, it is certain that the father of that philosophy was himself far from being always on his guard against the various modes in which Love has carried on his attacks against the human heart. We possess an Epigram of his, in honour of Archæanassa of Colophon; and Laïs shared his adoration in common with that of many of the greatest philosophers of Greece.

The influence attained and exercised by this most celebrated of courtezans, over all ranks and classes of society in Greece, is well known, and has been well expressed in her epitaph, preserved by Athenæus, lib. xv.

Greece, once the nurse of generous hearts,
 Mistress of nations, Queen of arts,

No longer great, no longer free,
 Yields to a willing slavery.
 A girl of Corinth holds the chain
 Which circled once the Ionian main. M.

From a satirical fragment, transmitted to us by the same author, we are led to understand that, after the abjuration of her looking-glass, she took to dram-drinking; so that, it is to be hoped, the story of her being torn to pieces by the Thessalian ladies, out of envy, is nothing more than allegorical. However that may be, she acted a wiser part by resigning her looking glass in good season, than the lady upon whom a certain German Epigrammatist composed these very ill natured verses :

“ Nullis uxor Afri terretur Amantia monstis.
 In speculo didicit, ferret ut illa, suo.”

Nor ghost nor goblin can Amantia fright;
 From her own glass she learns to bear their sight. M.

Or than the gentleman who gave occasion to those
 that follow :

“ Barbatos vidisse negat se Grunnus asellos :
 An nunquam speculum consulit ergo suum ? ”

Grunnus ne'er saw (he says) a bearded ass :
 What then ? did Grunnus ne'er consult his glass ? M.

Amphis, the comic poet, was author of a piece entitled "Acco," from the name of one of its principal characters, an old woman, so infatuated with the supposed charms of her person, that one day she was detected in walking backwards and forwards before her looking-glass, dressed in a new gown only half finished, and talking to her image as to another female. This scene must have had a ludicrous effect on the stage. Her dramatic character became so popular, that a new verb was coined to express this high degree of self approbation, for which she was so conspicuous—*ακκίζεσθαι*.

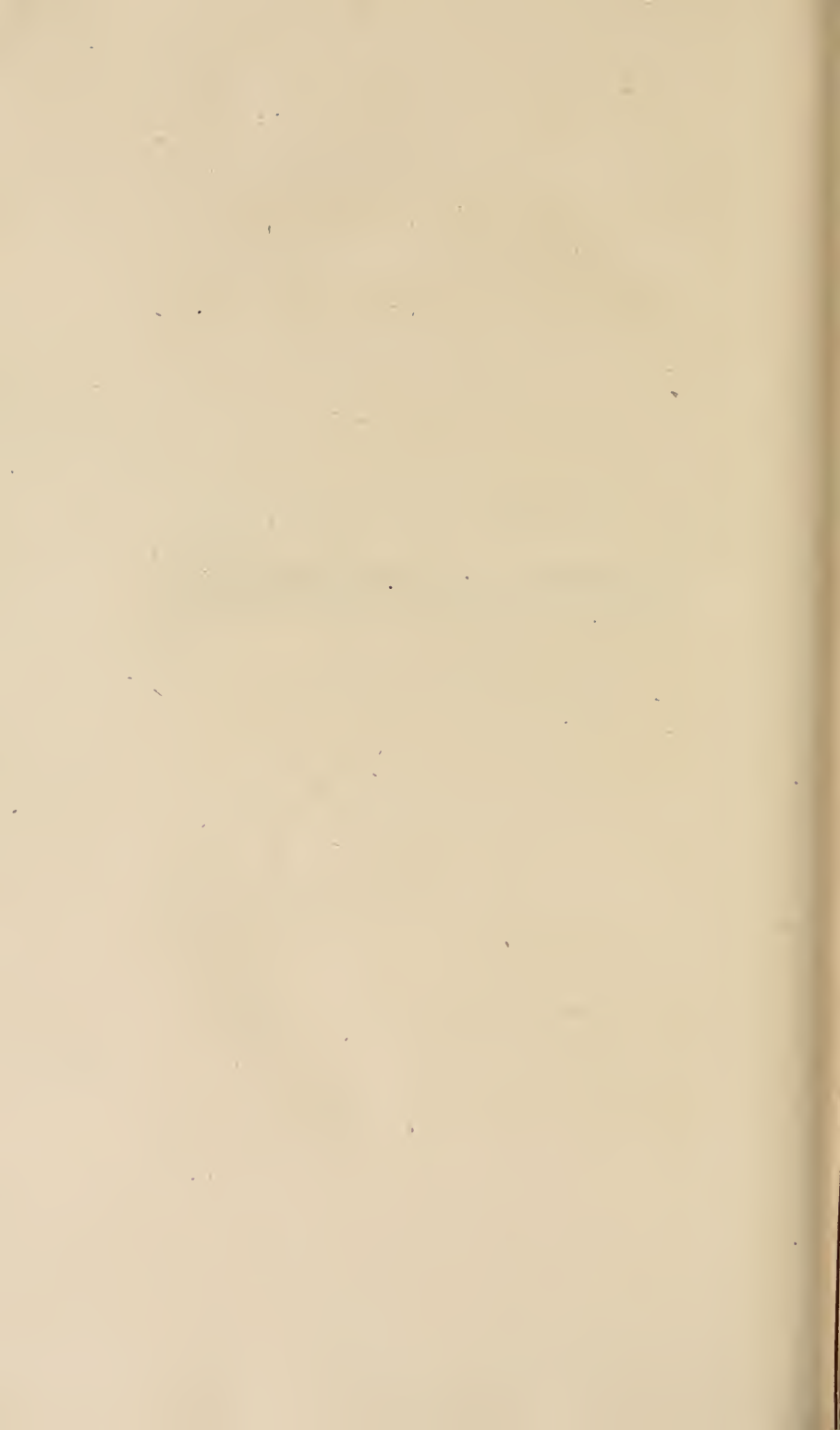
There is somewhere a very pretty thought in French, the original of which I do not remember; but this is the sentiment which it conveys.

Iris, in this mirror see
 The image of my constant loves.
 Oh ! might it but reflect to me
 Him whom thy yielding heart approves.

To return to the immediate subject before us. Voltaire has thus rendered the same Epigram, which Ausonius had Latinized before him :

“ Je le donne à Vénus, puisqu'elle est toujours belle :
 Il redouble trop mes ennuis.
 Je ne saurois me voir dans ce miroir fidelle,
 Ni telle que j'étais, ni telle que je suis.”

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS.



SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS.

Lucian, 24. ii. 312.

THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS SON. B.

A DOCTOR, fond of letters, once agreed
Beneath my care his son should learn to read.
The lad soon knew "Achilles' wrath" to sing,
And said by heart, "To Greece the direful spring."
'Tis quite enough, my dear,' the parent said ;
' For too much learning might confuse your head.
' That wrath which hurls to Pluto's gloomy reign,"
' Go, tell your tutor, I can best explain.

Lucilius, 124. ii. 343.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN. B.

WHEN Magnús sought the realms of night,
Grim Pluto trembled for his right.
" That fellow comes," he said, "'tis plain,
To call my ghosts to life again."

Nicarchus, 27. ii. 355.

AN EPITAPH. M.

No—blame not the Doctor—no clyster he gave me,
 He ne'er felt my pulse, never reach'd my bed-side ;
 But, as I lay sick, my friends, anxious to save me,
 In my hearing just mention'd his name—and I died.

Lucillius, 76 ii. 332.

ON PHYSICIANS AND POETS. M.

Nor Deucalion's deluge, nor Phaeton's roast,
 Ever sent such a cart-load to Phlegethon's coast,
 As our Laureate with odes and with elegies kills,
 And our Doctor destroys with infallible pills.
 Then well these four plagues with each other may vie,
 Deucalion and Phaeton, B——m and P——.

Lucillius, 72. ii. 331.

ON POETS. B.

GIVE me the bard accustomed to regale
 His hungry auditors with beef and ale ;
 Who oft his friends with savoury pasty cheers,
 Or pays with pudding those who lend their ears.
 May he who this forgets, with rhyme content,
 Dine on sweet thoughts, and sup on sentiment.

Lucilius, 73. ii. 332.

THE SAME SUBJECT. M.

WHEN Narva asks a friend to dine,
He gives a pint of tavern wine,
A musty loaf and stinking ham,
Then overwhelms with epigram.
A kinder fate Apollo gave,
Who whelm'd beneath the Tyrrhene wave
The impious rogues that stole his kine.
Oh Narva, let their lot be mine !
Or if no river's near your cell,
Shew me at least your deepest well.

Nicarchus, 32, ii. 356.

ON A BAD SINGER. M.

'Tis said that certain death awaits
The raven's nightly cry,
But at the sound of Cymon's voice
The very ravens die.

Palladas, 54. ii. 418.

ON A CELEBRATED ACTOR. M.

ONCE, in a fearful vision of the night,
Lothario seem'd Rowe's frowning ghost to see.
"I never wrong'd thee," cried the laurell'd sprite,
"Oh why, Lothario, dost thou murder me?"

Lucilius, 93. ii. 337.

ON A BAD PAINTER. M.

You paint Deucalion and Phaeton;
And ask what price for each you should require.
I'll tell you what they're worth before you're done:
One deserves water, and the other fire.

Nicarchus, 14. ii. 352.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER. M.

TOM prudently thinking his labour ill-spared,
If e'er, unadvised, for his plans he prepared,
Consulted a witch on his passage to Dover,
If the wind would be fair, and the voyage well over.
The seer gravely answer'd, first stroking his beard,
"If the vessel be new, and well rigg'd, and well steer'd,

if you stay all the winter, and still wait on shore,
 Till spring is advanced, and the equinox o'er,
 You may sail there and back, without danger or fear,
 —Unless you are caught by a French privateer."

Agathias, 67. iii. 56.

ON A LAWYER. M.

A PLAINTIFF thus explain'd his cause
 To counsel learned in the laws:
 " My bond-maid lately ran away,
 And in her flight was met by A,
 Who, knowing she belong'd to me,
 Espoused her to his servant B.
 The issue of this marriage, pray,
 Do they belong to me, or A ?"
 The Lawyer, true to his vocation,
 Gave sign of deepest cogitation,
 Look'd at a score of books, or near,
 Then hemm'd, and said, " Your case is clear.
 " Those children, so begot by B
 Upon your bondmaid must, you see,
 Be your's, or A's.—Now, this I say :
 They can't be your's, if they to A
 Belong—it follows then, of course,
 That if they are not his, they're yours.
 Therefore, by my advice, in short,
 You'll take the opinion of the court."

Agathias, 70. iii. 58.

ON A PHILOSOPHER. M.

NICOSTRATUS, that second Stagirite,
Who sits, like Plato, perch'd on wisdom's height,
A simple scholar thus address'd one day,
"What is the soul, oh Sage illumined, say—
Mortal, or deathless? Substance, or mere shade?
Of reasoning sense, or naked feeling made;
Or both alike? Resolve my doubts,"—he said.
The Sage his books of meteors 'gan unroll,
And Aristotle's Treatise on the Soul,
And Plato's Phædon to its source explored,
Where truth from Heaven's eternal fount is poured;
Then waved his wand, applied it to his chin,
And uttered thus the oracle within:
"If all the world be soul—(and if 'tis so
Or not, I must confess, I do not know)—
But if, I say, all nature spirit be,
It must be mortal, or from death be free;
Must be substantial, or, if not, mere shade;
Of reasoning sense, or naked feeling made,
Or both, or neither: but, my friend," he said,
"If more you wish to learn, to Hades go,
And there, as much as Plato, soon you'll know;
Or, if you choose, ascend the rampart's height,
Mimic Cleombrotus, and "plunge to night;"
Quit this encumbering vest of moisten'd clay,
And then, return and teach me, if you may."

THE HONEST SHEPHERD.

PRIOR.

WHEN hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told,
"Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest,
"Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."
No, said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
To their commands I willingly resign;
Power is their character, and patience mine:
Though, 'troth, to me there seems but little odds
Who prove the greatest robbers,—wolves or gods.

Aristophan, (Fragm. Com. Poet.)

THE VISIT OF PYTHAGORAS TO HELL.

CUMBERLAND.

I'VE heard this arrogant impostor tell,
Among the wonders which he saw in Hell,
That Pluto with his scholars sat and fed,
Singling them out from the inferior dead.
Good faith! the monarch was not over nice
Thus to take up with beggary and lice.

Aristophon, (Frag. Com. Poet.)

THE DISCIPLES OF PYTHAGORAS.

CUMBERLAND.

So gaunt they seem, that famine never made
Of lank Philippides so mere a shade:
Of salted tunny-fish their scanty dole,
Their beverage, like the frog's, a standing pool,
With, now and then, a cabbage, at the best,
The leavings of the caterpillar's feast.
No comb approaches their dishevell'd hair
To rout the long establish'd myriads there:
On the bare ground their bed; nor do they know
A warmer coverlid than serves the crow.
Flames the meridian sun without a cloud?
They bask like grasshoppers, and chirp as loud.
With oil they never even feast their eyes;
The luxury of stockings they despise:
But, bare-foot as the crane, still march along
All night in chorus with the screech-owl's song.

Alexis, (Athenæus, lib. xii.)

LE PHILOSOPHE BON VIVANT. B.

My wealthy master now resolved to seek
Instruction late in life, and learn to speak;

And, that in logic rules he might excell,
 He fee'd a learned Doctor who lived well.
 Here, at a vast expense, as suits his rank,
 He drank and ate, and spoke, and ate and drank ;
 And, after years of study, boasts to know
 The best receipt to make a fricandeau.

Lucian, 23. ii. 312.

ON LONG BEARDS. D.

IF beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,
 Then Plato must bow to a hairy he-goat.

Philo, ii. 201.

FOOLISH OLD AGE. B.

A HOARY head, with sense combined,
 Claims veneration from mankind ;
 But, if with folly join'd, it bears
 The badge of ignominious years.

Gray hairs will pass for sapience well,
 Until your tongue dissolve the spell,
 Then, as in youth, 'twill all appear,
 No longer sense, but merely hair.

Lucillius, 120. ii. 342.

THE DESIRE OF LONG LIFE. M.

WHEN for long life the old man pours his prayers,
Grant, Jove, a lengthen'd life of growing years !

Lucillius, 101. ii. 338.

ON A MISER. M.

A RICH man's purse, a poor man's soul is thine,
Starving thy body, that thy heirs may dine.

Lucillius, 52. ii. 327.

ON A NOTORIOUS THIEF. M.

MENISCUS saw old Cleon's purse of gold.
—That purse will Cleon never more behold.

Crinagoras, 32. ii. 149.

ON ROBBERS. M.

WHATEVER art you learn, employ it well.
Thus underneath an Alpine pinnacle,
The bold banditti, fierce with horrid hair,
By ancient usage for their work prepare ;

First by false scent ingenious to betray
 The guardian dogs, and lure them from the prey.
 Oh wise Ligurians ! How your crafty mind
 Is aptly framed each new device to find
 That hurts, but none that benefits mankind !

Demodocus, 2. ii. 56.

ON A BAD MAN. M.

A VIPER stung a Cappadocian's hide ;
 And, poison'd by his blood, that instant died.

Lucilius, 107. ii. 339.

ENVY. II.

POOR Cleon out of envy died,
 His brother thief to see
 Nail'd near him to be crucified
 Upon a higher tree.

Hedylus, 6. i. 484.

GOUT, THE DAUGHTER OF INTEMPERANCE. M.

WHILE on soft beds your pillow'd limbs recline,
 Dissolved by Bacchus and the Queen of Love,
 Remember Gout's a daughter of that line,
 And she'll dissolve them soon, my friend, by Jove.

Leonidas Alexand. 32. ii. 197.

“ AFTER MEAT, MUSTARD.” M.

WHEN the gorged stomach will no more allow,
Why tempt me with thy dainty paps, oh sow?
Soft showers descend in vain when harvest's o'er;
And zephyrs vainly breathe for those on shore.

Lucian, 10. ii. 310.

AN IDLE SERVANT. B.

YOU feed so fast—and run so very slow—
Eat with your legs, and with your grinders go!

Pherecrates (Fragm. Com. Poet.)

THE INVENTION OF LARGE DRINKING
GLASSES.

CUMBERLAND.

REMARK how wisely ancient art provides
The broad brimm'd cup, with flat expanded sides,
A cup contrived for man's discreeter use,
And sober portions of the generous juice:
But woman's more ambitious thirsty soul
Soon long'd to revel in the plenteous bowl.

Deep and capacious as the swelling hold
 Of some strong bark, she shaped the hollow mould ;
 Then turning out a vessel like a tun,
 Simpering exclaim'd, " Observe ! I drink but one."

Antipater, 90. ii. 31.

EPITAPH ON A DRUNKEN OLD WOMAN. B.

THIS rudely sculptured porter-pot,
 Denotes where sleeps a female sot ;
 Who pass'd her life, good easy soul,
 In sweetly chirping o'er her bowl.
 Not for her friends or children dear
 She mourns, but only for her beer.
 Ev'n in the very grave, they say,
 She thirsts for drink to wet her clay ;
 And, faith, she thinks it very wrong
 This jug should stand unfill'd so long.

Callimachus (Anthologia inedita)

EPITAPH OF A DRUNKARD. M.

"THEE, too, Lysander, doth the grave compell ?
 Which of thy various wines hath vanquish'd thee ?
 Doubtless, the same by which the Centaur fell."—
 " My hour was come ; and, friend, 'twere quite as well
 To spare good wine so foul a calumny."

Antipater.

FEMALE BEAUTY. M.

WITH the eyes of a mole, and the arms of an ape,
The breast of a chicken and legs of a table,
A strong stomach has he who can look at thy shape—
He may swallow a church who to kiss thee is able.

Nicarchus, 12. ii. 352.

THE ANTIQUATED BEAUTY. B.

OF charms Niconoe might have boasted,
With reason, in her prime ;
Perhaps by every wit was toasted,
Who lived in Noah's time.

But now her days of love are over,
Of ogling and of sighing—
'Twere wise no more to seek a lover,
But think at last of dying.

Lucian, 6. ii. 309.

FALSE HAIR AND ROUGE. M.

YES—you may change your hair, but not your age,
Nor smooth, alas ! the wrinkles of your face ;
Yes—you may varnish o'er the tell-tale page,
And wear a mask for every vanish'd grace :
But there's an end. No Hecuba by aid
Of rouge and ceruse is a Helen made.

Paulus, 29. iii. 30.

THE DRENCHED LOVER. M.

THE voice of the song and the banquet was o'er,
And I hung up my chaplet at Glycera's door,
When the mischievous girl from a window above,
Who look'd down and laugh'd at the offering of love,
Fill'd with water a goblet whence Bacchus had fled,
And pour'd all the crystal contents on my head.
So drench'd was my hair, three whole days it resisted
All attempts of the barber to friz it or twist it ;
But the water (so whimsical, Love, are thy ways !)
While it put out my curls, set my heart in a blaze.

Uncertain, 65. iii. 163.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SUITOR AND HIS
MISTRESS'S MAID. M.

" Good day, my Love !" " The same to you."
" That lovely lady,—tell me who ?"
" What's that to thee ?" " I wish to know."
" My mistress, then—now let me go."
" Stay—may I hope ?"—" Hope !" What ?—" At night ?"
" Perhaps."—" Here's money,"—" Well—that's right."
" I've only silver."—" What ? No gold ?
No, Sir—my mistress can't be sold."

Uncertain, 406. iii. 237.

ON A WIDOWER ABOUT TO MARRY AGAIN. M.

A WIDOWER once, and court a second chain ?
Thus the wreck'd sailor tempts the shoals again.

Palladus, 6. ii. 407.

WOMEN. M.

ALL wives are bad—yet two blest hours they give,
When first they wed, and when they cease to live.

Argentarius, 11. ii. 268.

ON VERY LEAN PERSONS. H. D.

DEAR Lyce, thou art wond'rous thin,
And I'm a bag of bone and skin ;
Yet thou'rt to me a Venus !
Fat lovers have not half our bliss.
Our very souls each other kiss,
For there's no flesh between us.

Agathias, 75. iii. 61.

ANOTHER. M.

So shadow-like a form you bear,
So near allied to shapeless air,
That with some reason you may fear,
When you salute, to draw too near,
Lest, if your friend be short of breath,
The dire approach may prove your death,
And that poor form, so light and thin,
Be at his nostrils taken in.
Yet, if with philosophic eye
You look, you need not fear to die ;
For (if poetic tales be true)
No transformation waits for you—
You cannot, ev'n at Pluto's bar,
Be more a phantom than you are.

Lucillius, 19. ii. 321.

ON LONG NOSES. B.

HEAVENS, what a nose ! Forbear to look,
 Whene'er you drink, in fount or brook :
 For, as the fair Narcissus died,
 When hanging o'er a fountain's side,
 You too, the limpid water quaffing,
 May die, my worthy sir, with laughing.

Ammianus, 15. ii. 337.

THE SAME SUBJECT. M.

DICK cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases,
 His nose so long is, and his arm so short ;
 Nor ever cries " God bless me !" when he sneezes,
 He cannot hear so distant a report.

Leonidas of Alexandria, 4. ii. 190.

ANOTHER. M.

WHEN Timothy's house was on fire t'other night,
 The wretched old man almost died with the fright ;
 For ropes and for water he bawl'd till half mad,
 But no water was near, and no ropes to be had.
 The fire still grew hotter, and Tim still grew madder,
 Till he thought of Dick's nose, and it served for a ladder.

The Emperor Trajan, ii. 265.

ANOTHER. M.

LET Dick some summer's day expose
Before the sun his monstrous nose,
And stretch his giant mouth, to cause
Its shade to fall upon his jaws :
With nose so long, and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

R I D D L E S.

I.

FROM a bright sire my being springs,
 I soar aloft, but not with wings—
 Tears, without sorrow, to your eye
 I draw ; and, scarcely born, I die. B.

II.

I was born on the top of a tall mountain spire ;
 My mother a tree, and my father was fire.
 I'm black, and I'm hard—but, when melted by thee,
 My dear father, and pour'd in a pipkin, 'shall be
 Most sanative balm for the cars of the sea. M.

III.

In my young and juicy age,
 Had I met your hostile rage,
 You'd have squeezed me where I stood,
 Suck'd my flesh, and drunk my blood. .
 But now that time has drain'd my veins,
 And all that yet of me remains,
 Wrinkled without, and parch'd within,
 You'll break my bones and eat my skin. M.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS.

“A Doctor, fond of letters, once agreed.” p. 447.

THIS, and the three following Epigrams, are devoted to a body of professional men, who seem to have given as much exercise to the wits of Greece and Rome as, in modern times, to those of France and England. The Epitaph by Nicarchus served, probably, as a model for that of Martial :

“Lotus nobiscum est hilaris,” &c.

Gay Tom supp'd last night, full of jest, sport, and wit,
To day, the poor fellow was laid on his bier.
Do you ask, Dick, the cause of so sudden a fit ?
Tom saw, in a dream, Dr. B——m appear. M.

“ Sur quoy je veux faire deux contes,” says Montaigne, and then proceeds, with the gravest simplicity, to ridicule the profession as unmercifully as ever did Rabelais or Le Sage, Lucilius or Martial, in the tale of the

Happy Valley of Lahontan; "ce petit état," which "s'étoit continué de toute ancienneté en une condition si heureuse qu'aucun juge voisin n'avoit esté en peine de s'informer de leur affaire, aucun avocat employé à leur donner advis, ni estranger appellé pour esteindre leurs querelles!" until, in an evil hour, the spirit of ambition, laying hold on one of the peaceful community, impelled him to send his son to be taught to read and write, and educated for an attorney: the law once introduced, physic was not long in following. Then "commencèrent ilz apprendre premièrement le nom de fiebvres, des rheumes, et des apostèmes," &c. &c. "Ils jurent que, depuis lors, seulement, ilz ont apperceu que le serain leur appesantissoit la teste, que le boire, ayant chaud, apportoit nuisance, et que les vents de l'automne estoyent plus griefs que ceux du printemps; que, depuis l'usage de cette médecine, ils se trouvent accablés d'une légion de maladies inaccoustumées; et qu'ils apperçoivent un général deschet en leur ancienne vigueur, et leurs vies de moitié raccourcies."

As the poets will have honourable mention in the next note, and the lawyers will also come in for their share in one subsequent, it would be but polite to insert the following compliment, translated from la Martinière, to the faculty, who might otherwise conceive themselves slighted by the omission:

The Prescription.

Would you wish to get well without failing,
 Of I know not what ill, which I know not for why,
 For this fortnight has made you look feeble and ailing?

I prescribe you to buy
 How much I can't say of a root I know not,
 To mix, of I know not what simples, a potion,
 Pound I know not what herbs, and of them make a
 lotion,

Which, applied piping hot,
 Will, for aught that I know,
 Make you eat, drink, and sleep as a fortnight ago.
 But this I can venture for certain to say,
 Half the doctors in London prescribe the same way. B.

The nostrum demanded by the friar in the following
 Epigram remains yet undiscovered :

“ Un gros Prieur.”

A fat old friar, of seraphic face,
 Who thirty years of meagrim had complain'd,
 Convened one day the Hippocratic race,
 And to the synod thus himself explain'd.
 Grave Sons of Pharmacy, your aid bestow—
 But in my case I warn you to forego
 All drugs, herbs, unguents, lenitive and bleeding,
 And every other medical proceeding.

At this each doctor shook his sapient head,
 Till, hemming thrice, the elder gravely said,
 "What treatment, Sir, demand you for your pain?"
 —Treatment! exert your art—prescribe—ordain
 To make it last me thirty years again. B.

"When Narva asks a friend to dine." p. 449.

Perhaps Prior had this Epigram in his mind when he wrote the following humorous imitation of Chaucer:

"Full oft doth Mat with Topaz dine,
 Eateth baked meats, drinketh Greek wine;
 But Topaz his own werke rehearseth,
 And Mat mote praise what Topaz verseth:
 Now sure as priest did ere shrive sinner,
 Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner."

In this, and the two preceding pieces, we have a specimen of the Grecian mode of laughing unfortunate poets out of countenance. They are, doubtless, not very savoury; but, if compared with certain French Epigrams to the same effect, will be found merciful and complimentary in the extreme. I have made the following imitations, and now cite them at random:

1.

On a certain Poet and Painter.

Mævius, they say, with much ado,
 Would be a Pope and Reynolds too,
 Nay, more, his models would excell.
 And, prithee, name me, if you please,
 A bard who paints with half his ease,
 Or painter, who can rhyme so well. B.

2.

A certain rhymers, who can ne'er repose,
 Told me, with tears of triumph in his eyes—
 “Now, on my soul, I cannot write in prose.”
 His verse will prove how d——y he lies. B.

3.

On reading a Poem of Beauchamp in MS.

To a party select, ere they went to the press,
 Certain dull and somniferous stanzas were brought.
 All heard, and some ventured to say what they thought,
 But who was the author no critic could guess.
 Just then Mister Beauchamp presented his face,
 In a moment his presence decided the case,
 For each soul in the room, without preface or proem,
 By the poem knew Beauchamp, by Beauchamp the poem.
 B.

4.

On the same.

Beauchamp in every house repeats,
 “ With Spenser’s verse I feel enchanted,”
 And adds, to every one he meets,
 “ With Spenser’s secret I’m acquainted.”

Ay—and thine honour too, replied
 A reader, should be well rewarded :
 For ne’er since confidence was tried,
 Was secret more devoutly guarded. B.

5.

*On the danger of reading the Poem of Beauchamp
when in a Perspiration.*

Within this tomb lies Roger Dennis,
 Who, heated by a game at tennis,
 While napkins for his use were airing,
 Took Beauchamp up, and read a part,
 Which threw the cold upon his heart,
 The Lord to the defunct be sparing! B.

6.

Let Beauchamp, Mævius, both alone :
 What harm, I ask you, have they done,
 Which makes you eager thus to wound ?

Oh ! let them in their turn repose,
Whose gentle verse, and gentler prose
Have often made us sleep so sound. B.

7.

Kind Heaven, each loyal Briton cries,
Restore our monarch to the nation ;
And oh ! thine own anointed screen,
From languor, heaviness, and spleen,
Address from country corporation,
And verse from both his Universities ! B.

8.

The Plagiarist.

If e'er I say a thing that's good,
Antiquity, in spiteful mood,
Observes, " 'Twas I, my friend, who made it."
Perhaps it was—but if the dame
Had only waited till I came,
Myself before her then had said it. B.

9.

Epitaph.

Here lies a youth whose lofty rhyme
Will reach the goal of latest time,
But hastening on to Fame's abode
He died of hunger on the road. B.

10.

The Pleasures of Imagination.

In my dream lovely Fortune is still at my side ;
 By night I am happy, by day in despair ;
 By thy bountiful goodness, Lord Bishop, provide,
 That my day-dreams, like those of my night, may be
 fair. B.

11.

Epitaph on myself.

Here lies an author—pray forgive
 The work that fed his pride—
 Long after death he thought to live,
 And long before it died. B.

“ *Once, in a fearful vision of the night.*” p. 450.

In the original, Menander is the poet to whom I have ventured to substitute the name of Rowe ; and, as for Lothario, he may be any actor that the reader chooses to fancy.

“ *Tom prudently thinking his labour ill-spared.*”

p. 450.

The gravity of the seer is highly laudable. Another oracle, the renowned Cato, was once consulted on a

matter of vast importance, and his response will do well to go hand in hand with that of our fortune-teller.

“ Bon-mot de Caton.

Autrefois, un Romain s'en vint fort affligé
 Raconter à Caton que, la nuit précédente,
 Son soulier des souris avoit été rongé,
 Chose, qui lui sembloit tout-à-fait effrayante:
 “ Mon ami,” dit Caton, “ reprenez vos esprits !
 Cet accident en soi n'a rien d'épouvantable :
 Mais, si votre soulier eût mangé les souris,
 C'auroit été, sans doute, un prodige effroyable.”
 Baraton.

Oracular Response.

A Roman called on Cato, to unfold
 How, at the break of day, alarm'd he found
 His slipper, gnaw'd by mice, upon the ground ;
 A sight (said he) most fearful to behold !
 “ My friend,” said Cato, “ Courage ! Calm your fright,
 There's nought so very dreadful in the sight—
 But if your slipper on the mice had fed,
 The thing had made one's hair stand up with dread.” B.

“ A plaintiff thus explain'd his cause.” p. 451.

The lawyer in this Epigram bears a striking resemblance to the fortune-teller in the preceding, and the

philosopher in that which follows ; and, if we are to believe what is said of them by humorists, he is not the only similar instance among the gentlemen of his profession. Borbonius gives us another anecdote of the same description.

“ Causidicum oblato fur munere.”

A thief once consulted a lawyer of note
How best to ensure from the halter his throat.
Said the sage, as he pocketed gravely his fee,
“ Run away if you can, and perhaps you’ll be free.” M.

This advice of the lawyer’s must have afforded nearly an equal degree of comfort to a thief in danger of the gallows, as the following exhortation may be supposed to have conveyed to another unhappy culprit under similar circumstances :

A certain priest thus strove by exhortation
To teach a robber how to die.
“ Courage, my son, you mount on high—
Death is the card of invitation
To sup with all the saints to night.”
“ To sup ! Do you accept it rather—
For, as for me, I own, good father,
I feel no appetite.” B.

To speak seriously, the uncertainty of the law is an afflicting subject to think of. Could every cause be equally well argued as the first of those which I am now going to cite, and every decision pronounced upon an equally solid foundation as that which appears to have governed the ten which are referred to in my second example, we should soon hear no more complaints of this description.

The deaf Plaintiff, deaf Defendant, and deaf Judge.

A deaf man cited his deaf neighbour
 Before a judge as deaf, to ground
 A debt unpaid for quarter's labour,
 —Defendant swore, so far from sound,
 That mites were swarming in the cheese.
 The judge, whose mind suspended stood,
 At last decreed the marriage good,
 And then dismiss'd them both, to pay the fees. B.

Justice Bridlegoose, in Rabelais, decides by the dice; and when he became somewhat stricken in years, the neighbourhood murmured at some of his decisions, because, by the dimness of his sight, the "*alea judiciorum*" had been, of late, a little questionable. But to our second oracle of justice :

"Huissiers ! Qu'on fasse silence !
 Dit, en tenant audience,

Un Président de Baugé :
 C'est un bruit à tête-pendre.
 Nous avons déjà jugé
 Dix causes sans les entendre."

Make silence, ushers, round about !
 This dreadful noise is past all bearing.
 Ten causes have been judged, without
 A possibility of hearing. B.

" *Nicostratus, that second Stagirite.*" p. 452.

Hermogenes speaks of a subtle philosopher of the name of Nicostratus ; but Jacobs finds reason rather to suppose the Nicostratus of this Epigram to be an imaginary personage. " Mimic Cleombrotus," &c. is an allusion to a very celebrated Epigram of Callimachus, of which the reader will find a translation in a former division of this book :

" Cleombrotus, upon the rampart's height,
 Bade the bright sun farewell, then plunged to night."

For the turn at the conclusion of the piece, I have no authority in the original.

" *When hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold.*"
 p. 453.

I cannot find the original of this Epigram, which is entitled " From the Greek ;" but the point is evidently

the same as that in one of Antipater's (2 Brunck 13) which Voltaire rendered into French with unusual fidelity.

“ *Sur les Sacrifices à Hercule.*

Un peu de miel, un peu de lait,
 Rendent Mercure favorable :
 Hercule est bien plus cher, il est bien moins traitable.
 Sans deux agneaux par jour il n'est point satisfait.
 On dit qu'à mes moutons ce Dieu sera propice.
 Qu'il soit beni ! mais entre nous
 C'est un peu trop en sacrifice—
 Qu'importe qui les mange—ou d'Hercule, ou des
 loups ?”

“ *My wealthy master, now resolved to seek.*” p. 454.

This, as we are informed by Athenæus, is the speech of a slave in the comedy of Galatea, and its satire is levelled against a certain follower of the luxurious Aristippus, who by his life and conduct gave ample scope to the attacks of ridicule.

“ *If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote.*”

p. 455.

The same mode of reasoning was adopted by a Spanish ambassador at the court of Rome, who being a very young man, the Pope asked him, with great displeasure,

if his master could not find, in all his dominions, some fitter person for so venerable an office. "If my master," replied he, "had known the partiality which your Holiness entertains for long beards, I doubt not but he would have sent a he-goat for his ambassador."

Equally reverential is the respect for age entertained by the Duke of Epire's young courtiers, who compliment their sovereign on the good effects of his proposed reformation in strains somewhat similar:

"But for men, my lord,
That should be the sole bravery of a palace,
To walk with hollow eyes and long white beards,
As if a prince dwelt in a land of goats," &c.

Massinger's Old Law.

Numerous have been the substitutes for sense—beards, wigs, profound silence, and wealth, are all conducive to the imposture. The two first have had their days: and we have examples enough, both in the senate and at the bar, to prove that silence is no longer necessary for the concealment of mental infirmity, provided the invalid is on good terms with fortune. Montaigne, after maintaining (rather paradoxically) that the rulers of nations should be gifted with brains, continues to observe that "Silence in them not only gives them an air of respect and gravity, but often also conduces to their profit and advantage. Megabysus, going one day to see Apelles in

his painting room, sat still a long time without speaking a word ; but at last beginning to discourse of his performances, he received this harsh reprimand from him : ‘ While thou wast silent, thou seemedst to be some person of great account ; but now that we have heard thee speak, there is not the meanest boy in my workshop that does not despise thee.’ His magnificent habit and great state condemned his ignorance the more, while he talked of painting so impertinently. Now, many young men, in my time, have passed for men of prudence and capacity, by reason of their gravity and taciturnity.”

So much for these good people, whom the Milanese punningly denominate, “ I parocchiani della parrocchia di San Simpliciano.”—“ Chi tengono del simpliciotto anzi che no—perchè il prete, dando loro il battesimo, pose poehlissimo sale in bocca ad uno ed all’ altro.”

But even the sacredness of silence will not always defend the taciturn from a suspicion that their motive is not strictly an aversion from the act of speaking, but one of a different nature, which it is needless to mention. A French gentleman had been purposely invited to meet a certain nobleman.—Their mutual friends burned to introduce the one to the other. Their meeting ended, like all anticipated excellencies, in disappointment. In short, this was not one of my Lord’s communicative days ; and when one of his apologists said so to the Frenchman, descanting still on his great talent, the foreigner

remarked, “Oui, j’en conviens—Milord a un grand talent pour le silence.” Loquacity, however, is not always an improvement to the person, as the following Epigram demonstrates :

The Portrait.

A lord of senatorial fame
Was by his portrait known outright ;
For so the painter play’d his game,
It made one even yawn at sight.
“ ’Tis he—the same—there’s no defect,
But want of speech,” exclaim’d a flat.
To whom the limner—“ Pray, reflect,
’Tis surely not the worse for that.” B.

Gravity and taciturnity are doubtless of vast effect in dignifying their wearers ; but there are some unlucky people of a hardihood not to be surmounted. Of this number was the brutal rustic whom I am going to describe :

The Druid and the Clown.

“ Un vieux Druide, entiché de sa race,
Pour s’attirer le respect d’un quidam,
Dit qu’à sa terre il n’étoit habitant
Qui jamais s’arrogeât l’audace
De se couvrir ou s’asseoir, lui present.

Le quidam, qui n'étoit pas bête,
 "Monsieur," dit-il, se couvrant, s'asseyant,
 "Ces gens n'ont donc ni cul ni tête."

A Druid, of his order proud,
 To awe a simple country clown,
 Declared that, where he lived, the crowd
 Behaved with such extreme decorum,
 That not a man presumed, he said,
 To wear a hat, or sit before him.
 "Sir," said the rustic, sitting down,
 And calmly covering his crown,
 "'Tis clear these folk have neither a— nor head." B.

"A rich man's purse, a poor man's soul is thine."

p. 456.

This is a very fertile subject of epigrammatic wit;
 but I shall content myself with a single anecdote:

"Qui calcarit opes fore sanctum audiverat Ollus.
 Calceolis nummos protinus inseruit."

At church Harpax heard that to trample on riches,
 Is the holiest thing that a Christian can do;
 So he forthwith took out his bank-notes from his breeches,
 And sew'd them all up in the sole of his shoe. M.

“ Whatever art you learn, employ it well. ” p. 456.

“ If I have caught the true meaning of this Epigram, a party of Ligurian freebooters, being about to make a descent on the coast, for the sake of plunder, detach some of their number, well anointed with grease, to attract the dogs by their scent a different way, while the rest perform the object of their expedition without the interruption of these vigilant defenders.” This is the explanation given by M. Chardon, of an Epigram, the sense of which Scaliger pronounced to be lost in Cimmerian darkness. One very simple and probable alteration of the text has rendered it what it is. The Ligurians were famous, we all know, for their cunning and stratagem.

“ A viper stung a Cappadocian’s hide.” p. 457.

The Cappadocians were held, among the ancients, very much in the same estimation as, before the generous exertions of Clarkson and Wilberforce, the inhabitants of the Gambia and Senegal were considered by ourselves. They were treated as a people born to slavery; and a greater compliment has never been paid to the genius of liberty, than consists in the contempt and execration with which the very name of these poor wretches was, on that only account, attended. In another Epigram, the same writer bestows upon them

that most nefarious of all compound epithets, φαυλίσσι-
 φαυλότατοι. He is not much more complaisant to the
 inhabitants of Chios, nor to those of Cilicia, on both of
 whom he has bestowed the well known compliment
 which has since been otherwise turned, and thus ascribed
 to the German commentators :

“ The Germans in Greek
 Are still much to seek ;
 Not five in five score,
 But ninety-five more ;
 Excepting friend Herman—
 And He is—a German.”

The French are very fertile in turning excessive pro-
 fligacy into food for wit ; and, whatever moralists may
 have to say as to the expediency of laughing at vice, we
 shall not be much the worse for a few specimens of
 their talent in this sort of composition.

No vice so profligate can be
 But of young Alcimon they tell us.
 The first of wicked men is he,
 Of him, the Devil himself is jealous. B.

Another, by Brebœuf.

How little grief thy father's ashes claim !
 How just was Death to hurry him from hence !
 A ceaseless labourer in the work of shame,
 You thought him born, his Maker to incense.
 The self-avow'd support of impudence,

With Modesty he waged insatiate strife,
 And lived the eternal foe of Innocence ;
 Thus, having made Sin's empire all his own,
 Still, fearing to be bad by halves alone,
 He gave thee life. B.

But, perhaps, the greatest accumulation of all the virulence of satire, upon one unfortunate head, is to be found in the following compliment to a certain Countess de Caumont :

“ Quand l'Eternel, non sans remords,
 De la Caumont eût fait le corps,
 Sentant qu'une âme raisonnable
 Ne pourroit, sans d'affreux dégouts,
 Habiter dans un corps semblable ,
 Il en fit la prison d'un diable !—
 —Et c'est le plus damné de tous.”

This is so completely wicked, that no translation can do it justice. The following is much more allowable :

On successful Villainy.

To see the splendour, power, and fame,
 With which yon wretch is clad,
 Would you not think it Fortune's game
 To drive poor Virtue mad? B.

" Poor Cleon out of envy died." p. 457.

This extravagant hyperbole should be contrasted with the more modest, and (alas!) too natural picture of the envious man which Senecé has presented to us.

" D'où vient que l'envieux Phorbas," &c.

What makes the envious Phorbas walk
 Alone, and sad, in the parterre ;
 And raise his eyes, and inly talk,
 And stamp his foot, and rend his hair ?
 Say, has he met with some distress ?—
 Far from it—all his agitation
 Only proceeds from the success
 Of some acquaintance, or relation. B.

" When the gorged stomach will no more allow."

p. 458.

The paps, and sometimes the belly, of a young sow, which had just farrowed, were relished as the first of dainties by the gourmands of Greece and Rome. The reader may find the manner of dressing them fully described by that prince of men-cooks, Apicius, in his seventh book. From Juvenal, we find that they were, in his time, considered as a suitable offering to the Bona Dea. Sat. ii. v. 86 :

“ Atque Bonam teneræ placant abdomine porcæ,
Et magno cratere Deam.”

“ *You feed so fast, and run so very slow.* p. 458.

These, it will be allowed, are two excellent qualifications for an errand-boy. There is a Latin Epigram by Chytræus, which begins thus ;

“ Segnis erat Gryllus, saxique immobilis instar,
Mandibulâ exceptâ denique totus iners.”

On this gentleman, it continues, the itch kindly took compassion, and gave agility to his fingers, by furnishing them with constant employment.

Another Latin Epigrammatist celebrates the diligence with which the citizens of Erfurt were once accustomed to study the arts of good living, to the exclusion of all other sciences, and the ruin of their families and estates, in the following satirical address to the physicians of the place :

“ *Ite novas alibi, Medici, disquirite sedes,*” &c.

Go, Doctors, go, to other regions roam ;
No fees await you in our healthy home.
Stomachs of such unrivall'd strength are ours,
No weak obstructions check their active powers,
Which, ostrich-like, digest without remorse
Lands, houses, gardens,—aye, and troops of horse. M.

“ *Remark how wisely ancient art provides.* p. 458.

Whether originally man’s or woman’s, this was a most glorious invention for all who, like Pontilianus, are fond of finding every possible excuse for drinking. The Epigram is by Muretus :

“ Cum rapidus medio desævit in æthere Titan
 Fer puer huc cyathos, Pontilianus ait.
 Cum pluit, En, inquit, Deus admonet esse bibendum,
 Qui nunc tam multo proluit imbre solum.
 Sic vacua à potu non unquam tempora ducit;
 Cur bibat semper Pontilianus habet.”

The following is from a French author :

The wise allow five reasons good for drinking—
 As, first, the coming of a welcome stranger—
 Next, that you’re thirsty—then, that you’ve been thinking
 How soon of being thirsty you’re in danger—
 Fourth, that the wine’s so good you can’t refuse,
 And, lastly, any reason that you choose. M.

I ought, on a former occasion, to have referred to the excellent invention of toasting a mistress in a number of glasses equal to that of the letters in her name :

“ *Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.*”
 Martial.

And to George Hardinge's very happy jeu d'esprit on the names of Job's three daughters :

“ Sex Jemima scyphis, septem Kheziah bibatur.
Ebrius est si quis te Kerenhappuch amet.”

Six glasses the name of Jemima will cover,
And (reckoning the H's) Kheziah claims seven ;
But alas ! Kerenhappuch's unfortunate lover
Will as surely be tipsy as fools go to heaven. M.

“ *This rudely sculptured porter-pot.*” p. 459.

Propertius would bestow a similar emblem on the remains of a lady of similar character :

“ Sit tumulus Lenæ curto vetus amphora collo.”

Charpentier has thus paraphrased the same Epigram :

“ Passant ! Cy gist la vieille Macaride,
Au rouge nez, au teint toujours humide ;
Et qui buvoit du soir jusqu'au matin.
Sans aucune douleur elle quitte sa fille,
Son fils, son gendre, et toute sa famille.
Son seul regret fut de quitter son vin.”

“ The good man, Pannard,” says Marmontel, “ had so tender an affection for wine, that he ever spoke of it

as the friend of his heart; and, glass in hand, with his eyes rivetted on the charming object of his adoration, he was frequently moved even to tears." Another countryman of Marmontel's gives the following architectural directions for his tomb, which have a near resemblance to those which decorate the monument of our good lady in the Epigram :

Nor porphyry, nor marble rare,
 To build my simple tomb, I ask ;
 I only wish, for trophy there,
 A vast immeasurable cask.
 Some artist, too, of ruby noses,
 With mine shall grace the glorious tun ;
 Inscribed, " The veriest sot reposes
 Hereby, that ever saw the sun." B.

" Thee, too, Lysander, doth the grave compell."

p. 459.

This poem, in the state in which the Palatine MS. preserves it, has sadly perplexed the commentators. Jacobs proposed so many conjectural emendations that, like the ship of Jason, he leaves the Epigram at last with scarcely a piece of the original fabric remaining in it. For the much more simple and natural reformation of the text from which the present version is made, we are indebted to M. Chardon (*Melanges*, &c. tom. ii. p. 297.)

The Centaur who died of intoxication at the feast of the Lapithæ, has been the subject of more than one allusion among the Greek poets.

“ With the eyes of a mole and the arms of an ape.”

p. 460.

M. de Tournes, who to the charms here mentioned added the face of an owl, said one night, as he was walking home from a party, “ This is the first time that I shall have slept at home for two years.” “ I should think from your appearance” (said the Bishop of Agde, measuring him from head to foot with his eyes) that you are in the habit of perching.”

“ Of charms Nicæne might have boasted.” p. 460.

In another Epigram, Myrinus thus sports with the character of one of these venerable girls. “ U” (alluding to the Greek numeral) “ stands for 400, and the number of your years is twice as great. You tender Laïs ! you Hecuba of Maids ! you grandmother of Sisypus ! you sister of Deucalion ! Go, dye your white hairs, and say to every body, ta-ta.” It was the custom among young girls, and more especially those who, whether young or not, wished so to be reputed, to stammer, lisp, and talk prettily. Ovid observes, that there is a considerable degree of difficulty in acquiring the perfection of this elegant art :

“ Quid, cum legitimâ fraudatur littera voce,
 Blæsaque fit jusso lingua coacta sono ?
 In vitio decor est, quædam malè reddere verba
 Discunt posse minus, quam potuere loqui.”

Ars Amat. iii. 293.

Martial has adopted much of the hyperbole of Myrinus, and added to it the inimitable image of

“ Cornicibus omnibus superstes.” x. 67.

As a contrast to such disagreeable home-truths, let me insert the beautiful compliment conveyed in the following impromptu by the Comtesse de Houdetôt on Mad. la Duchesse de la Vallière, who, at the age of fifty, was still celebrated for the charms of her countenance :

“ La Nature prudente et sage
 Force le Temps à respecter
 Les charmes de ce beau visage
 Qu'elle n'aurait pu répéter.”

“ With a wise parental care,
 Nature bids old Time to spare
 Every charm of that sweet face
 Which, lost, she never could replace. M.

"Yes—you may change your hair, but not your face."

p. 461.

On the subject of dyeing the hair, or wearing wigs—(both of them arts in great practice among the ladies of Greece and Rome,) one Epigram has already been produced in a former divison of this book. The old English Epigram,

"The golden hair that Cœlia wears
Is her's—(who would have thought it?)
She swears 'tis her's; and true she swears,—
For I know where she bought it,"

though coming to us more immediately through the channel of Martial, is derived from Lucillius (31. ii. 323). On the more fertile topic of face painting, Prior has rather borrowed from the French of Brebœuf, than from the Greek, in the following stanzas :

"How old may Phillis be, (you ask)
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer, is no easy task,
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on,
All day let Envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels, laid aside,
 At night astronomers agree,
 The evening has the day belied,
 And Phillis is some forty-three."

Brebœuf is distinguished among the wits of the Siècle de Louis XIV. as the author of (I believe) full one hundred and fifty different conceits on the same foundation. A few specimens may be sufficient to cure the scepticism with which such a statement is likely to be received; and the following free translations will evince how inexhaustible is the topic of a rouge-box in the hands of a Parisian satirist.

As Harry sung, one day, his usual song,
 "What charms has Myra! Gods, how I adore 'em!"
 A chymist passing by said, "Sir, you're wrong,
 "They won't be Myra's till she's paid me for 'em."
 M.

Gods! What an opening paradise!
 Your beauties are above all price.
 "Nay, you exceed the bounds of sense,
 My rouge-box cost but eighteen-pence." M.

Happy Florimel, who may
 With a lover toy all day,
 Nor do your husband wrong!

Your real face he took to bed,
Those borrow'd charms of white and red
To you, not him, belong.
The roses of the bridal morn,
Though wither'd, wrinkléd, pale, and torn,
True to their Lord remain.
If for another you display
The fresher rose of yesterday,
What needs the fool complain ? M.

The Poets sing—but faith they're wrong,
That Modesty, which shuns the throng,
Is but a rural grace.
Sometimes in town she holds resort,
Whenever Iris goes to court
She hides behind her face. M.

When Iris call'd on me, the other day,
"Tom, hand the lady to a chair,"—I say ;
But, seeing my mistake, the word recall,
"Tom, place that image on its pedestal." M.

Variety keeps love alight,
And Lucy owns the maxim true ;
For, though her lips Tom kisses every night,
The lips Tom kisses every night are new. M.

Tell me, lover, tell me why
For Aminta's charms you sigh?
Charms, which elude your fond embrace!
That dazzling form for which you bleed
Is but a tomb-stone, where we read,
"Here lies, what was Aminta's face." M.

Think not that, when I dream of thee,
I dream of Zephyr's balmy breath
And flowery shades of Arcady—
—No, Chloris, no—I dream of death;

For when I see how thin a paste
Can bury features once so fair,
I think how fast the moments haste,
When I shall be as now you are. M.

When the bright object of my vows I led,
A blushing virgin, to the nuptial bed,
"Grant me so long a night, great Jove," I cried,
As when you revell'd with Amphitryon's bride."
But, soon as morning dawn'd on our embrace,
And I beheld the ravage of her face,
"Malicious God! How hast thou mock'd my prayers—
I ask'd a three day's night—not thirty years." M.

Low at your feet, in strains sublime,
 Thus Damon pour'd his amorous rhyme :
 " Iris ! your beauties are the crime
 That works my soul's decay !"
 Iris ! How blest of Heaven are you,
 Whose sins, though every evening new,
 Are every morning wash'd away. M.

" The voice of the song and the banquet was o'er."

p. 461.

Prior has recorded a lover, whose ardour was quenched
 by a much more fatal catastrophe :

Fatal Love.

" Poor Hal caught his death standing under a spout,
 Expecting till midnight when Nan would come out ;
 But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
 And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's
 flame.

MORAL,

(equally applicable to the Greek and English Epigram.)

Who'er thou art, that reads these moral lines,
 Make love at home, and go to bed betimes."

To complain of a mistress's fickleness, however, is
 (according to Owen the epigrammatist) to find fault

with her for resembling that which is the most exalted object of a lover's comparison :

“ *Mobilitas cœli laus est.*’

Perpetual motion is the law of Heaven,
Fix'd constancy to Earth alone is given.
How truly then a heavenly fair is she
Who owns no portion of earth's constancy. M.

It is surely no objection to the soundness of this argument, that it does not stand upon the foundation of the Copernican system. That the touch of a lady should convert water into fire has nothing wonderful in it, after the greater miracle of the following verses, which describe the water as frozen :

“ *Me nive candenti petiit modo Julia : rebar
Igne carere nivem, nix tamen ignis erat.
Quid nive frigidius? Nostrum tamen urere pectus
Nix potuit manibus, Julia, missa tuis.*”
Anth. Lat.iii. 218.

“ *Good day, my love.*”—“*The same to you.*” p. 462.

This Epigram has been much more neatly rendered by a French translator, in the “ *Melanges de Critique,*” &c. of M. Chardon de la Rochette.

“ Bon jour, Philé.”—“ Bon jour, Cléon.”—“ Sait-on
Du tendron qui vient là le nom et la demeure ?”—

“ C’est Eglé, ma maitresse, et voici sa maison.”—

“ Pourrois-je ?”—“ Quoi ?”—“ Cette nuit.”—“ C’est
selon”—

“ J’ai de l’argent.”—“ Tant mieux, vous entrerez sur
l’heure :”

“ Mais, je n’ai que cela.”—“ Bon soir au beau Cléon.”

“ *All wives are bad—yet two blest hours they give.*”

p. 443.

M. Chardon gives us two translations of this Epigram by different French poets, neither of which is very admirable. The best, because the shortest, is that of St. Gelais :

“ Toute femme est importune et nuisante,
Et seulement en deux temps est plaisante ;
Le premier est de ses nûces la nuit,
Et le second, quand on l’ensevelit.”

That immediately preceding has also been more than once imitated by the Parisian epigrammatists. The following is Tamisier’s :

“ Celui qui, delivré d’un premier mariage,
Pour la seconde fois se veut remarier,
En dangereuse mer il fait deux fois naufrage,
Et périt au second s’il se sauve au premier.”

These Epigrams, “comme toutes celles où il est question des femmes, soit en bien, soit en mal,” have experienced many Latin versions, from the pens of the Stephens’s, Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, Alciatus, Grotius, &c. &c. Henry Stephens has undertaken the defence of second marriages, by replying, in two Greek distichs, to the single distich of the old Epigram :

Yes—try another wife, if so inclined.

Or good or bad the first, ’twas fortune gave her.

If good—as good as she remain behind ;

If bad,—the chance is vastly in your favour. M.

The rebuke which a French lady once gave to a silly declaimer against marriage, and reviler of women, must be admitted to have been well deserved, even though it may be accused of being a little coarse :

Albinus, at a furious rate,
Haranguing on the nuptial state,
Declared, with wonderous impudence,
Hymen to cuckoldom was brother,
That one ne’er went without the other
And further, that no man of sense
Would on a woman stake his fate.
“Let him against our sex rail on,”
Quoth Blanche, “he’s very father’s son :
He, too, was known this whim to carry
So far, he never dared to marry.” B.

“ So shadow-like a form you bear.” p. 463.

The hyperbolic strain of this Epigram is nothing to that of Marvel's lines on the notorious Flecknoe, rendered so miserably illustrious by the poignancy of Dryden's satire :

— Nothing now dinner staid,
But till he had himself a body made,
I mean, till he was dressed ; for else, so thin
He stands, as if he only fed had been
With consecrated wafers ; and the Host
Hath sure more flesh and blood than he can boast.
This basso-relievo of a man,
Who, as a camel tall, yet easily can
The needle's eye thread without any stitch ;
His only impossible is to be rich.
Lest his too subtle body, growing rare,
Should leave his soul to wander through the air,
He therefore circumscribes himself in rhymes ;
And swaddled in his own paper, seven times
Wears a close jacket of poetic buff, &c. &c.

* * * * *

But, were he not in this black habit deck'd,
This half transparent man would soon reflect
Each colour that he past by, and be seen,
As the cameleon, yellow, blue, and green.

See more of this unpoetical, though highly farcical, satire in Scott's Dryden, Vol. x. p. 411, particularly a description of the unfortunate scare-crow's lodging, which may have furnished Swift with the idea of his Vicar's house at Castle Knock.

"Heavens, what a nose ! Forbear to look." p. 464.

The nose has been a frequent subject of ridicule and controversy long before the time of Sterne's *Slaukenburgius*. Among the numerous Epigrams with which it has furnished the Greek Anthology, some of which will be found in the text, there is one which describes a man's nose as supplying him with all the comforts and conveniences of life. "The nose of Castor is a spade when he digs, a trumpet when he snores, an anchor at sea, a plough in the field," with a multitude of other extravagancies.

Long and short noses will ever have their most violent partizans in the Roman and the Negro

"Non nostrum est tantas componere lites."

The character of Grecian satire is said to be that of the grossest hyperbole. "Give a dog a bad name," &c. I see no good reason why those who shake their sides with laughing at Bardolph's nose, should be too squeamish to be diverted with the snouts of Castor and Proclus.

“ I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes burning.” “ Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night between tavern and tavern,” &c. 1 Hen. IV. Act. i. sc. 5. Muretus has shewn that it is possible to be quite as hyperbolic, when treating the same subject in Latin. In his Epigram *De Pompilii Naso*, after telling us so monstrous, and at the same time so dull a lie, as that the nose of this gentleman measured exactly three cubits in length, and one in breadth, he adds, that it possessed two remarkable qualities, viz. that of drying up whole glasses of wine by its mere shadow, and that of attracting good liquor from a distance, as a load-stone attracts iron ; and he concludes, in a pleasanter strain of grotesque falsehood, and (as it were) in corroboration of his last assertion,

“ Nuper eram in mensâ sitiens potare paratus ;
 Pompilius clausas adstitit ante fores :
 Mira canam, sed vera ; merum mihi forte paratum
 Attraxit naso protinus ille suo.”

One of the Epigrams which are here selected gave occasion to a very amusing chapter in Sir Thomas Brown’s “ *Vulgar Errors*,” that on “ saluting a person when he sneezes.” He proves it to be of the oldest origin, from Apuleius, in his story of the fullers’ wife ;

from Pliny, in that problem of his, “*Cur sternutantes salutantur* ;” “and there he reports that Tiberius the Emperor, otherwise a very sour man, would perform this rite most punctually unto others, and expect the same from others unto himself. Petronius Arbiter, who was pro-consul of Bithynia, in the reign of Nero, hath mentioned it in these words ; ‘*Gyton collectione spiritus plenus, ter continuò ita sternutavit ut grabatum concuteret ; ad quem motum Eumolpus conversus salvere Gytona jubet. Cœlius Rhodoginus hath an example hercof among the Greeks, far ancier than these, that is, about the time of Cyrus the younger ; when, consulting about their retreat, it chanced that one of them sneezed, at the noise whereof the rest of the soldiery called upon Jupiter Soter.*” “Now the ground of this ancient custom was probably the opinion the ancients held of sternutation, which they generally conceived to be a good sign or a bad ; and so, upon this motion, accordingly used a salve, or a *Ζευ σωσον*, as a gratulation for the one, and a deprecation from the other.” “Of sneezing, saith Aristotle, “they honour it as somewhat sacred.” Then he proceeds to shew in what cases sneezing is a good or a bad sign, how much of a man’s future successes or misfortunes depend on the hand in which he sneezes ; what battles have been lost, owing to the general sneezing into his left hand, &c.

“The God of Love —

Sneezed aloud, and all around

The little Loves that waited by
Bow'd and blest the augury."

Cowley's *Acme* and *Septimius*.

Dr. Scott observes that there is a notion among the Hindoos, of sneezing being caused by the operation of an evil spirit; and that they, upon those occasions, snap their thumb and fore-finger as loudly as they can, to drive him away. To belch, however, is esteemed by them lucky; and it is no offence to good manners to be thus fortunate in company, being always greeted with the ejaculation of "God be praised!"

The tale of "the broken-backed schoolmaster," (one of the additional stories in Dr. Scott's late edition of the *Arabian Nights*;) is illustrative of the custom we are speaking of. The venerable pedagogue had exacted from his scholars that, whenever he sneezed, they should instantly lay down their books, and call upon Heaven to bless him. It happened that one day he went down into a well to fetch up water, and when his scholars had drawn him back again almost to the top, he was seized with a fit of sneezing, upon which they all, mechanically, let go their hold, in order to pay him the usual tribute; and the poor old gentleman falling backwards, was maimed for life.

The antiquity and universality of this custom sufficiently refutes the idea of some writers, who have supposed that the "sweating sickness," that dreadful plague of the middle ages, gave rise to the salutation among

European nations; for, say they, one of the earliest symptoms of the disorder was immoderate sneezing, upon which it became usual, whenever a man sneezed, to pray God to bless him, and save him from the disease which it was apprehended to prognosticate.

Whoever desires to pursue this interesting subject further, may read an article by M. Morin, “sur les souhaits de ceux qui éternuent,” in the fifth volume of the *Mémoires de l’Académie des Inscriptions*.

“*Riddles.*” p. 466.

The three ænigmatical pieces are here inserted, not on account of their merit, since modern times have greatly improved on the simplicity of the Greeks in this very profound species of composition; but merely to render this volume as comprehensive as possible in point of subject. It is almost needless to add that, smoke, pitch, and a dried raisin, are the subjects upon which the authors of the above pieces have thought proper to exercise their talent—any child, on a Christmas eve, would discover them. “The cars of the sea” is an obvious periphrasis for “ships.”

EPILOGUE.

Tis past—and o'er her laurels torn
 The Queen of Nations bends to mourn,
 The Nurse of heroes crouches low,
 Slave to a base ignoble foe.
 Seas, where triumphant fleets unfurl'd
 Their banners that o'eraw'd the world,
 Lands peopled by the wise and brave,
 Abode of patriots and their grave,
 Fields, where the early muse awoke
 And tuneful reeds the silence broke,
 Mountains (retreat of gods), and vales
 That give their fragrance to the gales,
 Rivers, from steepy heights that fell,
 Where, tenants of each sparry cell,
 Beneath your waters fringed with flowers
 The nymphs of fountains pass'd their hours,
 While on your margin stretch'd along
 The poet dream'd, or tuned his song,
 At which the Dryads would appear,
 And sylvan boys run out to hear ;

Dim are your glories, sunk your name,
And all has perish'd but the fame
That never shall thro' time decay
While nations rise and melt away.

Fraught with the treasures of the past,
As years to years succeeding haste,
And tho' in every age we trace
A moral for the coming race,
In vain we backward cast our eyes
On follies, crimes, and miseries,
From war and havoc shrink in vain,
And all is acted o'er again.
Dead are the bards—but living lays
Resound, and tell of early days,
And still the trembling chords prolong
Untouch'd the power of ancient song ;
Dear is their minstrelsy, that floats
In solemn, sweet, and liquid notes,
That registers the orphan's sigh,
The plighted lover's perjury,
The pride of riches and of power,
The mirthful, and the mournful hour,
That paints the virgin in her bloom,
The triumph, banquet, and the tomb,
The deeds of mighty chiefs, who broke
The tyrant's chain, and spurn'd his yoke,
And then by beauty's arms subdued
Were led in willing servitude.

Dear are the records, that unfold
The pleasures and the cares of old,
And bid us in the past descry
The visions of futurity. B.

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xxxii. ——— of those who fell at Thermopylæ	302
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lxiii. The Offering of the Courtezans	426
xc. On a Statue of Cupid	369
TIMOCREON of Rhodes, (i. 148.)	
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BACCHYLIDES, (i. 149.) Nephew of Simonides.	
iv. On Truth	122
ix. Peace	188
xx. The Husbandman's Offering	423
CALLISTRATUS, (i. 155.)	
Scol. vii. Ode to the Athenian Patriots	123
HYBRIAS of Crete, (i. 159.)	
Schol. xxii. The Warrior's Riches	124

ARIPHROD of Sicyon, (i. 159.)

Scol. xxiii. Ode to Health - - - p. 120

SIMMIAS of Thebes, (i. 168.)

ii. On the Monument of Sophocles - 298

PLATO the Philosopher, (i. 169.)

vii. The Offering of Laïs to Venus - - 425

xiv. On a rural Image of Pan - - 369

xv. On the Image of a Cupid and Satyr - 368

xxix. ————— of Cupid sleeping - 368

xxx. The Answer of the Muses to Venus - 115

ANYTE, (i. 197.)

v. On a Statue of Venus on the Sea-coast - 371

vi. On a Grove of Laurel - - 357

xviii. Epitaph of a young Maiden - - 285

xix. Another - - - 285

xx. Another - - - 286

ASCLEPIADES, (i. 211.) There were three of this name. The first, and most eminent, flourished about the 106th Olympiad, (A. C. 350.) The second was of Samos, and a contemporary with Theocritus. The third was of later date, and an inhabitant of Rome. In a very few instances only, it is now possible to assign to each of these Poets their respective contributions to the Anthology.

iv. The Votive Chaplet - - - 7

ix. Love and Wine - - - 81

xx. The Enjoyment of Love - - 16

xxi. The Virgin's Triumph - - 5

xxvi. The Power of Wine - - 82

LEONIDAS of Tarentum, (i. 220.) This Poet was contemporary with Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, and was probably carried away by him as a hostage for the fidelity of his native city, in the year 278 before Christ. See note, page 340.

xix. Offering of three Brother Sportsmen 424

xxx. Offering to the Rural Deities - - 422

xxxix. Inscription on the Banks of a River - 355

xli. On the Statue of Venus Anadyomene - 371

xlix. On Homer - - - 363

lv. Home - - - 111

lvii. The Return of Spring to Sailors - 352

- xcix. Epitaph by a Mother on her Son - p. 286
 c. Epitaph on himself - - 300
- THEOCRITUS, i. (375.) Flourished at the court of Hiero, king of Syracuse, about 250, A. C.
- xx. Epitaph on Hipponax, the Satirical Poet 298
- CALLIMACHUS, (i. 461.) At the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about A. C. 280.
- xxx. The Virgin's Offering to Venus - 424
- xlix. Epitaph on a virtuous Man - - 294
- lvii. ——— on a Friend drowned at Sea - 287
- lx. On the Death of Cleombrotus - - 113
- Epitaph of a Friend - - - 288
- of a Drunkard (Anth. Ined.) - 459
- HEDYLUS, (i. 482.) Said to have been a native of Sicily, and a pastoral Poet. He appears to have lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus.
- vi. On Gout, the Daughter of Intemperance 457
- ALCEUS the Messenian, (i. 488.)
- xviii. Epitaph of Hipponax - - 298
- DIOSCORIDES, supposed to be the same with the philosopher of that name mentioned by Diogenes Laertius, who lived about the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, (i. 493.)
- xxxiii. Spartan Virtue - - - 117
- TYMNES, or TYMNEUS, a Cretan, and apparently a contemporary of Meleager, about the 164th Olympiad, i. 504.
- iv. Spartan Virtue - - - 118
- v. Epitaph on one who died in a foreign Country 291
- ANTIPATER of Sidon—also a contemporary of Meleager, who died in the life time of that Poet, and whose Epigrams certainly formed a part of his collection. Many of his Poems clearly point out the dates of their respective composition, such as those which are here translated relative to the sack of Corinth by Mummius, A. C. 146. Pliny mentions his death at a good old age; and Cicero praises him for his powers of versification, and extraordinary copiousness of language, ii. 6.
- i. On Wine - - - 80
- viii. Under the Rose - - - ih.
- ix. The Widow's Offering - - 426

xxxviii. Conjugal Affection	-	-	p. 111
xlvi. Epitaph on Eriuna the Poetess	-	-	299
l. On the Destruction of Corinth	-	.	119
lxvii. On Orpheus	-	-	297
lxxii. On Anacreon	-	-	ib.
lxxxiv. Epitaph on a Mother and Daughter, who killed themselves to avoid captivity	-	-	292
xc. On a Drunken Old Woman	-	-	459
Female Beauty.—(Anth. Ined.)	-	-	460
Inscription on a Poplar —(Anth. Ined.)			357
MELEAGER, the earliest Collector of the Anthology. See the Account of him in the Preface:—(i. 1.)			
lxxi. The Deserted Lover	-	-	7
lxxx. The Lover's Message	-	-	1
lxxxvii. Music and Beauty	-	-	15
xcii. Beauty compared with Flowers	-	-	12
xciv. The Kiss	-	-	23
cix. Epitaph on his Wife	-	-	283
cx. The Return of Spring	-	-	351
cxiii. Wine and Water	-	-	83
cxxi. Epitaph of a Virtuous Man	-	-	294
cxxv. — of a Young Bride	-	-	283
POSIDIPPUS. (ii. 46.)			
xvi. The Miseries of Human Life	-	-	105
DEMODOCUS. (ii. 56.)			
ii. On a Cappadocian stung by a Viper	-	-	457
DIODORUS ZONAS (ii. 80.) "the Grammarian," a native of Sardis. —Strabo mentions two of this name and country; the first, distinguished for his military talents and conduct in the wars of Mithridates; the latter, a contemporary and friend of his own, under the reign of the Emperor Tiberius.			
ix. Epitaph of a Shipwrecked Mariner	-	-	289
PHILODEMUS. (ii. 83.) By birth a Gadarene, appears to have migrated to Athens in early life, and thence to Rome, where he became intimately connected with Piso, and is particularly mentioned by Cicero in his Oration against that nobleman. See note p. 95.			
x. Constancy	-	-	21

xiii. Music and Beauty	- - -	p. 15
xviii. Youthful Beauty	- - -	13
xxx. Epitaph of a Friend	- - -	288
Invitation to the Anniversary of Epicurus,		
(Anth. Ined.)	- - -	82
ARCHIAS (ii. 92.)	The preceptor and friend of Cicero, who composed one of his most celebrated orations in his defence.	
xxxi. Life and Death	- - -	109
MYRINUS (ii. 107.)		
iii. On a Picture of Cupid watching the Flocks of the Nymphs	- - -	367
ANTIPATER of Thessalonica. (ii. 109.)	This Poet lived under Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula. Many of his Epigrams relate to public and other well known events of his time, such as, the battle of Actium; the invention of water-mills; the death of the Athleta, Glycon; the victory obtained by Piso over the Bassi; the Eastern expedition of Germanicus, &c. &c. From all these it appears that he was one of the most celebrated and successful court poets of his day.	
v. The Separation	- - -	11
CRINAGORAS of Mitylene. (ii. 140.)	This was also a court poet, and a client in the family of Augustus. Most of his Epigrams can be chronologically arranged by reference to the subjects of which they treat. In one, he persuades the Emperor to be initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries, a ceremony which is known to have taken place in the year of Rome 723. In another, he congratulates him on the recovery of his health by the use of some mineral waters in the Pyrenees, which he drank on his return from Spain in 729. In a third, he celebrates the return of Marcellus, from the same province, in 730, &c. &c. The Epigram, p. 7, of this volume, is conjectured to have been addressed to Antonia, on her marriage with Drusus.	
ix. The Bridal Offering	- - -	7
xxv. On the Death of a Soldier in the Army of Germanicus	- - -	118
On Robbers. (Anth. Ined.)	- - -	456

BIANOR. (ii. 154.) A native of Bithynia. Lived under Tiberius, as appears from an Epigram which records the earthquake at Sardis, in the fourth year of that Emperor's reign.

xviii. Fraternal Hatred. On the Sons of Œdipus p. 113

ANTIPHILUS of Byzantium. (ii. 169.) Flourished under Nero, and from his time to that of Domitian. In one of his Epigrams, he congratulates the people of Rhodes on the restoration of their liberty by the former Emperor, in the year of Rome 806, and in another laments the death of Agricola, which took place, under the reign of the latter, in 846.

xii. On an Ancient Oak - - - 356

xx. On the Picture of Medea, by Timomachus 364

LEONIDAS of Alexandria. (ii. 190.) Ælius, or Julius Leonidas: Flourished under the Emperor Nero, and from him to Hadrian (812 to 880.) This extraordinary length of literary existence is testified by the subjects of his Epigrams. One is an Address to Agrippina, the mother of Nero; and others are in celebration of the Philosopher Epictetus and Dionysius the Sophist. He speaks of himself as having devoted his youth to study, and thus recommended himself to the first literary characters in Rome, with whom he ever afterwards lived in habits of close intimacy.

iv. On Long Noses - - - 464

xii. On the Votive Image of a Lion - - - 421

xxiv. On the Armed Statue of Venus - - - 372

xxix. On the Picture of an Infant, &c. - - - 366

xxxii. "After Meat, Mustard" - - - 458

xxxv. The Dying Soldier - - - 119

xxxix. On Timon of Athens - - - 303

PARMENION. (ii. 201.) A Macedonian by birth, and a contemporary of Philip, the second Collector of the Anthology.

ix. On the Battle of Thermopylæ - - - 116

ANTIPHANES. (ii. 204.) Also of Macedonia, and of the same period.

vii. On a Fountain, near which a murder had been committed. - - - 360

PHILIP. (ii. 211.) A native of Thessalonica. The second Collector. See Preface.

lxviii. On a Vine - - - - - p. 112

On a Statue of the River Eurotas (Anth. Ined.) 370

QUINTUS MÆCIUS. (ii. 36.) Supposed by some to be the same with Metius Tarpæ, mentioned by Horace, Sat. I. By others, Metius Pomposianus, executed under the reign of Domitian. But both are mere conjectures.

iii. The Secret divined - - - 11

XENOCRITUS of Rhodes. (ii. 256.)

Epitaph of his Daughter, drowned at Sea 287

TRAJAN the Emperor. (ii. 265.) This Epigram (a single couplet in the original) is the only composition remaining of this illustrious author.

On Long Noses - - - 465

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS. (ii. 266.) *Perhaps*, the Greek rhetorician mentioned by Seneca; or *perhaps*, the Marcus Byzantinus, noticed by Philostratus in the life of Apollonius,

vii. The Task of Love - - - 19

xi. On a Lean Person - - - 463

ÆMILIANUS NICÆUS. (ii. 275.)

i. On an Infant at the Breast of a dying Mother 366

TULLIUS GEMINUS. (ii. 279.)

x. On the Monument of Themistocles - 302

ONESTES (ii. 289.) Called a Corinthian in the titles to his Epigrams. Reiske supposes his true name to be Onesias.

iii. The Difficulty and Reward of Science - 114

LUCIAN. (ii. 308.)

vi. False Hair and Rouge - - - 461

x. On an Idle Servant - - - 458

xxiii. On Long Beards - - - 455

xxiv. The Physician and his Son - - 447

xxix. Pleasure and Pain - - - 109

LUCILLIUS. (ii. 317.)

xix. On Long Noses - - - 464

lii. On a Notorious Thief - - - 456

lxxiii. On Poets - - - 448

lxxiii. On the Same Subject - - - 449

lxxvi. On the Same Subject	-	-	p. 448
xciii. On a Bad Painter	-	-	450
ci. On a Miser	-	-	456
cvii. Envy	-	-	457
cxix. On Fortune	-	-	110
cxx. The Desire of Long Life	-	-	456
cxxii. False Friendship	-	-	114
cxxiii. The Fear of Death	-	-	110
cxxiv. The Good Physician	-	-	447
NICARCHUS. (ii. 349.) This Author was by birth a Samian, and appears to have flourished in the second century, in opposition to a conjecture of Fabricius, who places him among the Constantinopolitan writers.			
xii. On an Antiquated Beauty	-	-	460
xiv. The Fortune Teller	-	-	450
xxvii. On one killed by his Physician	-	-	448
xxxii. On a Bad Singer	-	-	449
STRATO. (ii. 359.) A native of Sardis, and supposed to have flourished early in the third century. His poems, though extremely chaste and elegant in language, are, for the most part, disgraceful in sentiment. I shall therefore be justified in the liberty taken with the sense of those which are here translated.			
xx. Love not extinguished by Age	-	-	4
xxvi. Anacreontic	-	-	79
AMMIANUS. (ii. 385.)			
xiii. On a Bad Man	-	-	294
xv. On Long Noses	-	-	464
xxv. The All-sufficiency of Love	-	-	2
RUFINUS. (ii. 390.)			
xv. The Garland	-	-	6
xvi. Exhortation to Pleasure	-	-	17
xx. The Denial of Love	-	-	17
xxii. The Cure of Disdain	-	-	5
xxiii. Love and Wine	-	-	81
xxiv. The Enjoyment of Love	-	-	16
xxxii. The Warning	-	-	4
xxxiii. Maiden Reserve	-	-	9
CARPHYLIDES. (ii. 401.)			
ii. Epitaph of a Happy Old Man	-	-	293

PHILO. (ii. 401.)

Foolish Old Age - - - p. 455

PALLADAS. (ii. 406.) This Author, in one of his poems, satirizes the vanity of the Philosopher Themistius, in attempting to obtain the præfecture of Constantinople, which took place in A. D. 368. Reiske supposes him to be the same with Palladius, the author of several Epistles in the collection of Libanius. He was a moderate and philosophical Pagan, and, in one of his Epigrams, laments the overthrow of the worship of his forefathers by the Emperor Theodosius.

iv. Anacreontic - - - 77

vi. On Women - - - 462

xxix. The Shortness of Life - - - 106

liv. On a Celebrated Actor - - - 450

xcix. Spartan Virtue - - - 117

c. "All the World's a Stage" - - - 110

cii. Shortness of Life - - - 107

cxxviii. The Same Subject - - - ib.

cxxix. The Same Subject - - - 103

METRODORUS. (ii. 476.)

Converse of the Miseries of Life, by Possippus - - - 106

JULIAN, Præfect of Egypt. (ii. 493.)

i. Love and Wine - - - 18

iv. Offering of Laïs to Venus - - - 427

viii. The Fisherman's Offering - - - 423

lxvii. On Democritus - - - 299

MARIANUS SCHOLASTICUS. (ii. 511.)

iv. Inscription on a Bath - - - 359

AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS. (iii. 33.) The third Collector. (See Preface.)

xii. The Torments of Love - - - 9

xiii. The Revenge of Love - - - 6

xvi. Love and Wine - - - 23

xxi. The Amorous Artifice - - - 18

xxiii. Maiden Passion - - - 10

xxxii. The Mother's Offering - - - 425

xxxiii. Address of Anchises to Venus	-	-	p. 2
lxvii. On a Lawyer	-	-	451
lxx. On a Philosopher	-	-	452
lxxv. On a Lean Person	-	-	463
lxxx. On Death	-	-	109
DAMOCHARIS. (iii. 69.) A Grammarian, and disciple of Agathias.			
iv. On the Picture of Sappho	-	-	364
PAULUS SILENTIARIUS. (iii. 71.) The friend of Agathias. (See Preface.)			
viii. Love not extinguished by Age	-	-	3
xvii. Beauty compared with Flowers	-	-	12
xxiii. The Chain of Love	-	-	20
xxiv. Absence insupportable	-	-	3
xxix. The Drenched Lover	-	-	461
xxxii. The Victory of Venus	-	-	20
xxxix. The Farewell	-	-	22
xli. Offering of a Deserted Lover	-	-	8
lix. The Picture	-	-	14
lxi. Garden Scenery	-	-	358
lxii. The Same Subject	-	-	ib.
lxxxiii. Epitaph on his Daughter	-	-	286
MACEDONIUS. (iii. 111.) A contemporary of Paul and Agathias, surnamed <i>ὑπατος</i> , or "The Consul." Nothing further is known of him.			
xviii. Anacreontic	-	-	72
xxiv. The Poet's Offering	-	-	424
xxxv. Remembrance and Forgetfulness	-	-	114

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lxii. Love not extinguished by Age	-	-	4
lxx. Dialogue between a Suitor and his Mistress's	-	-	
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cccxxii.	On the Image of a Goat, &c.	-	-		367
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GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

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Another on the Same	-	-	ib.
Another on the Same	-	-	291

JOANNES LASCARIS. Contemporary with the capture of Constantinople by the Turks.

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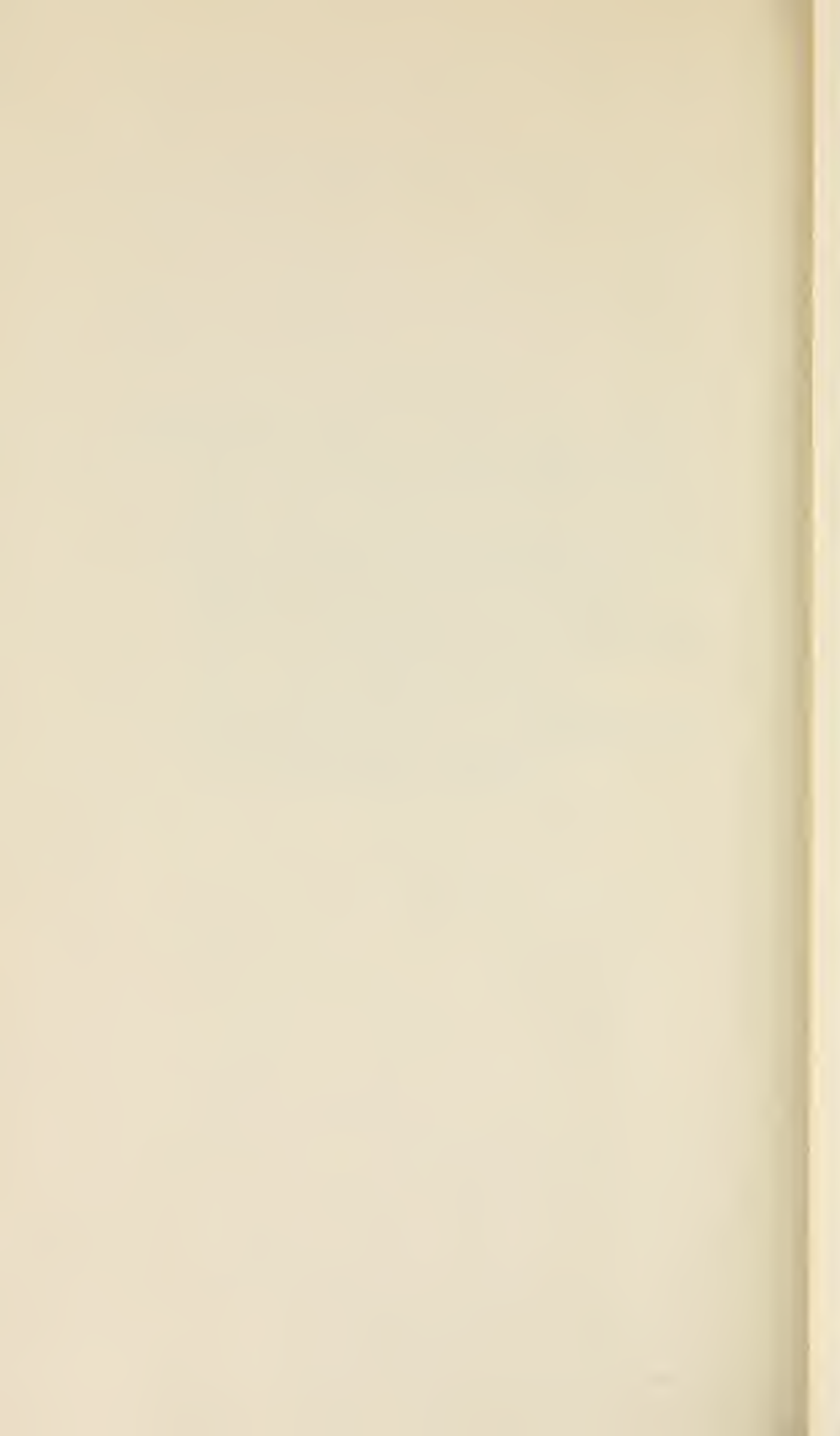
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EXTRACTS FROM THE GRECIAN DRAMA. p. 240 to 267.

ERRATA.

- Page 66. line 5. "que ne *vous* faites vous venir." read /*e*.
 87. — 6. "cur non sub altâ *vel* platano vel hac."
 137. — 2. "Elle fuit d'un, faux savant," erase the comma.
 168. — 2. from the bottom. "A M. de l'Isle," read "the Chevalier de l'Isle."
 175. — 11. *Spectaris* et tu spectabere," read "Spectas."
 211. last line. For "Necera," read "Neara."
 256. line 7. "From the *Hecuba* of Euripides," read "*Troades*."
 259. — 17. "From the *Andromache* of Euripides," read "*Troades*."
 ib. — 14. For "*Fears*," read "*Tears*."
 353. — 4. dele comma.
 364. "On the Picture of Medea by Timomachus," erase the initial M.
 376. line 11. For "*firs*," read "*first*."



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